



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



## *A Duke and His Friends*

Charles Henry Gordon-Lennox March







## **A DUKE AND HIS FRIENDS**



Univ. of  
California





*From a painting by Battoni.*

*Charles, Second Duke of Richmond,  
in Garter Robes.*

# A DUKE AND HIS FRIENDS

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF THE SECOND  
DUKE OF RICHMOND

BY THE  
EARL OF MARCH

With 34 Illustrations, including 2 Photogravure  
Frontispieces

VOL. I

LONDON: HUTCHINSON & CO.

Essex Row                1911

TO VIND  
ANSWER



*From a painting by Batoni.*

*Charles, Second Duke of Richmond,  
in Court Robes.*

# A DUKE AND HIS FRIENDS

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF THE SECOND  
DUKE OF RICHMOND

BY THE  
EARL OF MARCH, &c.

With 34 Illustrations, including 2 Photogravure  
Frontispieces

Library of  
VOL. I  
CALIFORNIA

LONDON: HUTCHINSON & CO.  
Paternoster Row    ♪   ♪   ♪   1911



TO THE  
LIBRARY

# CONTENTS

## CHAPTER I

Birth of Charles, second Duke of Richmond—Anne, first Duchess, is blind to the faults of her lord—Louise de Kéroualle's unfailing interest in her grandchildren—The famous duty on coals granted by Charles II. to his son—Charles, first Duke's, good resolutions, and his failure to carry them into effect—The sound reasoning and polite expression of little Anne Lennox—The purchase of Goodwood—Goodwood's history . . . . . pp. 1-33

## CHAPTER II

The youthful Lord March privately tutored—Mr. Thomas Hill, later the famous Tom Hill, appears on the scene as tutor—A silly wager and its dramatic consequence—A romantic marriage—Lord March and the Vienna ladies—A Guidon in the "Horse Grenadier Guards"—Johnny Breval, Irish humorist—Fubb's yacht—Election echoes . . . . . pp. 34-60

## CHAPTER III

Lord Cadogan's conscience pricks him—Strong liquor and much tobacco for the enlightened voters of Chichester—Lord March, and a pleasurable surprise at the Opera—Lord March posted to the Horse Guards—Tom Hill congratulates his pupil on the accession of parental responsibilities—Death of the first Duke—Tom Hill describes life in the country—Lord Cadogan's barring clause respecting a prospective son-in-law—Uncle Cardigan counsels against extravagance pp. 61-85

## CHAPTER IV

Mick Broughton's small talk—A costly kiss for Master Ulrich—Uncle "Jemmy" Brudenell gives good counsel—Sir Hans Sloane prescribes for Lord Cadogan—Mick Broughton makes himself agreeable in Ireland . . . . . pp. 86-102



253339

## CHAPTER V

Concerning the Order of the Bath—The Duke of Montagu's quaint description—The Duke of Richmond hesitates to accept the honour—His scruples removed—Lord Cadogan dismissed from the Ordnance—Elaborate preparations for the Installation ceremonies—The Duke laid low—Tom Hill's forecast—Louise de Kéroualle's concern at her grandson's illness—Tom Hill describes the ceremony—The Duke's proxy in jeopardy—Timely intervention of Lord Albemarle—Martin folkes' account of the Installation—The Duke's thanks—Lord Cadogan's ill health—Jemmy Brudenell's sage counsel . . . pp. 103-123

## CHAPTER VI

Tom Hill on political success—Poor Captain Boyle!—British workmen and their failings—Her Grace's stay-buckles—An accident—Condolences from Dublin—Colonel Huske is quarrelsome in his cups—Lord Cadogan's serious state of health—His death—Tom Hill in comfortable quarters—Lord Cardigan on horse-dealing—Mr. Robert Webber—Lord Cardigan counsels economy—The Goodwood menagerie—Their daily menu . . . . . pp. 124-139

## CHAPTER VII

The Duke receives the Garter—Sir Robert Walpole's assurance and his retort to Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough—Home-truths from Lord Cardigan—Tom Hill's experiences as a "wall-flower." . . pp. 140-146

## CHAPTER VIII

Coronation of George II. and Queen Caroline—The Duke Lord High Constable—Their Graces at Court—Lord Derby's congratulations—Cricket-matches—A comforting assurance—Lord Cardigan as horse-couper—A good old-fashioned Christmas—Lord Cadogan's swan . . . pp. 147-153

## CHAPTER IX

A trip abroad—The attractions of Aubigny—Lord Chesterfield's cook—The Blues inspected—Chit-chat from Lady Albemarle—The Duke's steward on tavern politicians—Benjamin Keene and his misgivings!—Her Grace's jewels—Lord Tyrawley's hospitality, and his opinion of Portuguese society—Mr. Highmore's bill . . pp. 154-173

## Contents

vii

### CHAPTER X

Lord Tyrawley on the *vin de pays* and hidalgos—Ill health of the Duke's, family—The eccentric Duke of Wharton—Death of their youngest daughter—Stable instructions to Labbé and a tribute to his merit—The careless *palfrenier*—His Grace at Versailles and what it cost the Duke—The delights of Chantilly—Preparations for the return to Goodwood—Lord Sunderland's death . . . pp. 174-189

### CHAPTER XI

The Duke buys a hunter, but mistrusts the vendor—The building of the hunting-box at Charlton—Temperance and regularity at Goodwood, or the lack thereof—Tom Hill descants on the traits of wild beasts—Thomas Dereham's sly references to olden times—Sir Thomas Prendergast—Lady Emilie, afterwards Countess of Kildare, born—John Russell, *alias* "Bumbo"—The Old Charlton Hunt pp. 190-205

### CHAPTER XII

Sir Thomas Prendergast's disappointment—A ladies' parliament in Dublin—The Duke's broken leg—Colley Cibber—Louise de Kéroualle's condolences—Lord Albemarle's dislike of "The Rock"—An obstinate limb—Tom Hill and the Bishop of Namur—Misaubin, the eccentric—Lord Hervey—On English manners and ill-assorted alliances—Colonel Huske's energy—Lady Albemarle's illness . . . pp. 206-229

### CHAPTER XIII

The Bishop of Namur's low spirits dispelled by more ardent ones—Tom Hill on *in vino veritas*—A conspiracy against Handel, the great composer—Matters operatic—The prevalence of small-pox at this time—A building in Whitehall—Doctor Sherwin of Chichester, a sorry cleric—Walpole's Excise Bill—The tale of a dog and the end thereof . . . pp. 230-248.

### CHAPTER XIV

Martin flolkes goes to Holland—The voice of slander and Mrs. flolkes—Worldly wisdom of the Duke—His poor opinion of the Italian ladies—An epidemic of elections, and the Duke's sly hint to Martin flolkes—John Wootton, painter and wit . . . pp. 249-263



## CHAPTER XV

A highwayman's confession—An affront to the "cloth"—A ducal joke and a bogus villain—Tom Hill smacks his lips over the affair—A felon's appeal for the Duke's intercession . . . pp. 264-276

## CHAPTER XVI

Electioneering in 1734—The enlightened but purchaseable men of Shoreham—Old Snooke, of Shoreham, has no price, and lives to see his tempters worsted in the fight—Sir Robert Walpole goes back on his word—A lady wins two smocks—Death of Louise de Kéroualle—Doings at Ditton—The Duke as Master of the Horse—The arrival of an heir—My Lord Essex tenders advice on the training of youth

pp. 277-303

## CHAPTER XVII

A sumptuous repast—The Duke of Bolton on horse and hound—Sir T. Prendergast and Irish landscapes—Lord Berkeley, sportsman and gardener—The Duke and Duchess at "The Wells"—Surprise of Lord Harcourt, and his parental pride—Colonel Pelham—A ridiculous rumour—The King's danger on the high seas—His recklessness—Loyal message from the "Proud Duke"—A right royal row!

pp. 304-322

## CHAPTER XVIII

Sir T. Prendergast v. Sir R. Walpole—The Duke supports his cousin, but to no purpose—Sir Thomas is grateful—His biting criticism of statesmen, and a dig at the Duke—His spirits rise again pp. 323-330

## CHAPTER XIX

Declaration of war with Spain—Sir Robert Walpole's sage remark—Admiral Vernon sails for Portobello—The Duke of Somerset on "foxes"—The Duke watches, from Goodwood, the futile attempts of war-vessels to put out to sea—Captain Norden and a "trip to Egypt" . . . . . pp. 331-353

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

CHARLES, SECOND DUKE OF RICHMOND .	<i>(Photogravure)</i>	<i>Frontispiece</i>
LOUISE, DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH . . . . .		FACING PAGE 4
HÔTEL DE VILLE, AUBIGNY . . . . .		8
CHÂTEAU DE LA VERRERIE, EN BERRY, OIZON . . . . .		8
LOUISE, COUNTESS OF BERKELEY . . . . .		14
ANNE, DUCHESS OF RICHMOND . . . . .		16
CHARLES, SECOND DUKE OF RICHMOND, AT THE AGE OF TWELVE		34
SARAH, DUCHESS OF RICHMOND, AND LADY CAROLINE LENNOX		66
CHARLES, FIRST DUKE OF RICHMOND . . . . .		70
WILLIAM, FIRST EARL CADOGAN . . . . .		130
THE LIONESS'S GRAVE . . . . .		138
BAY BOLTON . . . . .		182
THE DUKE'S HUNTING-BOX AT CHARLTON . . . . .		192
GREY CARDIGAN . . . . .		202
VIEW OF LONDON FROM RICHMOND HOUSE . . . . .		240
LADY CAROLINE LENNOX AND HER PONY . . . . .		262
CHARLES, SECOND DUKE OF RICHMOND ( <i>Wootton</i> ) . . . . .		304
ADMIRAL LORD ANSON . . . . .		344



## INTRODUCTORY

### I

PROMPTED, as may be imagined, by no desire on the part of the writer to figure as a nobleman among authors, but by a sense of obligation to a dossier of family papers now well upon two hundred years old, the present work has been stimulated and brought to completion in large measure by a feeling of pious regard for an ancestor who, eclipsed though he was in the public eye by his son, the reforming Duke of the younger Pitt's day, has yet a certain measure of historical interest, and will, it is hoped, in some readers of his letters, beside their editor, evoke a genuine personal and individual regard.

Links with the past, and more especially with those two great epical eras and nurseries of future legend, the age of Napoleon and the forlorn hopes of the Jacobites, will always be eagerly reported. Here we have voices from the past, from the last of our personal monarchs, Charles II., from Dettingen, and the Forty-five—not loud or clamant voices that seek to disturb the old current of history, but voices that eminently deserve to be made audible. They cannot ever be loudly heard among the chorus of the eighteenth

century, but they are humane, tender, and humorous little voices, suggestive of much that is thoroughly representative of England, Sussex, and the Whig aristocracy of the great eighteenth century: representative, perhaps, of the most English period in all our annals, during which England was no longer aggressively puritan, but was at the height of its self-contented insularity and had hardly as yet aspired to become a world-power.

The documents which we have allowed so largely to speak for themselves are the more representative, in a way, inasmuch as our second Duke of Richmond has no claim whatever to be deemed a great or exceptional man. His natural endowment was certainly not above the average. He was hardly better educated than Louis XIV. He had indeed to graduate in exactly the same school, the school of *noblesse oblige*. The century has few kindlier pupils to exhibit, and the result is the more remarkable in this only son of an unprincipled father and the grandson of the Merry Monarch. He must have derived the solid basis of his character from his mother's people, the Brudenells of the Cardigan peerage. His other noble kinsfolk by marriage were his brothers-in-law, James, Earl of Berkeley, and William Anne Keppel, the second Earl of Albemarle, to whose account the thriftless tendencies of his male ancestry seem to have got diverted.

When little more than a child the second duke's unscrupulous father married him off, to cancel a gambling debt, to little more than an infant. The marriage to a Cadogan, however, was a guarantee of

Whiggism ; the lady's beauty turned out as surprising as the most romantic novelist could have delighted to feign ; and, though it would hardly do to predicate absolute fidelity to so direct and immediate a descendant of Henri IV. and Charles II., there can be no doubt that the marriage had a most steadying effect upon the young Lord March, who in 1723 became the young Duke of Richmond, Lenox, and Aubigny. He was continually falling in love anew with his wife, by whom he had two celebrated sons and several daughters who became reigning beauties—one nearly reigned in earnest. The end of life found Richmond more devoted apparently than ever before to his "dearest soul," who survived him barely a year. Their united ages came to no more than ninety-four.

Despite his comparative lack of landed and borough interest, Richmond's family, title, and loyalty to the Brunswick system rendered it easy enough for him to become a county riband and magnate. His affability, kindlier than was the wont of his species in good King George's golden days, his straightforward honesty, and transparent patriotism, singled him out as a plain man, abnormally trustworthy, and of a solid integrity, among the intriguing caballers and malignant time-servers who fluttered between Court and Cabinet. Richmond had, in short, the inestimable advantage of being a safe Whig without being a party man at all. Walpole, Townshend, Pulteney, Carteret, Hervey, Chesterfield, and the rest evidently regarded him as a safe and creditable pawn, too simple and upright to be formidable to their combinations. The King believed in him, with tolerable correctness,

as one of the few genuine disinterested adherents of the dynasty.

We can see the avaricious King, as admirably depicted in the portrait now at Kensington Palace, looking, with his covetous little eyes, at the candid Richmond, showering honorary posts upon him, but keeping him waiting and on tenter-hooks for over six years while he expropriated the salary attached to the Mastership of the Horse. Queen Caroline thought him "mulish," but Newcastle, Hervey, Walpole, and the generally not over-laudatory Fielding lay stress upon his excellence of heart. He would hardly, perhaps, have come up to the Earl of Midlothian's standard of efficiency; but he was, the more and more we see of him, very much of the metal that we should have expected and most liked him to be. We see him in almost every figure and variety of early eighteenth-century existence. In some respects the society of that time was more, and in some respects, perhaps, less civilised than our own, but in every part that he plays in succession I think it will be admitted that the duke's voice rings true.

## II

We can in these pages follow the young heir-apparent home from the Grand Tour under the indulgent bear-leadership of the not over-precise Mr. Thomas Hill; the agreeable revulsion of feeling on discovering that his unknown wife is familiar to the capital as the beautiful Lady March is just indicated; we are convinced, by repeated evidence,

that the young lord was the prop and stay of that deserted tenement, the heart of his old grandmother Louise.

Of the days of her pride we know much from the pages of Forneron, Jusserand and Steinmann, but of her declining years we have an unrivalled picture here—apparelled, metaphorically speaking, in the fashionable fontange of the Queen Anne period, and, like the Montespan and the Cleveland in similar circumstances, looking much more of the saint than the sinner. She still had a pension of something like 12,000 livres (or between four and five hundred pounds a year) from the French Court, but this was sheer penury in comparison with the splendid days and apartments at Whitehall, when she sequestered near £140,000 from the privy purse in a single year. In the old days she had wept at will, but now she really felt good. We find her letters here on family vicissitudes and eventualities of infinite tact, dexterity, and sympathetic daintiness and finesse. She had the French *don de famille* developed to its fullest extent. *Janine*

As a youthful member of the Kit-Kat Club, the young noble was early initiated into the views and sentiments of the young Whig aristocracy. As Lord March, he sat in Parliament for the local seat of Chichester. That he should have fallen into line with the other Whig placemen of his day—those “snuffy old drones from the German hive”—was of course inevitable. He obtained a regiment, a post as aide-de-camp, and in the bedchamber, together with the star and garter as K.B. and K.G. (the latter in company with the



premier, the sturdy 'Robin' of 1716); but he had to wait for his rich berth of Master of the Horse until 1735. We see him meanwhile in the occupation, congenial to the nobility of his day, planting and beautifying his county seat at Goodwood, and establishing a town house in the Privy Garden, famous for its hedge upon which Pepys had his amorous susceptibilities excited by perceiving the Belle Barbara's underlinen hanging out to dry. That was before the reign of Grandmama Louise.

It is the age of stone statues and inscriptions, of princely menageries, of Landscape Kent, and of the skilled construction of belvederes. We have many references here to the duke's cages and the charming channel view to be had from Carné's Seat. We hear of the not very pecunious young Duke winning a little money on a horse at the Wells and losing most of it before his creditors had fully grasped the good tidings. We hear of him conducting a cricket-match solemnly according to schedule, and are reminded of his great-nephew (host of the famous 1815 Ball at Brussels) making his popularity in his regiment by the then unheard-of condescension of playing cricket with the common soldiers.

He was an advocate of stern measures both as magistrate and local magnate where poachers and smugglers were concerned. The smugglers of Sussex in that day, it must be remembered, were hardly less, notorious than those of Romney Marsh or of Purbeck, not so much for their unscrupulous daring and corruption as for their ruthless savagery and the barbarous murders they committed. The Duke certainly won

much more popularity than the reverse by his remorseless endeavour to annihilate a whole gang. It is amusing to find this stern advocate of authority "chipping" at the domestic bishop and taking prominent share in a Bœotian kind of practical joke, appropriate to the age of Fielding and Hogarth, directed against him.

Chronic keenness about hunting, reminiscences of historic runs, and anathemas against careless grooms, never precluded the Duke from a genuine anxiety about his country. Prudent and loyal adherent of Walpole though he was, he was evidently bitten by the war-fever in 1739. As soon as the land campaign commenced he was with his regiment, fought as a brigadier at Dettingen,<sup>1</sup> and shared the distaste of his countrymen for the Hanoverian zeal of dapper George.

At the crisis of 1745 he betook himself to the field as an enthusiastic loyalist, and served with the Duke of Cumberland in the first stages of the campaign—the later episodes of which are described here in valuable letters from Hawley and other leaders. There is no glamour or romance about the details of his active service. He takes the strictly practical, contemporary view of a matter-of-fact age. He would probably have shared to the full the difficulty of his fellow ministers in explaining what the War of the Austrian Succession was all about and where England came into it.

But he was delighted to welcome the return of peace at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, and in 1749 he gave a splendid firework display at his new

<sup>1</sup> His appointment of Master of the House brought him into close contact with the King during their campaign.

mansion in Whitehall as "a codicil" to the Treaty. The fireworks were discharged from floats in the river. Everybody was there, and all London was enthusiastic.

We get endless sidelights on the Duke as a representative seigneur of the golden age of the Upper House, virtuoso and connoisseur, communicating with antiquaries, and attending meetings of the Royal Society as a noble member; patronising the opera and exchanging courtesies with Colley Cibber; and hazarding a correction to *Clarissa Harlowe*.

On rare occasions we see him with his periwig dashed off, writing in a most natural guise to complain of the burden of testimonials and letters of introduction "to damn'd old people, as proud as hell, that one has to fill up with such a number of cursed, stupid, and insincere compliments that it is a most . . . tiresome undertaking."

Among his benefactions he was surely a good friend to the London Hospital. He became a president of it in November 1741, subscribing twenty guineas, and five on the occasion of each annual sermon, and he was one of those who sanctioned and took the responsibility of the removal of the Hospital to Whitechapel Mount, where it stands to-day.<sup>1</sup>

He died full, not of years, but of honours, and genuinely regretted, on August 8, 1750, and was gathered to the family vault in Chichester Cathedral.

In those Days when an English nobleman was a social and political force and a duke was pre-eminently

<sup>1</sup> See the Duke's Funeral Sermon, preached at the Hospital Sept. 4, 1750.

a duke, the second Duke of Richmond stands for a genial and sympathetic grand seigneur, a really courteous gentleman, who never encroached or took advantage in the least degree of his rank and privileges; valuing a good story as it deserves to be valued; replying with courtesy to friends of very various stations, to newsmongers and parasites, among whom we are not sure that the excellent Tom Hill must not be reckoned; working hard to find a *cordon bleu* by way of obliging one of his correspondents; a cautious parent where his charming daughters, Lady Caroline, (mother of Charles Fox) and Lady Emilie (his favourite) are concerned, and an anxious father whenever he gets a distant glimpse of his son and heir's vagaries as a town-boy at Westminster.

Among his correspondents were some of the greatest wits of those days, such as Pulteney, Chesterfield, and Lord Hervey, that "mere white curd of ass's milk," of whose venomous sting we get a distinct (and indeed most humorous) suggestion in these pages. To one, sated with the artistic splendours and immensities of Louvre, Hermitage, or Vatican, is it not one of the most restful and pleasurable of experiences to spend a quiet autumn afternoon at Hampton Court, Kensington, or Kew? No beauty or excellence of the violent order of perfection may there be discernible, but the neat distribution of red, black, and white, the delicate proportion of panel and wainscot, the underlying suggestion of delicate, half-forgotten arts and crafts of a hundred and sixty years since, and, through the demure squares of glass, in the chastened golden haze of September, the admirable harmony of

large grass-curves, big trees, and formal herbaceous borders—here to brood over the still sympathetic and largely recoverable age that breathes from the pages of Prior, Gay, and Fielding, or looks out from the brown, respectable canvases of Kneller, Ramsay, and Richardson is surely one of the sweetest relaxations that life has to offer those who have passed the watershed of life and whose joys are already becoming in greater measure retrospective !

These ducal annals of a very great age, when modern, financial, imperial Britain was already in the making, but industrial and factory England was still undreamt of—even in nightmare, now diverting and now again, it may be, dull, are restful and soothing in the same way that the best eighteenth-century amulets are. They recall scenes and figures of a quieter, lonelier, more leisurely, and more distinctive, self-sufficient England. Society was still more or less of a unit. The gossip of ensigns in the Guards, Maids of Honour, bishops' ladies, and quidnuncs in the Mall was directed at the same objects and governed by the same social prejudices. In this society the Duke was a proper figure.

# A DUKE AND HIS FRIENDS

## CHAPTER I

Birth of Charles, second Duke of Richmond—Anne, first Duchess, is blind to the faults of her lord—Louise de Kéroualle's un-failing interest in her grandchildren—The famous duty on coals granted by Charles II. to his son—Charles, first Duke's, good resolutions, and his failure to carry them into effect—The sound reasoning and polite expression of little Anne Lennox—The purchase of Goodwood—Goodwood's history.

UPON a certain bright morning in the spring of 1701 there was a subdued buzz of excitement and relief amongst the Goodwood household. The customary early bustle and commotion of that large establishment had given place to a hush in the long corridors, a decorous yet gleeful hush, for, to use the consecrated expression on such occasions, "it" was a boy, and little Louise Lennox<sup>1</sup> was no longer to reign supreme over the nursery where, for seven years, she had held undisputed sway, in a loneliness that is not good for small people. Without a doubt the child's delight over the advent of her new playmate was shared in some degree by all the neighbourhood, and by none

<sup>1</sup> The eldest child of Charles, first Duke of Richmond, and afterwards Countess of Berkeley.

more than the rugged, smock-clad labourers of the estate, whom one can picture casting glances of mingled curiosity and respect towards the close-drawn curtains of that window up at the big house, as they trudged past, with true Sussex deliberation, to their wood-craft amid the depths of Charlton Forest, just as their descendants do to this day. And we may be sure that each honest countenance shone with a sense of pleasurable anticipation of what the evening would assuredly bring forth, when the daily task should be complete, and the home-brewed ale be flowing in lavish style at His Grace's expense for all and sundry that had a wish to toast the little heir! Every one in any degree entitled to be interested in his descent was well aware that the newcomer was a grandson of the Merry Monarch.

Fifteen years previously, Charles II. had been gathered to his fathers, and his mistress, Louise Renée de Penancoet de Kéroualle, Duchess of Portsmouth, had returned to the land of her birth, there to spend the rest of her days in comparative seclusion at the Château d'Aubigny. That estate had been granted her by Louis XIV. in gratitude for her services at the English Court, and there she lived to the ripe age of eighty-five or eighty-six years, preserving her beauty almost unimpaired, so the chroniclers aver, up to the very last. It is sad to reflect that the latter end of her life was a struggle against pecuniary difficulties. Had it not been for her admirable business capacity, her courage, and what her biographer terms her "esprit froid," it is much to be doubted whether she would have weathered the

storm ; sadly certain is it that at no time did she derive any material assistance from her son.

Charles, first Duke of Richmond, had the easy pleasant manners of his Royal father, and I fear there can be no denying the fact that, in his later years, lax principles and a love of dissipation formed very prominent features of his character.

Although at one time and another he filled various more or less important public offices, yet his unfortunate propensity for being everything by turns and nothing long (and this in matters religious as well as political) effectually militated against any chance of his name being emblazoned upon the scroll of Fame. A few tattered and barely decipherable letters lie before me as I write ; they are all that is left of his private or family correspondence, and as I read over once again the letters of Duchess Anne, his wife, hurriedly penned (for they bear no date) to Louise de Kéroualle (at her Château of Aubigny), who was making anxious inquiries as to the truth of sundry evil reports that had come to her ears about her son, one cannot help feeling that both ladies had good cause to be worried.

Charles II. died in February 1685, and some six months later his favourite mistress, Louise, Duchess of Portsmouth and Aubigny, returned to her native France, accompanied by her son Charles, first Duke of Richmond (of the new creation), then aged fourteen.

Now there is one little packet of letters, amongst the family documents at Goodwood, which for me has the greatest attraction of them all.



The letters of Louise Renée de Penancoet de Kéroualle, my fair frail ancestress, lie before me as I write. Hastily penned and sadly spelt—for who *could* spell in those days?—they are, nevertheless, wholly delightful. Affection for her only son, and a still deeper regard for her grandson, the second Duke and his family, peep out from every line, so that it were surely cavalier treatment on my part should I omit to pay some slight tribute to the memory of the mother of the first Duke of Richmond.

Louise Renée de Penancoet de Kéroualle was born in September 1649, at the family seat of Kéroualle, in Brittany. The reduced fortunes of the Comte de Kéroualle, her father, made it impossible to afford anything in the nature of an expensive education, and she was sent at an early age to the Couvent des Ursulines, near Brest. Had it not been for her great promise of beauty and a more than average share of intelligence and charm of manner, she would undoubtedly have passed the remainder of her life in the uneventful calm of a *religieuse*. But fortune (or shall we call it Fate?) intervened in the person of rich relations, and at the age of nineteen she was brought to Paris, and nominated one of the Maids-of-Honour to Henriette, Duchesse d'Orléans, the sister of Charles II. and sister-in-law to Louis XIV.

Louise was twenty-one when she accompanied her Royal mistress from France to England, on a mission which concerned the *entente cordiale* of the two nations. She speedily attracted the favourable notice of the King, so much so that as the time of Henriette's departure drew near, her brother made no attempt



*From the painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller.*

LOUISE, DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH.

TO THE  
ABORIGINAL

to disguise his feelings. When the moment came for the final farewell, King Charles expressed a wish that his sister would leave him a souvenir of her visit.

Mademoiselle de Kéroualle was despatched to bring Henriette her jewel-case, but on her return the King did not trouble to glance through the contents. This, that, or the other costly bauble had no attraction for him, for the gem he sought was curtsying low before him! And so, taking Louise by the hand, with the courtly grace that was so great a feature of the age, he said, "*This* is the jewel I wish you would leave me!"

With what mixed feelings of embarrassment and amusement must the bold request have been received by the two ladies! But circumstances did not as yet permit of such a solution, and Louise returned to France with her mistress. The untimely and mysterious death of Henriette three weeks later threw the young Maid-of-Honour upon her own resources, and the seclusion of a convent appeared to be the only future before her, but once again Fate intervened in the shape of a Royal command to return to England as Maid-of-Honour to Queen Catherine of Braganza! Surely King Charles's parting words to his poor sister must have recurred vividly to Louise as she neared the white cliffs of England! She was soon to realise their significance.

Within a very short time after her arrival she found herself occupying the first place in the King's affections, and on July 29, 1672, she gave birth to her only son. The King was present at the baptism, and gave the child his own name of "Charles," which has

been borne by successive Dukes of Richmond ever since.

The title of Duchess of Portsmouth was bestowed upon the young Maid-of-Honour, and shortly afterwards, recognising in her a valuable diplomatic spy at the English Court, Louis XIV. gave Louise the title of Duchesse d'Aubigny, an estate which had reverted to the Court of France upon the death of Charles, the last of the Stuart Dukes of Richmond. Two years elapsed, and then in 1675 Louise's small son received from his Royal father the titles of Duke of Richmond, Earl of March, and Baron Settrington. The dukedom had reverted to the King as nearest male heir of Charles Stuart, third Duke of Richmond and sixth Duke of Lennox of the older line, husband of "la belle Stuart"—another flame of the amorous monarch, the "prettiest girl in the world," and model of the Britannia on our copper coins. The name, it would seem, went with the title.

And now commenced for Louise a reign of splendour which continued without intermission for thirteen years. Installed in magnificent apartments at Whitehall, her every wish and whim gratified, she exercised an influence over the King to which his other favourites were never able to attain.

The reign of Charles II. has furnished such an abundance of scandal to the biographer and historian that I need not dwell upon the doings of that somewhat cynical Court. But in my portfolio of Royal letters there is ample proof of the passionate devotion entertained by Charles for Louise. Two little notes remain; they are written in pencil and bear unmis-

takable signs of having been hurriedly scribbled at moments when he had but little time to spare. Thus he wrote, with reference to some matter that required adjustment :

“ MY DEAR LIFE,

“ I will come tomorrow either to dinner or immediately after, and then wil settel all, but certainly I shall not mind the Queen when you are in the case.

“ Adieu—I am yours.”

And again, disappointedly :

“ MY DEAR LIFE,

“ There was a mesage from the Queen today to desire the ladys to dine att their table and to invite strangers and there being a good deal of company, I cant come til after dinner.

“ Adieu, my Life.”

The death of Charles II. in 1685 marked the turning-point in Louise's career. Completely pros-  
trated by her loss, for many days her grief was terrible to look upon.

Ah well ! I do not seek to condone the nature of their alliance, but between those two there existed a tie of genuine devotion which had afforded Louise, at all events, a few years of happiness such as she could never hope to know again.

“ I have always loved her,” gasped the King as he lay on his death-bed, “ and I die loving her.” What wonder, then, that she was broken-hearted ?

She returned to France, and thenceforth her sun commenced to set. With the exception of occasional

short visits to England, the remainder of her days were spent in Paris and at the old Château of Aubigny. The death of her son, the Duke of Richmond, in 1723, served to increase her loneliness, and it was during her declining years that she wrote these pathetic little letters to which I have alluded. They contain constant and plaintive reference to her dwindling fortunes, and to the affectionate terms which existed between herself and her grandchildren. They alone remained to her for a solace in her old age. With what eagerness did she look forward to their letters, and, best of all, to their frequent visits to France!

Some fourteen miles from Aubigny stands the Château de la Verrerie, a part of the estate. But despite its charming surroundings Louise was seldom to be found at La Verrerie. She preferred to remain in the old Château of Aubigny, which stands to this day much as she knew it, though it is now the Town Hall of the place. And yet La Verrerie was not wholly neglected. It was a favourite hunting resort of Charles, the second Duke of Richmond, both during the lifetime of Louise and afterwards, and it is easy to picture the affectionate delight with which the old Duchess must have listened to her grandson's glowing accounts of the sport he had enjoyed amidst the woods of La Verrerie, for in those days they abounded with game of many kinds.

The other correspondent was Anne, widow of Henry, son of John Lord Bellasis, and daughter of Francis Lord Brudenell, son of the second Earl Cardigan. She married the Duke in 1692, against the wishes of her best friends, who already recognised



**HÔTEL DE VILLE, AUBIGNY.**



**CHÂTEAU DE LA VERRERIE, EN BERRY, OIZON.**



to wind  
around

in Richmond the sad rake and weathercock continually veering from France to England, from Canterbury to Rome, and from Whig to Tory.

The first letter merely hints at some vague uneasiness. Thus it runs :

“MADAM,

“Your Grace might be surprised at this trouble, if ye Duke of Richmond had not informed you of ye occasion of it, so that I cannot doubt of obtaining your pardon for it, since I am obliged to it both by my Duty and Respect to your grace, in which I shall never be wanting. I shall think my self the most unfortunate creature alive if I shou’d prove the unhappy occasion of your graces being offended with my Lord Duke, but all that I can doe on my part is to assure you, that I shall always behave my self as becomes his Wife and

“Madam, your Graces most Dutiful Daughter  
and humble Servant,

“ANNE RICHMOND.”

“*Jan'y. 17th.*”

What was wrong, I wonder ? It is difficult to say ; she was evidently anxious to take the blame upon her own shoulders ; but there were ominous breakers ahead.

With the loyalty and unselfishness that characterised all her actions, the gentle Duchess took up the cudgels right staunchly on behalf of her flighty husband. For a few months later she wrote the following :

“*June ye 17th, LONDON.*

“Surely no body is so unlucky in the sending of

theare letters as I am, haveing writ by so many diferent ways and to have none be so fortunate as to come to your hands, Madam, is a most tormenting and versations thaught. I writ about a month agoe by Monsieur de Roge and since by anothere hand that went the same way, besides two that Monsieur de Carne<sup>1</sup> directed for me since I have had the happyness of hearing from your grace, and shall not have a moments ease till you are so obliging and just as to send me word you believe it my misfortune and not my fault. Madam I hope you will give me leave to say how very much the Duke of Richmond was troubled at the letter he received by Mr. Wilson, and at the same time permission to asure your grace that he has in some things bin much misrepresented and injured, for I doe protest with all the truth imaginable, that since I have had the happyness to know his grace, he has never bin from me twice after nine o'clock at night (which is far from leading a debauch life) all that truly knows my Lord Duke's way of living is in a wonder to see him that is so young so very regular and discreet, but what I believe may in some measure occasion all this faulce report, is that my Lord Duke will when he is in company be always in the best (which truly is a very commendable thing) and then it is impossible sometimes to avoid drinking a little to much, all the men of the greatest quality at the present here in England doeing it extreamly at their dinner, and then the Duke of Richmond has ye mis-

<sup>1</sup> An old and faithful friend of Louise de Kéroualle. He lived at "Carné's Seat" in Goodwood Park, and had a considerable share in the management of the household.

fortune to expose himself in all publicke places, and perhaps though this may be but wonce in six months it will make a noise all over the Kingdome, all those that are so handsome as his grace to be sure will have enemies uppon the account of envie. Indeed it is the only thing I have to wish changed in him, except that of his not persuing to gain the fame his quality and qualities deserve, for here no man has it in his power to make himself so considerable in the world as he has, being master in his person and understanding of all fine qualities, and esteemed so by all sides here. Indeed I have often desired him to take it in his consideration and forgitt some little things (it may be) he had reason to resent, but I found it was a disagreeable discourse so my part was to let it fal. I thinke my self very happy to find your grace has the same sentements and desire, who I am sure aught and will I hope prevaill, for indeed my Lord Duke has all the duty and tenderness for your grace imaginable, and I found your last letter was a most sensible trouble to him. Madam I beg you will take no notice of my oppinnion concerning this lait habeet, haveing already disoblighed severale persons here with declaring my oppinnion and desire, which I thaught was for my dear Lord Dukes fame and good, and am satisfied now I was in the right since I have your grace of my side. I shou'd say a great deale more to aske pardon for this long letter, but when I reflect the Duke of Richmonds good occasioned it, I doe not doubt of pardon and feel sure when I have the happiness to be more known to your grace you will find I have not a drop of bloud I would not shed to serve

the Duchess of Portsmouth when she wou'd please to command for her service.

"ANNE RICHMOND.

"Madam Louesa Lenox will I am sure resembel her Fathere so much soon (as well as her Mother) as to beg your graces blesing and kindness.

*"To Madam la Duchess de Portsmouth."*

At an early period of his boyhood little Lord March evidently met with an accident in the hunting-field. And this occasioned the following delightfully quaint letter from his anxious mother (no lover, it seems, of field sports) to the old Duchess at Aubigny, whither the Duke had gone on a visit. He also, by the way, appears to have come to grief shortly before this in much the same fashion as his son.

One cannot help wondering what was the quarry in the pursuit of which the lad was engaged at the time of his accident, for it took place in midsummer, a season of the year which is usually one of rest for sportsmen and their prey!

*"July 24th, Goodwood.*

"MADAM,

"After ye Duke of Richmond has given you an account of the danger Lord March has lately escaped your grace will easily I dare say forgive my beging the continuence of your usual compassion towards me in joyning with me to prevaile with Lord Duke to promise his son shall not this year or two venture anny more riding what ye sports men call fine Hunters, for indeed Madam as he is very young, weake, and extreamly rattle-headed, his liffe uppon those horses will be in the greatest of dangers, and

since he has so lately escaped with life and limbs, through God's great mercy, twou'd be presumption to run him in ye like danger again. Hunting being a qualification not necessary to make a fine gentleman, I thinke a fond Mother may reasonably aske this favour especially for an only son, which your grace by experance knows to be a dear creature, besides the danger of it when a youth gives himself up to these kind of sports, it certainly makes them neglect their Booke and Learning, which is of much greater use and consequence than anny devertions can prove, all these considerations (with that of his bin an only Heir to so great titles and estate) will I hope prevaile with your grace to interest yourself in this affaire, and if your grace can get Lord Dukes firm promise, twill alay a thousand dreadfull fears attends me constantly. I know Lord Duke's haveing bin a very young Horsman himself makes him inclinable to humour his son in trying to be the same, but Lord Marches being one of the tallest youths that ever was seene of his age make him most excessively weake in his Limbs, a fault I hope will mend when he has don growing and begun to spread; I had hardly overcome my fears for Lord Duke before this terrible surprise came uppon me, but since God has so miraculously preserved to me the life of Fathere and son I shou'd be very ungratefully wicked did I not endeavour being easy, but at first nature will prevaile alike, especially to won so weak and fraile as is,

"Madam,

"Your graces most obedient Humble servant,

"A. RICHMOND."

In her next letter the Duchess mentions the health of Queen Anne, and hints at sundry obstacles in the nature of political opposition to Louise de Kéroualle's desire to visit England. As a matter of fact, William III. had forbidden her to land in the country as long ago as 1697. George I., however, repealed the decree and welcomed her at Court in 1715.

She concludes with some quaintly old-fashioned odds and ends about the children.

The Lady Berkeley, her elder daughter, was wife of the third Earl of Berkeley. She died in 1716 at the early age of twenty-three.

*" January ye 31st, GOODWOOD.*

" MADAM,

" The only motive I had for punishing my self with a long silence proceeded entirely from the Duke of Richmonds acquainting me that he had sent me from your grace letters of importance by Mr. Butler, which for two months together I dayly expected with all ye impatience imaginable, & concluded till I received those letters writing wou'd be but a trouble & of no service to your grace, therefore in all that time only writ to let Lord Duke know his children were well, which was in a maner all I cou'd say, for he refer'd me in all his letters to the only one I then had not received. Madam, I confess your observation just, in saying ye style of my leters were diferent, but I humbly beg your grace will reflect that the leter in which I mentiond my dispaire of success without your presence was writ in Sepr.

*From a painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller.*

LOUISE, COUNTESS OF BERKELEY,  
Eldest sister of the second Duke of Richmond.





to visit  
Australia

or October, & my last in January near the meeting of Parliament, and at a time her Majestys great indisposition alarmed all good subjects and made others outrageously audacious against ye present Ministry.<sup>1</sup> I bless God ye queene is now so well that she designs seeing of company on her Birth-day at Windsor, and in a short time tis hopd she will be able to remove to London, and then I shall expect your farther commands, at present the violence of Partys are not to be expressd, but I hope after the Heats of the fresh Parliament is over and that ours has settled the greatest points, all things will be quiet and people may goe and come from France uppon their own business without its being deemd a crime.

"Lady Anne"<sup>2</sup> is extreemly proud of your graces naming her in your letter, she has almost left off making faces, but I fear their return, for she begins to Bleed at nose againe, which first occasiond them, and I apprehend will make her very leane, she has certainly very preety litle features, and wou'd be much handsomer if Lord Duke wou'd give me leave to part her Eye-brows, for they meeting gives her a cloudy looke, which makes her sister and Brothere for ye generality be more liked, but their features are nothing so exact as hers, for theirs grows large and much of King Charleses and ye Royal Family ! but I know my Lord Duke will not allow it, indeed he is very partial to them two, especially Lady Berke-

<sup>1</sup> Richmond had become Tory again now that Harley's Ministry was in power, during the last four years of Anne.

<sup>2</sup> Younger daughter of the first Duke of Richmond, afterwards Countess of Albemarle.

ley, who writs me word she is perpetually afflicted with the Chollick; I was in hope it would have left her. . . . She has youth and strength so I hope will overcome it. I shou'd be very unjust to Lord March if I seald this letter without presenting his humble respects and asuring your grace he is perfectly sensible of all your favour and kind expressions towards him, and though he is excessively wild and Ratle headed he is of a very good-naturd grateful temper, I am sure if he or anny of myne should ever erre in ye least towards your grace twould be one of the greatest misfortunes cou'd fall uppon her that is,

“Madam,

“Your graces most obedient humble servant,

“A. RICHMOND.”

The animosity displayed by William III. to Louise de K roualle had resulted in the withdrawal of her pension; and in 1691 her lodgings in Whitehall were destroyed by fire with all their contents. And here, again, the lovable disposition of Duchess Anne manifests itself in a gallant though fruitless attempt to further the interests of the poor lady, to whom the motto “*En la rose je fleuris*” was now so sadly inapplicable. For she alludes to this troublous state of affairs in the following letter to the Duke, concluding with a pathetic note concerning pecuniary embarrassment at home:

“*July ys 20th (1713 ?), WHITEHALL.*

“Tho I sent a letter by Monsieur Monrat but three days agoe to my dear Lord Duke I can't resist



*From a painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller.*

ANNE, FIRST DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.

TO THE  
AMERICAN

sending anothere by poore Carleton whom I am certaine will deliver it faithfully and by whome I can writ in plainer terms. As to the affaيرة I came about, after severale consultations t'is now adrawing up by way of memorale, but we have had great trouble to find out when a grant was giving, for Lady Duchess intimated in Monsieur du Dresnays letter that twas in King James's reign, and to be found in the chancery, and there was no such thing, but at last we found it in the office of Roals and up chargd uppon the excise, which I hope will prove of consequence, for you know a pension can only be giving whilst a King lives and what the next never thinks himself obliged to continu ; but a grant for life is a deferent case, which I find this is ; tis not yet resolved whether annything concerning the Lodgings in Whitehall shall be mentioned in the memorial, by reason Lady Duchess had no lease of the ground rent, so of consequence the King had a right to dispose of them, which you know to be tru, els a lease for our ground wou'd not be necessary, which we were forcd to obtain. Lord Boolingbrooke<sup>1</sup> went out of Towne yesterday which has put a little stop to our business, but is expected tomorrow againe, then I hope we shall loose no time. I was a thursday with her Majesty, who did me the honour to allow me waiting uppon her in her closet ; she seemd mightily pleasd at your reception in France and was very gracious to me in every thing. I bless god I never saw the queene looke so extream well this ten years, and is in perfect health, which Heaven continu. Lord Boolingbrooke says he never saw so

<sup>1</sup> At this time Secretary of State.

handsome a letter in his life as you wrot to Lord Pawlet, who deserved it, for no mortale cou'd take more caution in using your Proxycy than he did, and I am almost sure he never did use it but wonce, he has sent to desire leave to waite uppon me, and to give me a gold medle which was struck uppon the Peace,<sup>1</sup> and every body says extream fine, all Peers has the same, and he thought himself obliged to looke after your right, but I can't tell if you will approve his giving it me. I defy it to be finer than ye gold box you sent me, which I value so much I never dare carry it in my Pocket and give you a thousand thanks. I fear I must soon Pawne it or something els, for Mr. Gibson says he shall loose a thousand pound by the coale farme<sup>2</sup> this yeare and can't get him to pay me a sheeling of Midsummer quarter yet, and in my life I never wanted mony more, tho I eat att poore Sister Newburghs<sup>3</sup> every day and doe all in my power to save, theare is wone or two of your creditors now at Law with me and I dread Mr. Ridg a month hence, for he says he can't stay longer out of his mony. I sent you word Mr. Fenly had let him have wone hundred, but that it seems will not satisfy long. The towne is dismaly dull and I very uneasy to have neither the Duke of Richmond nor wone of my children with me, they was all well when I heard last. My humble respects to the Duchess of Ports-

<sup>1</sup> The Peace of Utrecht was signed in March 1713.

<sup>2</sup> In 1677 Charles II. had granted his son "a certain duty of twelvepence per chaldron of coales shipped in the River Tyne to be consumed in England." In 1800 this was exchanged by the third Duke for an annuity of £19,000 out of the Consolidated Fund.

<sup>3</sup> The widow of Charles, second Earl of Newburgh; he died in 1694.

mouth, and if I shou'd be so happy as to prove useful in her service I shall esteeme myself fuly recompensd, the moment I have anny thing of consequence will be sure to impart it to her grace and your deare self who has in me,

“ A faithfull wiffe and Friend,

“ A. RICHMOND.”

Of the Duke's own letters to his mother four remain, few and far between ; they are spread over a period of twenty-two years. However, I give them for what they are worth.

He was eighteen when he wrote the following letter, and serving in the army of the Marshal d'Humières.

[*Translated from the French*]

“ AT LANDAU, May 22, 1690.

“ I have not been able to write to you sooner, my dear Duchess, because this is the first stop I have made. I arrived here yesterday evening very late, and I think that to-morrow I shall go to join the army with the Marshal and the Princes. We shall encamp before Neustadt<sup>1</sup> ; every one says we shall cross the Rhine in a fortnight or three weeks at the latest. Although you were angry with me when I left, because I *applied myself to nothing*, I can assure you that you will be very pleased with me during this campaign, and that you'll see that I wish to please you. I pray you to

<sup>1</sup> Whilst serving at Neustadt in the following year as *aide-de-camp* to the Duc d'Orléans, he was laid up with small-pox.



believe that is my sole desire, and that I am with most profound respect,

"Your very humble and obedient son and servant,  
"RICHMOND."

His sentiments display a commendable contrition, but, alas! we know that the road to a certain place is paved with good resolutions. "Je ne m'appliquay a rien" (*sic*) was too often the case, and would have served him as an appropriate epitaph!

His politics were always shaky, and despite his protestations of constancy to the Whig cause he was suspected, more than once, of a leaning towards Jacobitism. Be that as it may, at the Coronation of Anne he bore the Sceptre and the Dove, though he ceased to be a Whig before the close of her reign. But he undoubtedly became a Whig once more at the Hanoverian succession, for in 1714 he was made Lord of the Bedchamber to George I., and Privy Councillor of Ireland in the following year.

His next letter is dated from London :

[*Translated from the French*]

"LONDON, August 5th, 1712.

"MADAM,

"After having thanked you a thousand times for your tender letter, you must allow me to justify myself in some way, and let you see that I have been misrepresented. You know well that I have always been attached to the Whig Party, and that for four years in succession in Parliament I have always obeyed

the Queen's commands. It is not for me to enter into the reasons for changing the Ministry, for so long as the Crown is well served I shall be content. But permit me to remind you that, as I have the honour to be a King's son, and an English Duke, I cannot change with whatever wind may blow ; when I tell you this you may assure yourself that there is no man in the world, of either party, that has more respect and veneration for the Queen than I have, and always shall have. As for the interest I may have in France, I trust in a great king that has never done an injustice ; as for the Peace, I was not concerned in it as I was in Ireland at the time of the dispute. Do me then the kindness, dear Duchess, to believe that I shall never oppose the interests of the Queen, and that whatever a man of honour can do I shall do for her service. I hope that the Peace is so advanced that I shall soon have the honour to see you here, and to thank you myself for all the tender sentiments that you have for me, which will never be forgotten by him who is, and who will be all his life with sincere and profound respect, my dear Duchess,

“Your very humble and obedient son and servant,

“RICHMOND.

“If you have any command for me I hope that you will let me know, and I shall execute it without fault.

“I hope that I shall soon have pleasant news of you.”

A few months later he writes more or less in the same strain. Quoting an old proverb in support of

his attitude of injured innocence, he suggests that his offence has been merely to back up a friend in distress, and, if he is right in his conjecture, that he glories in having done so. The friend in question, he tells her, is General Macartney, who has had the misfortune to act as second to Lord Mohun in his fatal duel with the Duke of Hamilton.<sup>1</sup>

He then goes on to say that he hopes very shortly to have some good news for his mother concerning her own affairs—a wish, alas ! that was never realised.

*[Translated from the French]*

“I begin my letter at the end, according to your wishes ! I shall not stop to pay compliments, but shall always be very sincere in writing to my dear Duchess. I confess that the letter which I received from you, dated December 29, caused me more surprise than sorrow (although I vow that anything which can cause you sorrow must be always a matter of grief to myself), for I cannot imagine what is this fresh thing that I have done to make the world and the Gazettes accuse me of siding with the Queen’s enemies. I know nothing of it, thank God ; and if I did, I should be their enemy as staunchly

<sup>1</sup> This encounter took place on November 15 in the previous year ; they fought with small swords in Hyde Park. Lord Mohun was killed on the spot, and the Duke of Hamilton expired of his wounds as he was being carried to his coach. At the inquiry Macartney was accused by Colonel Hamilton, the Duke’s second, of having dealt the Duke a fatal thrust as he lay wounded in Colonel Hamilton’s arms. He fled the country, and a price was set upon his head, but a few years later he cleared himself of the charge and was restored to military rank and favour.

as I am loyal to my Queen. In God's name how have I shown my inclinations to be otherwise, my dear Duchess? Parliament is not yet assembled; there is no contest for any Election; in what have I shown want of regard to Her Majesty? When folks accuse me, they should at least tell me of what. But I'm unlucky enough to prove the truth of the old English proverb, 'That when one has a minnde to beat your dog, one soon finds a cudgell'; so I cannot understand what I have done. I can reproach myself with nothing; but if my crime is what I suspect, from your letter mentioning the Gazette, it is that I have shown myself so much a friend of Generall Macartney. Ah, my dear Duchess, if that is my crime, I confess it with pride. What! Is it enmity to the Queen to try to save one's intimate friend that has been unfortunate enough to be second to poor ill-fated Lord Mohun? No, no, dear Duchess, you cannot blame me in your heart, for I am sure that when poor Macartney asked my protection you would not have had me betray him. Think well of it; you would have saved him as I did, and I would think myself the meanest of men had I done otherwise. Remember that all I did to help Macartney was done before the Queen's Proclamation was issued. I will trouble you no further upon this point, but leave you to judge if I am right or not.

"One word more and I have done. I do not understand why, because the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun killed each other because they could not agree, it should be made a matter of State importance. I cannot make it out. After torment

comes pleasure, since it was to thank you for your dear letter that the Duc d'Aumont sent me, being in the country when he arrived in London. I go there to-morrow to pay my respects, and there is nothing in the world that I won't do to mark the respect which is his due, both to his character and to himself.

"I shall say nothing by this post touching your affairs, because I want to speak with the Duc d'Aumont before I write to you. I shall not fail to talk to him concerning my affair, and you shall know the result. All your requests seem so reasonable that in one way or another I do not doubt they will end in making you happy, if my assiduity and zeal can help. I am astonished that you have not received letters from the Lord Treasurer nor from Lord Bolingbroke, as when I delivered your letters to them they both assured me that they would answer them. I have nothing more to add further than to assure you that I shall serve you sincerely to the last breath of my life. I shall finish as I have begun, and as you desire, being with respect your

" RICHMOND.

"GOODWOOD, *January 9, 1712/13.*"

His fourth, and last, letter touches upon an altercation which he has had with Sir John Miller, at Chichester, in which he got decidedly the best of it. But evidently, in his opinion, as we should say in these days, "the newspaper reports were grossly exaggerated," for he hastens to calm his mother's fears concerning the serious nature of the row.

The journey to which he alludes, proposing to

## The Duchess of Portsmouth's Pension 25

send over a Royal yacht to convey Louise to England, must have been almost the last occasion upon which she visited these shores.<sup>1</sup>

He hints that the sooner she can come to England the better for her own affairs ; presumably an allusion to a possible renewal of the pension which had been withdrawn by William III. But he did very little really to further her claims. Possibly he may have realised the hopelessness of it all, at any rate kind-hearted Duchess Anne was Louise's best friend by far. Thus he writes :

*[Translated from the French]*

" LONDON, January 13, 1714.

" I have this instant received a letter from my dearest Duchess dated from Aubigny ; consequently you had not yet received my letter telling you that you had only to send me your orders and I would send you a yacht, the King being very glad that you should make the voyage. But, my dear Duchess, permit me to scold you for being frightened at what the Gazettes tell you concerning the great fracas which has taken place. The fact is that a person named the Chevalier Miler [Sir John Miller] at Chichester attempted to be insolent. I took him by the scruff of the neck and told him that if he didn't leave the room I would have him given a hundred strokes with a stick by my servant ! He took my advice, retired, and that's the whole story ; I swear to you that there was nothing more ! I hope this letter

<sup>1</sup> Her last visit took place in 1715, the following year, when she was graciously received at Court by George I.

will find you in Paris, and that I shall soon have your orders for the yacht.

"I've one request to make, my dear Duchess, which I have already made when I was in France, and that is, that poor Joly<sup>1</sup> may have the honour to accompany you. I ask it as favour; one maid more or less won't make much difference, so, my dear Duchess, don't say no! I was very ill three weeks ago, but I am completely recovered. I'm dying with impatience to receive news of you, for the sooner you can be here the better.

"I am, my dearest Duchess, absolutely devoted to your commands.

"THE DUKE OF RICHMOND."

Peace to your ashes, my ancestress of Aubigny! There lies before me, as I write, a packet of some thirty or forty of your letters. But I do not propose to include them all. I fear my work may prove all too bulky as it is. Rather let me select those few which bear directly upon certain incidents in the life of your grandson, for the prevailing note amongst them all is one of deep affection for him, of sympathy in his sorrows, and delight in his good fortunes, mingled with constant allusions to your own unhappy estate that would be monotonous reading for the world at large.

But as I read the letters which your little granddaughters, Anne and Louise, wrote you in their unformed hand two hundred years ago, and these many letters which you wrote to your grandson

<sup>1</sup> Presumably an old servant and a friend of his childhood.

Charles, in after-years, from the time of his unsatisfactory father's death to within a few days of your own, there rises in my heart the wish that I could tell you, across the gulf of years, that, although 'tis long since you were laid to rest, there is one at least who would gladly have it in his power to make amends for the cavalier treatment meted out to you by your only son.

Anne, afterwards second Countess of Albemarle, was the little girl that wrote this letter to her grandmother. She, poor girlie, was very much concerned about her father. As we know, he met with an accident at Aubigny shortly before a similar one which befell his son, for Duchess Anne has already alluded to both mishaps in one of her letters to Louise de Kéroualle.

The childish solicitude, so quaintly expressed, the indifferent spelling, and the evident knowledge of the habits of the gentlemen of those times make Anne's little note altogether delightful. Here it is :

“MADAM,

“When I first heard of Papa's sad accidnt I cou'd hardly write to him I was so frighted, ass I believe he found so tru that he cou'd never read my letter, it was so sadly writ, & the next time Mama sent letters from France indeed she never told me, so I hope your grace will forgive my not writing soonner, pray dear madam don't lett papa goe out without a grate many Footmen & make him come home soonner att night & so be sure he will obey your Grace, since he expected we should obey him ;



I am glad to hear papa will be soon att home, but I think tis long before your grace sets a time of seeing us.

“I am Madam,

“Your graces most dutefull and bedeant servant,

“ANNE LENOX.”

And Louise, the future Countess of Berkeley, her elder grand-daughter, at this time barely twelve, wrote her one day a letter full of affectionate inquiries as to her health, which at this period had become none too good.

*[Translated from the French]*

“LONDON, April 12, 1706.

“I should be very sorry to lose so good an opportunity of doing myself the honour of inquiring after your dear health, which I wish with all my soul may be perfect, and I hope that the reports which have come hither of your illness may be nothing but reports, or else that you may be happily recovered. That is what I hope with all my heart; praying you to be persuaded that I am and always shall be very sensible of any evils which you may endure, and that my inclination will always lead me to wish you every sort of good thing, and complete health to enjoy them. These are the sincere expressions of her that is devoted to you, and is with a very profound respect,

“Madam, your very humble and obedient  
servant and grandchild,

“LOUISE LENOX.”

Goodwood, where the good-looking, if good-for-nothing-else, first Duke of the new creation died in May 1723, and where his children (the Royal grandchildren under the bar sinister) were born and bred, derives its name from the Saxon Goduinus, the original owner, and was included in the survey made of the kingdom by the direction of William the Conqueror. In the Domesday Book it appears as Godinwood. The property has passed through many hands; we find amongst the list of owners the names of Robert de Haiâ, Sir Thomas West, Lord De la War, Henry Earl of Arundel, John Lord Lumley and Jane Fitzalan his wife; and in connection with the last named it is thus described in the Burrell MS. date 1584: "Godinwood Manor, with its appendages, and 2 houses, 4 gardens, 2 orchards, 200 acres of Park Land, 10 of Arable, 500 of pasture, and 300 of wood, sold by Lord Lumley and Jane his wife to Henry Walrond, Knight."

In the reign of Charles II. Goodwood was the property of the Caryll family, of Harting; but John Caryll was attainted for high treason in 1696 and his estates seized by the Crown. They became eventually the property of the Compton family, from whom the Duke of Richmond purchased them in 1720.

But even so long ago as 1737 the title-deeds appear to have resolved themselves into a tangled web which the second Duke found much difficulty in unravelling. Probably the troublous affairs of the Carylls had caused some confusion amongst the estate papers; at any rate, I find him enlisting the services of the aged Duke of Somerset at Petworth in an attempt to set matters

straight, for on January 20, 1737, that nobleman wrote to him as follows :

“ PETTWORTH.

“ I have been in searche for ye Deed of Purchase for Goodwood, which Deed I doe now send ; by itt Your Grace will see that itt is butt a second Part, signed and sealed by Mr. Caryll, the first Purchaser of itt.

“ I doe suppose you are in possession of ye first Part from the then Earl of Northumberland to Mr. Caryll, itt being the Title Deed the Earl of Middleton bought itt by from Mr. Caryll ; and then ye late Duke your Fathere bought itt from the late Earl of Middleton, butt notwithstanding by ye Deeds that all writings, &c., were to be delivered to Mr. Caryll yett I have ordered a searche to be made in all my rooms where evidences are kept.”

Alas ! here was confusion worse confounded ; and after a fruitless search the old Duke wrote again :

“ I wish itt had been more in my Power to have retrieved any papers that might have been serviceable to Your Grace ; but in vaine, wee find none.”

However, whether the estate was actually purchased direct from the Earl of Middleton or from the Comptons of East Lavant, there is no doubt that Charles Lennox, first Duke of Richmond, occupied Goodwood as a hunting-box for some years before he actually purchased the property in 1720. For

it is written in the records of the Corporation of St. Pancras in Chichester that on the occasion of their annual dinner at the "Unicorn" Inn in 1689, a fat buck, presented by the "Duke of Richmond att Goodwoode," formed an important feature of the banquet. Here, then, "att Goodwoode" it was that on May 18, 1701, Anne Brudenell, first Duchess of Richmond, gave birth to him whose career I shall endeavour to trace through the half-century in which he lived.

His early boyhood was spent almost entirely at home. The earliest specimen of his handwriting is that furnished by a letter which he wrote at the age of thirteen, from Goodwood, to a certain Mrs. Giles. It is quaintly addressed "For yourself" on the back, and concerns one of his father's infrequent visits to Aubigny, containing also an allusion to the death of Queen Anne. It runs thus :

*"August ye 16th, 1714.*

"DEAR MRS. GILES,

"I take it very ill that I have not heard from you since I have been in ye country. We was in terrible fright about your brother Bradley, for fear of his being cast away going to fetch my papa home from France, for there were two little ships cast away jest by ye shore, but I thank God he was in neither of them and the fishermen say they are sure he is in France, and I believe and hope he is. The Queen's death has put us into a very great consternation, and I believe there is nobody in ye Kingdom but that is very sorry for it, as I am sure I am. I desire that

when you have nothing to do you would send me all ye news you can get. Pray my service to your husband who I hope is well,

"I am

"Your affectionate friend & humble servant,

"MARCH.

"My service to both your daughters."

I do not know who this Mistress Giles was. But her brother Bradley was employed in some capacity on the Goodwood establishment, possibly he was connected with the yacht which now and again conveyed the family to France.

The Duchess had a great regard for Mrs. Giles and wrote her one day the following, amusing in its quaintness, and directed: "for Mrs. Giles att Her Hous in Poland Streete neare Broad Street."

"Oc. ye 14th, 1709, GOODWOOD.

"I had writ to you the post after I received your letter, but that your Brother promised me faithfully to writ himself, which I thought wou'd be the best asurity of his being in perfect health; I scolded him mightily for being so long without sending a line to you that are his only sister, he sayd he had writ severale times to you and that you complained without reason, which indeed I take to be more an excuse in him than truth.

"David tells me that he has a paire tree that is admirable if you care for that frute, and good plums and figgs and graps or peaches, but he fears the latter

will never thrive in a London garden, I desire you will let me know what kind of frute you would have and the number of trees, which as soon as I know I'll take care to send them safe to you, being, Dear Cousen,

“Your friend,

“A. RICHMOND.”

## CHAPTER II

The youthful Lord March privately tutored—Mr. Thomas Hill, later the famous Tom Hill, appears on the scene as tutor—A silly wager and its dramatic consequence—A romantic marriage—Lord March and the Vienna ladies—A Guidon in the "Horse Grenadier Guards"—Johnny Breval, Irish humorist—Fubb's yacht—Election echoes.

FOR some obscure reason little Lord March was never sent to school. In those days, possibly, an over-fond or sensitive parent may have had good reason to hesitate before entrusting young hopefuls to the Spartan roughness of a Public School life, for it was undoubtedly an age in which the weakest went to the wall with considerable celerity.

The fact that the boy received a private, and very likely imperfect, education at home is recorded in one of the old Estate Account books, wherein I one day came across the following entry: "On July 20th, 1711, Mr. Thomas Hill came to be tutor to my Lord March at Fifty pounds a yeare." But of old Tom Hill much more anon; for he remained as guide, philosopher, and friend until the end of the Duke's life. It was during a visit to The Hague in 1719 that Lord March married Lady Sarah, the little thirteen-year-old daughter of William, first Earl of Cadogan,<sup>1</sup> at that time British Amba-

<sup>1</sup> Cadogan was of course Marlborough's favourite staff officer, the rival of Thackeray's General Webb. At Oudenarde, Mal-



*From a painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller.*

CHARLES, SECOND DUKE OF RICHMOND,  
Painted when Earl of March, about the age of 12.



to .vnu  
anbortuo

sador, under circumstances which augured ill for their future happiness. It was, in sooth, a mercenary affair. We are told that their union was merely a bargain to cancel a gambling debt between their parents ! But we shall see later on in what dramatic fashion romance stepped in to save the cruel situation created by these heartless worthies.

Immediately after the ceremony Lady March returned to her parents and the boy was carried off by Tom Hill, to improve on the Continent the slender education which he had received at home. Evidently he left sad hearts behind him in more than one Southern city, and nowhere more so than in Vienna, where his *succès* amongst the ladies may be gauged from the commission with which he entrusted his fond mother during one of her visits to France. Thus runs his request :

“ VIENNA, July ye 17th, 1720.

“ MADAM,

“ As I write this post to the Duchess of Portsmouth I would not trouble your Grace with a letter but upon a very particular occasion, which is as follows. All the fine Ladys of Vienna have very shabby fans, and I being by far the politest Englishman here, they have all apply'd themselves to me to get some true Colemans, and as I have no female acquaintances in London that understands 'em, I beg your Grace would write by the first post, after you plaquet, and Bouchain his services were of the utmost value to his chief. While serving under Marlborough at The Hague in 1702-3, he had married a Dutch lady. His second daughter became Countess Bentinck.

receive this, to some understanding person to chuse half a dozen or a dozen of ye best true Colemans, and that they should send them to Paris, and then your Grace may send them to me by the first courier that comes hither. I will be sure to pay you the first opportunity. If your Grace does this you will not only oblige the fine Ladys in Vienna but

“Your most Dutifull Son,

“MARCH.

“My duty to my Lord Duke and Lady Anne.”

Did her Grace hesitate, I wonder, before placing this large-hearted order with Mr. Coleman? Or did she comfort herself with the assurance that here surely must be an illustration of the truth of the proverb which asserts that there is safety in numbers? Did she feel that so long as her beloved son remained so impartial in his favours there could be no great danger of any serious entanglement? At any rate, in due course the fans arrived, as you shall see presently.

During their travels they met with young Lord Malpas, who was accompanied by a very queer fish as travelling tutor, in the person of Johnny Breval. He had a chequered career, this Breval! Son of a prebendary of Westminster, at an early stage of his life he got into such hot water in this country that he enlisted in the army in Flanders, and served there with distinction. Later on in life he took up the literary profession and wrote busily for the London booksellers for some years, under the name of Joseph Gay. In 1720 he went abroad with the young nobleman above mentioned, fell in love with a nun and

eloped with her—a bad example, one would think, for his youthful charge! Getting successfully out of this scrape he came home, wrote an account of his travels, and went abroad again with other scions of the nobility, having apparently lived down the scandals of previous years. His letter to my ancestor is eccentric in the extreme, and I am quite at a loss to imagine why he should affect the style of a stage Irishman, thus :

“ MY LORD,

“ Be my soul I do write to you, and I have noting to say Dear Joy, not a word of noveltys from Tipperary or elsewhere; but I have bin among the mountains of Tirhol lately, which are as big as any at all in our Countrey, and there is white snow upon 'em all the year round Joy, but only half the year round there is none. And I was at the great city of Venus not long since, so I was; which is built in the Main Ocean, and founded upon firm land; and I was told by a good Colonel, my Countreyman, that the Pictures in St. Marks were made by Revelations and that the matters represented were foretold five hundred years after that they had happened.

“ So much for Irish,<sup>1</sup> my Dear Lord; I am at my *ne plus ultra* in that charming Dialect, and wish I could say the same with regard to my Travels, unless I might once more have the happiness of meeting your L<sup>d</sup> with my dear friend Tommy, and then I should hardly desire to bring them so soon to a Period.

<sup>1</sup> He had no claim to that nationality, being descended from a French refugee Protestant family that had settled in England.

I had the favour of your Lords<sup>ps</sup> a little before I left Venice, which I preserve, I will assure you, with as much care as a good Catholick would a lock of Mary Magdalen's hair, or S. Cecilia's great Toe; and if it will be any encouragement to your Lords<sup>p</sup> to honour me with some more of your Epistles, I do hereby promise you (swearing upon the Holy Evangelists) to have the said Letters neatly guilt and bound up in Turkey leather, or (if I can afford it) in Crimson Velvet, with the Arms of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, quartered on either side, not forgetting the Unicorn and Antelope; which Manuscripts so bound, &c., shall bequeath to my posterity for ever, whether Male or Female, under the severest curses and imprecations imaginable, should they part with them out of my family for any consideration whatever.

"Since the last Paragraph, I have drunk a bumper of Rhenish to your L<sup>dsp</sup>'s health, by way of experiment if that would whet my invention; which is now as dull as the edge of a razor after having taken off the beard of three Switzers, and therefore should here conclude with the usual compliments, but that your dear Angeletta comes to my assistance, upon the strength of whose charms, the Devil's in't if I cannot furnish out half a dozen lines more. Oh! the Divine Creature! by G——. My Lord, it was not using me like a friend to charge me with such a commission. I have too susceptible a soul (as my friend Thomas can certify), to be proof against so much beauty: Jesus! what eyes, what teeth, how much wit; and, (the worst of the story is) how vast an affection for

your L<sup>asp</sup>! So that had I been either young, or base enough to be guilty of breach of trust, and lay the snare for her, what a rebuff must I have expected, what trenches and countretemps had there bin to surmount, before a poor mortal could have cried out *Victoria!* tho armed Capapée with Chequins and Pistoles.

“And now, my Lord, as the transition is pretty natural from Venetian Ladys to . . . pray how does poor Dye<sup>1</sup> after her labour? As for her child at Madame Angeletta’s, he is heartily ugly, and the villain has not instinct enough to know his Master’s friends, for he had very near bit me by the leg, upon my very first admission into his Lady’s antechamber; Mr. Chomley has pick’d up another four-footed beauty at Bologna, whose education I must needs say has bin very indifferent, for she jumps upon our tables, and our beds without ceremony, we hope however to bring her under better discipline, for the jade is extravagantly hansom, and you know the taste of the age refines daily!

“I am wonderfully pleased with your Lords’ choice of the Philosopher, whose head I surveyed with singular pleasure on the wax of your letter; the impression has all the marks of the antique, is of an exquisite Gusto, and the intaglia seems calculated entirely for your Lords’ way of thinking, which is pretty much after the Epicurean, or I am mightily mistaken; the *Creation* in short was a perfect *chance medley* with him, a jumble of Atoms, and so far I believe you both agree, though really if I may take

<sup>1</sup> A pet dog.

the liberty of speaking my opinion, your stone is a great deal better than your Doctrine. Pardon the freedom I take My Lord, for you know, *videntem dicere veni quid vetat?* I am certain I cannot speak a greater truth for my own part, than when I assure you, I am with the greatest respect and esteem imaginable,

“ My Lord Your Lords<sup>ps</sup> ever obed<sup>t</sup> oblig’d,  
and most faithfull humble serv<sup>t</sup>,

“ J. BREVAL.

“ AUSBURG, Oct. 3rd, 1721.”

And he was sorely missed in Florence, too, was our young gentleman.

Do you think that he can have had anything to do with the domestic broils of the enchanting dame concerning whom friend Thomas Dereham writes? Ungenerous thought! but he was young, very young, and as we know that pity is akin to love, perchance ’twas well that he took his departure when he did, for sympathy has an awkward trick of developing into something less platonic now and then. Thus friend Dereham :

“ MY LORD,

“ Since your Lords<sup>ps</sup>’s departure the enclosed was sent to me from Naples for your Lords<sup>p</sup>, which has emboldened me to present my humble respects to your Lords<sup>p</sup> to entreat you to honour me with your commands that shall ever be most highly valued by me. This morning I have met the enchanting Made. Suarez, and have stopped her coach, and taken the liberty to make your compliments to her that has expressed her concern for having lost the happiness of seeing your Lords<sup>p</sup> upon your departure, butt

her domestick broils have been a sufficient excuse, and she has charged me to present her humble service to your Lords<sup>p</sup>. This morning my L<sup>d</sup>. Huntington is sett out for Venice, so we have no English left, and all is very dull, butt I shall within a month try whether at Rome there is more mirth. Pray my service to the gentlemen in company with you, and be pleased to remember me as the most sincere well-wisher for your Lordsp<sup>s</sup> success upon all occasions, whereas nobody is with greater esteem, and respect than I have the honour to be

“ My Lord

“ Your most Obedient humble servant

“ THO. DEREHAM.

“ FLOR. 11 Nov. 1721.”

There was a brilliant assemblage of his countrymen at this time in Brussels ; indeed they appear to have established an entrée into the society of that city which gave place to none, to judge from the account which George Cholmondeley wrote :

“ MY LORD,

“ I am glad to find by your last that you are arrivd safe at Florence, tho’ I imagined you might have made a greater Progress since you left Rome, but the agreeable company of Vienna and the Civillitys of the Princess have I durst swear bin the occasion of your long stay att that Place. We have bin in our Rambles for these Six Weeks passd, but are, thank God, now arrivd safe att Brussels, were the agreeable Company will contribute in great measure to recompence my loss in honest Durante who sets out from



hence tomorrow for old England in company with two or three gentlemen; Since the War I believe there was never seen such a number of English together att one time in this town as there is att present; Our Company consisting of near fifty vans hommes que femmes, the Ladys take it by turns to keep the Assemblée, were none are allowed entrance but our honest countrymen, in short Brussels is a Diminutive of London, an a man is never att a loss to find Company were he may pass his time very agreeably, for what with Balls, Plays and other Diversions I am hard put to it to find a leisure hour to enquire after my absent friends, an tis with great difficulty que jay pû trouver cette occasion de vous asseurer combien je suis

“ My Lord

“ Vostre très humble Serviteur,

“ G. CHOLMONDELEY.

“ BRUSSELLS, *Nov. 25th. 1721.*

“ P.S.—Pray remember me to Tom Hill and tell him I expect to hear from him by the first occasion, from Aughsbourg and Frankfort, I desird your Lordship would send me word how I was to dispose of your fans, but having receivd no answer I fear my letters have miscarried therefore desire your Lordship would give the proper orders Direct for me to Mr. Leiths, enclosing your letters in a Cover to Him. Adieu my Dear Lord once more.”

He mentions the fans, you will observe. But Brussels is a long way from Vienna! Can it have been a fresh consignment, quite apart from those

destined for the "fine Ladys of Vienna"? Or were those disconsolate fair ones at last to be made happy by the belated arrival of the souvenirs promised them over a year ago? Alas! we shall never know.

Writing at a later period jolly Mr. Benjamin Keene, our Ambassador at Madrid, and the brilliant and witty Lord Tyrawley, for many years in a like capacity at Lisbon, will give you a very fair inkling as to the good time Lord March and Tom must have enjoyed with the hospitable aid of their compatriots abroad. And long years afterwards the Duke wrote a letter to Princess Trivulci,<sup>1</sup> an old friend in Turin, giving her a description (in French—*such* French!) of his family which is so excessively quaint that I shall presently ask you to judge with me whether it be not one of the gems of this heterogeneous collection.

For three years, then, the two rambled amongst the Southern capitals of Europe. And during his absence abroad the lad received his first commission in the Army; it is dated March 18, 1721, and appoints him to the "Horse Granadier Guards."

These "Horse Granadiers" (*sic*) were formed in 1678, and were attached to each of the three troops of Life Guards. In the field they acted as mounted infantry and invariably formed the advance guard to all detachments of the Life Guards. They would appear to have performed somewhat complicated evolutions in that capacity. Sir George Arthur, in his "Story of the Household Cavalry," tells us that they "dis-mounted, linked their horses, fired, screwed their daggers into the muzzles of their fusils, charged,

<sup>1</sup> Vol. II. page 639.

returned their daggers, fired and threw their grenades by ranks, the centre and rear ranks advancing in succession through the intervals between the file leaders. They then grounded their arms, went to the right about, and dispersed; and at the preparative or beating to arms they fell in with a huzza. They then slung their fusils, marched to their horses, unlinked and mounted, after which they fired their pistols and muskets on horseback."

They were absorbed into the regiments of Life Guards in 1788.

In that age of "Long Service and Short Ranges,"<sup>\*\*\*</sup> if I may so term it, the military authorities were very lenient in the matter of entrance examinations. "Army Competitives," and the cramming entailed thereby, slumbered peacefully in the womb of time. A taste for soldiering, backed up by a judicious application of interest in the proper quarter (always a desideratum), was quite sufficient. For it enabled any young man of good family to take up the profession of arms without any previous preparation, save the acquisition of such knowledge of the usages of polite society as should enable him to ruffle it amongst his brother officers. Arms of precision had not reduced warfare to a series of cold-blooded mathematical calculations having the annihilation of humanity for their object.

But the prospect of his future duties as an officer of Household Cavalry was not sufficiently engrossing to exclude other professions from Lord March's mind, for, whilst still on his travels, he was duly elected Member for Chichester, and he sat as Member

for that place until he succeeded to the dukedom on his father's death. Truly an enterprising young man ! Which of us, in these days of rest cures and brain fag, would care to risk the almost inevitable " rift within the lute " which would be our portion did we permit the study of unfamiliar drill books and the thorny intricacies of party politics to intrude, at the very outset, upon our newly wedded bliss ? Good sooth, a fearsome picture ! But, who knows ? Perhaps he anticipated a life in which distractions from his own fireside would be welcomed as a safeguard against domestic broils. You see, he did not know what Fate had in store for him.

We get but scattered glimpses of the youngster and the faithful Tom on their foreign travels. Time, spring cleanings, and, alas ! the indiscriminate use of the waste-paper basket have all had their share in obliterating landmarks for which we, that grope amongst the misty records of the past, may now sigh in vain.

His mother's letters, the few that remain, are so delightfully quaint and affectionate that one cannot but regret their not being more numerous, for undoubtedly she was a very regular correspondent.

Did the gentle heart of Duchess Anne feel qualms of compunction now and then, I wonder, when she reflected upon the baby marriage that had taken place three years before ? I am inclined to suspect that this was so, and that she felt in duty bound to do all she could to create a favourable impression of his bride upon her son ; how thankful then must she have been when the sequel more than justified her most sanguine hopes !

Clearly the youth enjoyed a *succès* abroad which did not fall to the share of some of his fellow-countrymen. The Duchess was shrewd, with all her mother's love, and could detect the "green-eyed monster's" agency in forming Lord Burford's opinion of the fair Princess Violante. After a few remarks on the subject of the Charlton Hunt, she touches on a terrible storm at sea, and goes on to discuss her son's return. She tells him how she is following his travels on the map, and after a little local gossip describes the correspondence that is going on between his sisters at Goodwood and the little wife at The Hague, whom he scarce knew by sight.

Thus her Grace :

" *Novr. ye 29th, Goodwood.*

" Yours, my dear child, of the 11th of November N.S., came to my hands two posts agoe, and was no small comfort to me ; I assure you all at Goodwood dranke the Grand Princess Violantes Health, and all agreed she was a sensible Princess and had a good taste. Lord Burford says she is a most redicules Formal creature, by which we found she had not distinguished him as she has you, which still confirmed us in our oppinnion of her Parts, his Lordship and Lord William<sup>1</sup> with the Marquis of Winchester are in these parts to Fox hunt with Mr. Roper, but by what I see Lord Burford does not much approve Mr. Ropers Laws.

" Last post Lord Duke sent me the good news of Lord Cadogan's safe arrival at Harwige, but had narrowly escaped perishing at sea ; Captain Macart-

<sup>1</sup> Lord William Beauclerk.

ney wrot to the same purpose to his sister who has been in paine for him and not without reason, for on my life (except the great storme) I never remember any more violent than we have had all this month, day and night. Several of our ships have perished, besides that poor Lord Bellhaven<sup>1</sup> was in. Lord Duke and Captain Macartney defers theire giving a perticuler of Lord Cadogan's escape till they doe it by word of mouth, till which I can give you no farther information than what I have don.

"The reason, my dear child, that I have enclosed Lord Cadogan's letter in this, is, that I fear his Lordship may have forgot sending you his oppinnion about the time of your returning home, or that his letter may have miscarried, for by the date of both your letters you might have received that he mentions in his to me before you wrot myne, and by your saying you expect with impatience his orders, maks me conclude you lay under an uncertetude, which to overcome I conclude you will not grudge paying extraordinary postage. I believe one of his reasons delaying your return till Spring is that he has a mind to have ye Elections for a new Parlement first over, els you must be obligd to goe to Newcastle and appeare at Chichester also (for both design chusing you) which may not be so proper for your health. As to my perticuler, I believe you are convinced I long to see you, but since you are to meet Lady March at the Hague I dread your going there till the Hous has been some longer time Fired from the infection

<sup>1</sup> Third Lord Belhaven, appointed Governor of Barbadoes and drowned off the Lizard on his way out to take up the appointment.

Lady Margaret's sickness may have giving it, upon which I shall desire Lady March to be very cautious in every perticuler.

"As the weather is very bad and as I have not yet got courage enough since my overturn to venture in a coach, my sole comfort is in looking in a Map and reading a new Book I gave got, caled a Geographical Index, which informs me of all the considerable Cities in Europe, and distance of Places, so with the help of yours and Mr. Hill's letters with my book and map I fancy myself a learned traveler.

"I believe I sent you word Mr. Knight was dead and that she was a prodigious rich Widdow, being his Heir as well as Widdow. St. John Meher is giving over, and very Penetent, if God will but safe his liffe he make great Resolutions of paying his debts and makeing restitution, her son Thom I believe will soon overcome the loss of his Fathere, and preety Jack Melleor is married to Farmer Challing's daughter who had seven thousand guennies downe upon marriage and would have as much more.

"A most exact correspondence is fetched every Post betweene Lady March and the two Nanys,<sup>1</sup> I do not believe a Rat sturs at Goodwood they don't acquaint her with, and I believe she answers them in the same stile, but it is a great secret to me.

"Aduie my dearest."

This is the letter to which the Duchess refers :

"MADAM,

"I persuade myself that your Grace will

<sup>1</sup> Lady Anne and Mistress Anne Macartney, a companion.

forgive my not sooner acknowledging the Honour of your letter, since the great Concern I was in for Lady Margaret, whose recovery the physicians for some time despaired of, has been the occasion of it. She is now, God be praised, out of all danger, but so very weak, that she will not be able to goe out of the House these three months. Her only Comfort is Lady March's Company, and she is so extremely desirous not to be deprived of it, and Lady March is so very kind as to beg earnestly to stay with her during this Confinement, that I doe not know how to refuse them, especially since my wife who is herself very much indisposed joyns in the Request. I am indeed the less unwilling to consent, because I suppose my Lord March will not return till towards Spring. I received by last post a letter from him, in which he tells me he intended to visit those parts of Italy that he had not yet seen, and that he expected his friends directions as to the time of his returning, I have writt to him my opinion in the same manner I had the Honour to tell it your Grace at Causham, and as he has not been att any academy since he began to travel, I have advised him to pass two or three months att that in Lorrain before he comes home. The reason of my chusing it is the nearness to England, and the distance tis att from those Parts of France which are infected, and that there is a Court as well as an Academy, that the Duke of Lorrain is infinitely civil to the English, that the Academy is provided with the best masters in Europe, and that my Lord March when he comes to London will not have much leisure for his Exercises, I conclude therefore Lord March



will very soon leave Italy, and in case your Grace and my Lord Duke should not approve of his staying the little time I propose in Lorrain, his coming thither will not be much out of his way home, and he may meet there your Grace's farther directions. I having finished the affairs I came about here, and the Parliament being now met, I design God willing to embark next week for England, I beg your Grace to assure my Lord Duke of my most sincere Respects, and to believe me with the most Perfect Veneration and Esteem, Madam, Your Graces

"Most obedient and

"Most Faithful Humble Servant,

"CADOGAN.

"My wife assures your Grace of her most Humble Respects, she is not well enough to write herself. My best wishes allways attend Lady Anne, my compliments to her and Mrs. Macartny.

"HAGUE, 28 Oct. 1721."

Lord Cadogan's solicitude for his son-in-law's education emphasises the fact that the shrewd old ambassador counted upon continental polish and the grand tour to strengthen the weak spots in that union to which the parents, and not the two children, had been the contracting parties.

Lady Margaret, who had been so dangerously ill of the small-pox, was Lord Cadogan's second daughter, and in after-life married Count Bentinck, Dutch Minister at The Hague.

By the same post Lord Cadogan wrote to Lord March, and in much the same strain :

" HAGUE, 28 Oct. 1721.

" MY DEAR LORD,

" I received att this Place and allmost att the same time your letters of the 6th of Sepr and 4th of Octr N.S. I have paid your bills for the two hundred Pounds, and given Mr. Hancock, my Agent att London, orders to pay all others that shall come there during my absense. I asure your Lordship there are few things in the world that I desire more earnestly than to have the Pleasure of seeing you, but att the same time I am of opinion your Lordship should not return home till Spring, that is till the Sessions of Parliament is over, my Reasons for it shall acquaint you with when we meet. I think your Lordship cannot chuse a better Place to pass three months att, than Luneville in Lorrain, tis near England, and att a Distance from those Parts of France which are infected. The Academy there is the best in Europe, The Court very polite, and the Duke of Lorrain infinitely civil to the English, I approve therefore extremely of your Lordship's going thither, especially since you seem seriously resolved to be upon your guard against Play. I believe by the time this letter reaches you, your Lordship will have seen all things and Places in Italy which deserve your Curiosity or notice, the sooner consequently that you begin to move towards Lorrain the better. The Way you took when you went to Italy is I imagine the best for you to return by, since tis the farthest from the Infection, you will find Lord Albemarle <sup>1</sup> att Munich, the Prince Electoral having invited him to pass the

<sup>1</sup> Lord March's brother-in-law elect.

winter there, as that Court is very agreeable you will do right to stay there some little time. Lady Margaret who was dangerously ill of the Small pox is, God be thanked, now out of danger, her Recovery is a kind of miracle. As she will not be able to goe abroad in three months she desires extremely that Lady March should keep her Company in her Confinement and Lady March begs it so very earnestly herself, that I can hardly refuse their request, I consent to it the less unwillingly, because your Lordship must pass through this Country in your way to England from Lorrain in order to avoid the quarantain which all who goe by France are obliged to make, your Lordship will therefore see Lady March the sooner by her remaining the winter here, I am infinitely sensible of the great tenderness and Regard your Lordship has for her, and I hope she will endeavour to deserve it. The Parliament being on the Point to meet, I design God willing to return for England next week. I allready acquainted your Lordship that I had secured your Election att Newcastle, though the magistrates there are such Prevaricating Fellows that if I had not stopped the warrant for their Grant, they would certainly have disappointed you. My most humble services to Mr. Hill, I fancy he will not be sorry to turn his Face homewards. I shall take care to pay what Bills your Lordship has occasion to draw, and I am my Dear Lord with all Possible Esteem, Truth and Affection your Lordships

“ Most obedient and most Faithful

“ Humble Servant,

“ CADOGAN.”

Note the extreme anxiety to fall in with Lord March's views, and the many and overwhelming protestations of affection with which his letter abounds.

Lord Cadogan's interest in things earthly very nearly came to an abrupt end shortly afterwards, judging from the following letter from the Duchess to her son :

*" Dec. ye 6th, GOODWOOD.*

" You are so Dutyfull my Dear cheeld and Mr. Hill so compassionate in writing so often to me, that I am so unreasonable unless I have weekly news of you, am under some uneasyness and it being now Twelve days since I have had a line from eithere of you can not help some melancholy thoughts, but as the storms have been very great, contrary winds I hope is the occasion of it, I find by your last you have thoughts of seeing Venise once more, I hope you will not keepe Mr. Burges company too much, for I hear he is a violent drinker which is that has killed all our English youths in Italy. I had a letter last week from Lord Cadogan, by which I find he has had a miraculous Escape, the Captaine flung overboard all the guns of the yacht and part of my Lords Baggage and steerd the vessel himself, not daring to trust to his Pilot, the storme lasted Fourteene hours and every moment they expected to Perish, they had been five days at sea and were at Anchor which occasioned theire being in such danger, Captaine Cholive who was the Person that commanded this yacht (which is caled the Fubbs<sup>1</sup>) has got immortal

<sup>1</sup> Charles II. was the first royal yachtsman, and an interesting relic of his yachting days is to be found in an old public-house at

Fame and I believe has been and will be well rewarded for his skill and care. I expect your Papa and my Brother Brudenell downe this weeke, every body complains of the dullness of London for neither operas, Lady Chetwinds, Bristols, or Lady Straffords can get enough to pay for the candles, people are more dispirited at present and seem more sensible of their losses in the South Sea than last yeare, there being no redress to be hop'd for from the Parlement, it is very sure the counterys begin to find a bad Effect also, for the Farmers if they chance to sell their corn they are obliged to give it upon trust, for not a sheeling of ready money appears at Market. Who ever encouraged Mr. Law to come to England does not acknowledge it, and he has been so indifferently used I believe he will make no long stay here. You send me word you goe to Munich, and Lord Cadogan says to Lorraine, I desire to be at a certainty and that you will let me know how to direct after you leave Italy, where I often wish myself purely for the sake of the climate which I am assured is the sweetest charming aire in the world, I am sure England is the most foggy spleenetick cursed weather at this time of the yeare in ye univers, I defy any to be wors. My

Greenwich known as "Fubb's Yacht." There was no Cowes in those days, and the King, who lived a great deal at his palace at Greenwich, used to sail on the Thames. The course of the first yacht race on record was from Greenwich to Gravesend and back, and the stakes, which King Charles won, were one hundred guineas. The old waterside inn obtained its name from the Duchess of Portsmouth, who was nicknamed "Fubb." The Duchess used to keep her yacht at Greenwich, and the sailors forming her crew always frequented this inn.

best respects to Mr. Hill who, I suppose, unless you give him reason, has never had the spleene since he left England. I hear Lord Rayulton's Governour has left him and that he accompanys you into England, is it so or no? There is also a letter cry'd in the streets from a young Nobleman at Rome to his Fathere in London with a perticuler account of a certain family, I have never seen it, but it makes a great noise and say'd to be wrot by one Mr. Berkeley by way of Burlesk.

"That Heaven may bless you my dear dear comfort is the daily prayer

"Of your affectionate Mother,

"A. RICHMOND.

"This moment the two Nany's have received a present of two capps from Lady March to ride a Horse Back, with ye preetyest krest I ever saw and they are transported."

Her description of the doleful state of society consequent of the bursting of the South Sea Bubble and her apposite remarks upon the British climate would suggest that England must have been a depressing place at this particular time.

Her next letter deals with the health of her husband. It was the beginning of the end; the constitution, never robust, was at last giving way. I do not know to whom "poor old Ca" refers. Perhaps to Lady March's grandmother, Mrs. Cadogan, whose death took place shortly after this date.

"*Jan'y. 24th, GOODWOOD.*

"I have had my Hous so full of company that I

have not been able to set pen to paper this fortnight, and as Lord Duke is well enough to goe to Guelford (in order to goe to London) this morning has put me also in a very great flurrie, I wish he may continu as well as he was when he left Goodwood, but I fear it, for he is extreamly decay'd, and continu the cause of all his illnesses to a greater degree than ever, I fear his stomack is so cold he cannot live without it now. In violent haste so adue my Dearest, may Heaven bless you, I expect poor old Ca to morrow, who I fear between ye meriness in France and the South Sea together she is in a low condition."

The strenuous efforts which were being put forth to secure her son's election to the Chichester division are described by the Duchess in her next letter.

Poor lady! The hopes which she had expressed in her letter of January 24 appear to have been effectually dashed to the ground.

*"January ye 31st, Goodwood.*

"It is now some weeks since I have had a line from you my dearest comfort, your last being dated the 23 N.S. of Decr. from Parma, had I not received a letter from Mr. Hill this day fortnight should be more uneasy than I am, I am in great hope of some news from him or you by to night's Post. We have no company at present but Lord William<sup>1</sup> and Captaine Macartney, who follows your Election at Chichester, ye women complaine Lord William does not kiss them, they think you would be better bread if you were here, all our Sex is for you, and one

<sup>1</sup> Lord William Beauclerk.

declares if her Husband will not give a single vote for you he shall not rest by day or night. Mr. Peckham the High Sheriff is violently for you and has a great Power, but good Lady Darby for Mr. Recorder out of conscience, he being a tru church man, tho Peckham our Docter (whom you are to represent) was always sincere in Lord Duke's interest, yet never stired to ask vote till now, he is turned a perfect Rake, drinks and will doe anythinge for his dear Lord March and does great service. My brother Brudenell coms to help forward your interest next weeke or soon after, for your Papa is no more capable of any business, he is so decay'd.

"I have had so much affliction, and in Lord Duke's Long sickness so little sleepe, that my memory is quit gon and I doe not know if I wrot you word that I had put a stop to the Lace of your Liveries by reason your Servants must be nine months in mourning for old Mrs. Cadogan as grandmothere. My service to Mr. Hill, and pray take care of your health.

"The Duke of Bolton, Manchester, Earl of Scarborough, Holderness, and Lord Conwallace are dead, the last kiled himself with strong watters which none suspected him for; *our friend* drinks not less than three Pints a day notwithstanding his late illness. God keep you from having the same passion.

"Heaven bless you,

"A. R."

And again with reference to his candidature for Chichester, she writes in enthusiastic terms of the loyalty of his friends. But alas! the same dis-



quieting tone, telling its own tale only too plainly, as regards his father's state of health.

"Feb. ye 7th, Goodwood.

"This my Dearest cheeld is still complaining from having no letter from you or Mr. Hill since ye 7th N.S. of Decr. I was preety easy for the first fortnight because the winds were contrary, but as we have had Mailes from France and Holland I am dull and it makes me spleenitick, when all the world hereabouts are rejoicing at your growing interest in Chichester, you are as certaine at Chichester as is possible to be till the Election is over, never were poore people so hearty. Your Fathere has never appeard for you nor will he pay a Forty sheeling Bill (tho due) to geet a vote, but the loss is not great for he has quit lost himself in both Towne and country, Lord Cadogan and your Uncle Brudenell<sup>1</sup> are comeing to asist poore me, Hary Baker treats at his owne expense and is obliging and servisable beyond what can be expressed, God bless you my dearest."

Lord Cadogan, we know, was ever strenuous in his exertions for the young man's welfare. Was it the pricking of an uneasy conscience that prompted him to make amends? Was he fearful that his son-in-law's future might be marked by domestic unhappiness? Who knows? At all events, he kept him well posted in political news. In this letter he tells him that he has been "sett up" for *two* constituencies, and we shall see anon that he secured them both; how would this go down with politicians of the present day?

<sup>1</sup> Jemmy Brudenell. *Vide* his letters.

The time-honoured Hibernian adage which deals with the utter impossibility of any man being able to be in two places at once, "barring he is a bird," had evidently no weight with the electors of the good old days.

"LONDON 16 Feb. O.S. 1722.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"The continual motion you have been in these four months past, making it impossible to know where to direct to you, I could not have the Pleasure of writing to your Lordship, tho I had that of hearing from you. I heartily thank your Lordship for your several letters, they are infinitely kind and obliging, and I shall be allways very truly sensible of these marks of your attention. I send this under cover to the Postmaster att Munich, where according to what your Lordship tells me in your last from Milan I may hope this will find you. Your Election had been fixed att Newcastle as I formerly acquainted you, but some of your Friends thinking you should rather stand for Chichester, your Lordship is set up there. I conclude you will carry it, but for fear of accidents, I design to get your Lordship chose for Newport in the Isle of Wight, where you will meet with no opposition. The Parliament is likely to be up in ten days, the writts for the new one will be immediately issued so that the Elections must be over before the beginning of May. The King intends going to Hanover very soon after, and I believe I shall be sent to Holland some little time before his Majesty leaves England.

"I flatter myself therefore with the satisfaction of

seeing your Lordship att the Hague in May, and you may come from thence into England with Lady March in one of the Yatchs that goe with the King. If your Lordship gets to Lorrain in March you will have six weeks or two months stay att that Court. I have acquainted my Lord Duke and Lady Duchess with what I write to your Lordship on this subject, who both approve of it. My Lord Duke is very well and in Town. My Lady Duchess is att Goodwood, and has been ill of the Cholick, but is now much better. I have accepted your Bill from Genoa, and I shall by next Post write to Messrs Behagel att Frankfurt to furnish your Lordship with what mony you may want on your way from Munich to Lorrain. I wish your Lordship a good journey and I pray God send us a happy meeting. I am my Dear Lord, your most Faithful

“Humble Servant

“CADOGAN.

“My humble services to Mr. Hill.”

### CHAPTER III

Lord Cadogan's conscience pricks him—Strong liquor and much tobacco for the enlightened voters of Chichester—Lord March, and a pleasurable surprise at the Opera—Lord March posted to the Horse Guards—Tom Hill congratulates his pupil on the accession of parental responsibilities—Death of the first Duke—Tom Hill describes life in the country—Lord Cadogan's barring clause respecting a prospective son-in-law—Uncle Cardigan counsels against extravagance.

IT was now getting very near the time of Lord March's return, and Lord Cadogan's anxiety was twofold. Anxiety for his son-in-law's safe arrival and misgivings as to the particular light in which the youth would look upon his bride, are very clearly demonstrated by the elaborate and complete arrangements with which he, in conjunction with the Duke and Duchess, was now busying himself in order to ensure that everything should go like clock-work on his return.

Thus he wrote :

"LONDON 22 *April* O.S. 1722.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"I was extremely glad to find by your Lordship's letter of the 21st of this month N.S. that you were safely arrived att Luneville, and I hope to have very soon the Pleasure of seeing you in Holland. I design to embark the latter end of this week, and as

soon as I get to the Hague, I shall give your Lordship immediate notice, and expect you there with Impatience. The King goes the 16th May O.S. so that your Lordship will have an opportunity to wait on Him as He passes thro' Holland, and you may come for England with Lady March afterwards in the yatch that has carried his Majesty over. My Lady Duchess intends to be in Town about that time to meet your Lordship and Lady March, and Her Grace and I have agreed, that you shall pass part of the Summer att Goodwood and part att Causham. I doubt not Her Grace has given your Lordship a particular account of this plan wee have formed for you, so that I shall add nothing more but my best and sincerest wishes for the continuance of your Lordships Health, and I am my Dear Lord,

“Your most obedient and most

“Faithful Humble Servant,

“CADOGAN.

“My most humble services to Mr. Hill, I believe he is not a little pleased to have got so near home.”

Shortly before Lord March's return to England, his sister Anne wrote him as follows :

“GOODWOOD, *Febry. ye 21.*

“I must Trouble my Dear Brother again with my sille Letters, but mama is not well and is not able to set pen to paper She is so weak, so I write because I beleave it must make you uneasy if you don't hear from some of us, I am sure it is a very great pleasure to write to so good a brother as you are to me, and I don't doute but will always prove so, your elexion I hope

will goe very well, poore Carne Takes a great deal of pains, and I beleave if the elexion is not over very soon, will kill himself. Lord William and George Macartney taks as much pains, for they are forst to drink strong bear and smoak with all the voaters twis a week, which you may gus is not very agreable to them, and I beleave woud not do it for aney body but you. I had a Letter from Dear Lady March, the other day, whare she says that she enves us being at charmen Goodwood, and I beleave will not at all dislik coming to England with you, whar I beleave every body will be very glad to see you, tho you said that you did not care if it was not to see Lady March if you did not see England these six years, yet nevertheless, I am dear brother for ever and ever

“Your most Affectionate sister,

“ANNE LENOX.

“Mama tho not at all well gives her Love to you, she has taken phisick to day and I hope in God that will do her good, Nanys presents her Humble Service to you and begs you to be so good as to give her service to Mr. Hill and pray my Harty service to him and thank him for being so good as to remember me in his letters to Mama.”

Now, here is a letter that shows us that, in spite of his own absence, his friends at home were leaving no stone unturned to secure his election. They were imperilling their robust constitutions by plying doubtful voters with unlimited tobacco and strong drink; heroic measures indeed, for they themselves had to set the standard of capacity!

And we who read between the lines, can detect a note that hints, what we might reasonably suspect, namely, that Lady Anne's brother was contemplating his home-coming with somewhat mixed feelings. How could it be otherwise? For when they found themselves, much to Tom Hill's relief, once more at The Hague, *en route* for London, naturally enough Lord March was in no great hurry to resume relations with the poor little bride of whom he had nought but the distasteful recollections occasioned by the sordid circumstances of their union. And so, instead, he repaired to the theatre, intending to spend what he bitterly imagined to be his few remaining hours of happiness in the enjoyment of the drama. And then he would honourably surrender to the inevitable!

And now, mark you what befel the unwilling bridegroom of three years ago. Dame Fortune had come there as well, in haste to make amends. Facing him, and admiringly ogled, we may reasonably presume, by not a few pretty fellows, there sat a beauteous lady, with whom he promptly fell over head and ears in love at first sight. And yet, had he known it, that hackneyed expression was in no wise applicable. For, in response to his eager inquiries of those around him as to the name of the fair unknown, they informed him, their eyebrows raised in astonishment that so proper a young man could display such surprising ignorance, that the damsel was none other than the reigning toast, the beautiful Lady March!

There is no need to pursue the story. Enormous was Lord Cadogan's relief; and so his next letter runs thus:

" LONDON, *June 5th* O.S. 1722.

" MY DEAR LORD,

" I most heartily congratulate your Lordship and my Daughter on your safe arrival in Holland, and Hope to have very soon the Pleasure of seeing you both here. I conclude that before this can get to you, your Lordship will have returned all the Civilitys and Visits you received on the occasion which brought you to Raphorst, I therefore desire your Lordship would lose no time now in coming for England, for besides the infinite Impatience of your Friends here to see you, the King designs to review the Horse Guards towards the latter end of this month, and it will be extremely right for your Lordship to be then present. In case my wife should think it necessary for your Lordship to make a short visit to her Relations att Amsterdam, four or five days will be sufficient for it, and my Lady Duchess is of opinion with me this Ceremony should not be omitted, if your Lordship finds tis expected, or will be kindly taken. This small delay Her Grace has consented to, but hopes your Lordship will not stay longer on any account, in which I heartily joyn with her. I want words my Dear Lord to express how desirous I am to see you and Lady March, and how much I wish your Happyness and Prosperity. I am my Lord, with the greatest Truth, affection and esteem, your Lordship's

" Most obedient and Most Faithfull

" Humble Servant,

" CADOGAN.

" I have taken care to pay all the Bills your Lordship has drawn on me."



All's well that ends well. The heartless *mariage de convenance* that had united the tender victims of parental extravagance, only to part again at the altar-rails, resulted henceforth in a life of unbroken domestic happiness. The marriage was not consummated, we are told, before June 1722. The lady was even then barely sixteen. Sarah, Duchess, the daughter of the *beau sabreur* and Margaretta Cecilia Munter, of Amsterdam, proved herself a loving wife and devoted mother, and so great was the mutual affection between the pair that, completely broken-hearted at her husband's death in 1750, she survived him but a year, after having borne him twelve children, amongst whom I may briefly mention the Ladies Carolina, Emilie, and Sarah Lennox.

The eldest, Carolina, was born in 1723, and twenty-one years later her elopement with Henry Fox (afterwards the first Lord Holland) afforded Society a most engrossing topic of conversation. The Duke was furious! but was eventually pacified, and they became a happy family once again.

Emilie, the second of the two, became Countess of Kildare at the tender age of fifteen, and subsequently the first Duchess of Leinster. She inherited her mother's good looks, and was for long one of the most admired beauties of the Courts of George II. and George III.

I must not pause to dwell upon the story of the beautiful and accomplished third daughter.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The lovely Lady Sarah (1745—1826) attracted the susceptible young George III. to such purpose in 1761 that the Princess-Dowager and Bute made haste to marry the monarch off to



*From a painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller.*

SARAH, SECOND DUCHESS OF RICHMOND, AND LADY CAROLINE LENNOX.

TO THE  
ABORIGINAL

Immediately after their happy reunion Lord March and his wife returned to England. Nor was it necessary, it is comforting to reflect, for the young man to pore for long over the intricate manœuvres which were the privilege of the "Horse Grenadier Guards." For in September 1722, he was posted to a Captaincy in the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards, in which distinguished corps he served until his death.

In the spring of the following year their first child, Georgiana Carolina,<sup>1</sup> was born in London. The auspicious day was speedily made the subject of a letter of congratulation from Tom Hill, who had been left at Goodwood to await the news.

No time was lost in celebrating the occasion, either above or below stairs.

Thus friend Tom :

"GOODWOOD, March 27th, 1723.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"Late as it is, I could not go to bed without giving you joy upon the present happy occasion, and for fear Harry should drop my complements by the

Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz in the September of that year. The romance of her life may be read in her *Letters* (ed. Stavordale) and in Walpole's *Memoirs of George III.* She lived to marry, first, Sir Charles Bunbury, who was compelled to divorce her in 1776; and, secondly, George Napier, her three eldest sons by whom were famous alike for their personal beauty and achievements, as Sir Charles, the conqueror of Scinde, Sir William, the historian of the Peninsular War, and General Sir George Napier, aide-de-camp to Sir John Moore. See *Dict. Nat. Biog.*, art. Charles Lennox, second Duke of Richmond and Aubigny, by Thomas Seccombe, and *The Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox*, 2 vols. (Murray), 1901.

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Lady Holland.

way if I sent them by word of mouth, I thought it more advisable to give them him in writing. I heartily congratulate Lady March upon her safe delivery, and your Lordship upon the pretty present she has made you. By Lady Albemarle's bounty we, that is her Ladyship Mis Macartney and I, testified our joy in a bowl of punch. Poor Mr. Carné, being under apprehension of a return of his ague, had taken a vomit and was gon to bed before the news came. However, that we might make a *partie quarré*, Charley was taken in, and I assure you He was the only one in our company that did thorough honour to the day by getting drunk. Some of the under family wil probably show their zeles the same way, there being plenty of liquor ordered with a fiddle, which is at this very time in an ecstasy of delight, and tickled as one may say to *some tune*. Please to make my complements acceptable to the *Lady in the straw*, and to receive yourself the sincere good wishes of

"Your Lordship's most obedient

"Faithfull Humble Servant

"T. HILL.

"I hope to see London before the cawdle is quite gone."

Promptly there came also a most affectionate letter from Louise de Kéroualle.

[*Translated from the French*]

"AUBIGNY, April 29, 1723.

"I am in truth very sensible, my dear lord, of all your marks of affection ; I am delighted at the happy

accouchement of the Countess of March, I congratulate you with all my heart ; be well assured that I am charmed at your wish to give my name to the little daughter, upon whom I wish a thousand blessings ; give a thousand kind messages to your wife from me, and tell her, from me, to be very careful of her health, so that next year she may give me a little son ! That is what I passionately desire. When I know that she is completely recovered, I shall do myself the satisfaction of writing to her. If you want to give me real pleasure, my dear Lord, send me your portrait, and one of the Countess. If you will give me hopes of your doing so I will let you know the size they should be, so that I may put them over these little pictures of all the Lords of Aubigny—and as I hope that you will be one of them I beg of you to send me the portraits ! ”

Her letter concludes, as they all do, with many reiterated expressions of affection for her grandchildren and the infant Louise.

Shortly before this happy event Lady Anne Lennox had become Countess of Albemarle, and was staying at Goodwood when the news arrived.

Amongst the many friends abroad that took the opportunity of congratulating Lord March upon Lady Anne's marriage, none can have done so with greater sincerity than old Mr. Cole, who wrote him from Aix-la-Chapelle.

“ I do myself the Honour My Lord to congratulate Your Lordship on Lady Anne Lennox's marriage, I

hope 'twill be happy to the Bride and Bridegroom. He has a pattern in Your Lordship, which if he Follows, he cannot fail of having David's blessing. I wish you and him My Lord the beggar's blessings to contribute towards it, and tho at this time My Lord Albemarle nor Your Lordship want it, if you live to my years (as I hope you will) you'll find mine is the best wish any of your Friends have made for your welfare. I assure you My Lord none are more sincere than I am when I have the honor to subscribe myself

"Your Lordship's most faithfull humble Servant,

"B. M. COLE.

"AIX LA CHAPELLE, *March ye 20th*, 1723 N.S.

"Having told Mr. Vane and his Lady that I had writt to Your Lordship, they both desired me to make their compliments of congratulation. I suppose Harry Vane is often with you, pray make much of him."

On May 27 in the same year, 1723, Charles, first Duke of Richmond, died at Goodwood. He was buried on June 7 in the Abbey at Westminster, but upon the death of the second Duke in 1750 his remains were removed to the family vault in Chichester Cathedral, a vault bearing the curious inscription, *Domus Ultima*.

The following letter from Lord Cardigan, the young Duke's uncle, seems to indicate that the funeral was made the occasion of an elaborate function, for which tickets were necessary.



*From a painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller.*

**CHARLES, FIRST DUKE OF RICHMOND AND LENNOX, K.G.**



TO THE  
LIBRARY OF

" *May the 30, 1723.*

" DEAR LORD DUKE,

" Lady Cardigan is much concerned that she could not send the stuff for my Lady Duchess before now, I have inclosed her directions, and I dare say it will do my Lady Duchess good. I am sorry that I can't have the happiness of waiting on you to-day, being oblig'd to be upon business this afternoon, but I shall take the first opportunity of waiting on you. I am really sorry that you are determined to bury my Lord Duke at Westminster, and so is your Uncle Brudenell, but we must submit it to your better judgement. Bob Webber has this moment got the tickets, and will carry them to-morrow morning according to directions, but begs your Grace to lend him your Chariot that is at Blunt's, he intends to wait on your Grace to-morrow in the evening.

" I remain with the utmost sincerity,

" Your Graces most faithfull humble Servant and  
Affectionate Uncle,

" CARDIGAN."

Few, very few, references to his father's death occur in the Duke's correspondence. But the touchingly kind terms in which Lord Strafford<sup>1</sup> alludes to the death of his old friend, placing personal friendship before distinction of party, indicate that, no matter what his comrade's shortcomings might have

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Wentworth, third Earl of Strafford, was Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Congress of Utrecht in 1711. The *Wentworth Papers* form an important source of information as to the diplomatic history of the period.

been in the eyes of the world, the news had aroused in him feelings of deep and genuine sorrow.

His letter runs as follows :

" LONDON *ye 4 June*, 1723.

" MY DEAR LORD DUKE,

" I received your Grace's summons to attend the late Duke your father's funerall, and am very sorry I cant obey the first command I have received from you, and especially, on the occation of paying the last respect to an old friend and acquaintance, as your late father was. I dare not say how many years it is since I first knew him, and I doubt not but he has done me the justice to tell your Grace how much I served him in relation to the getting his outlawry reversed in france when I was at Utrecht, and what was cald a minister, for tho he was then cald a Whig, and I a Tory, I did then, as I always shall, prefer personal friendship to any foolish distinction of names of Party, and as he told me he nor his son should never forget that obligation, I lay in this early clame to the honour of your Grace's friendship, being I always loved and esteemed Lord March, as I hope your Grace believes ; tho I am forsed to go out of town next Thursday, my relays being ordered before I knew the late Duke was to be buried in town, I thought, by reason of the order I have the honour to wear, it would be necessary to give your Grace this notice, that you should not be disappointed of some other knight, and at the same time to lay hold of this opportunity to assure you I wish you almaner of health

and prosperity, and that I am very sincerely and with great respect My Lord

“Your Graces

“Most obedient humble servant,

“STRAFFORD.”

And Louise de Kéroualle, a month after the event, writes thus to her grandson :

*[Translated from the French]*

“AUBIGNY, 26th June, 1723.

“I am sure that you cannot doubt my being acutely distressed at the death of your Father, and that I feel the emotion of a tender mother such as I have always been to him, although I suffered from his lack of response. But it is ‘my son’ that I have lost, a fact that makes it impossible for me to restrain very bitter tears. And yet, the Lord God who is always good, leaves me one consolation in you, of whom I have always every reason to be satisfied, for I dare flatter myself, my dear boy, that you have a sincere tenderness and affection for a grandmother that has the most lifelong devotion for you ; and I shall not consider myself so unhappy, my dear Lord, if you are just a little bit sensible of it.”

She concludes this pathetic letter with many protestations of affection and expressions of hope that the young couple will soon pay her a visit in France—sentiments which recur invariably in every one of her many letters.

A delightful sketch of the leisurely tone which

characterised the social conditions of a visit to Deene "Uncle Cardigan's" home, is given by Tom Hill.

"DEENE, *Sept. 3rd, 1723.*

"My LORD,

"Al the world here, excepting Lord Cardigan and myself, are at supper. He and I are retired into the library and placed at the two ends of the same table, each busied with his own little dispatches. I will not make your Grace the compliment of having sacrificed my supper to my duty. If I did, you would not believe me. The truth is I am not in the least hungry, and when that is the case, there is not in my opinion so dul an occupation in the world as to sit and look on. When the cloth is removed, and the bottles are upon the table, which, as your Uncle Jemmy has the management of affairs, will be in less than half an hour, I expect to be sent for, and therefore must make the best of my time to give you in as few words as possible an account of our way of life here. We rise before nine, breakfast soon after, saunter about or read or do anything else til dinner time, which seldom exceeds two. A bottle after that upon the table for about an hour, then for bowls, til darkness brings on whisk,<sup>1</sup> which lasts til supper and then a chearful glas and to bed, which in my opinion is as good as an eg and to bed. I assure you we seldom sit up after midnight, this or something like it was the method the good old gentry followd before the flood, otherwise they had never reached so many hundred years. So much for the custom

<sup>1</sup> Whist.

of the country here, which I believe you wil approve, if you don't care to follow it.

"We have been much disappointed here in having received no news of her Graces lying in. We hope however she wil not balk our expectation long. Her health and happy minute are remembered every day. Lord and Lady Cardigan, Mr. Brudenell and in short every body here send both her and your Grace their best wishes. Lord Brudenell is one of the finest children I think I ever saw. The desert is removed, as I am told, my time is out, and I must go. I am Your Grace's

"Most obedient humble servant

"T. HILL."

Small wonder to you and me, dear reader, that he is forced to confess he has no appetite ! Small wonder likewise, that by following these methods the "good old gentry," to whom he alludes, laid themselves the foundations of a gout which has come down as a most unwelcome legacy to so many of us, their more abstemious and energetic descendants !

Owing partly to the indifferent health and straitened circumstances of Louise de Kéroualle, and partly to the attractions of old friends and family associations at and about the Hague, the Duke and Duchess went backward and forward pretty frequently. It was on one of these visits that his father-in-law wrote from London hinting that, *inter alia*, the young Duke might make himself extremely useful by inquiring into the politics of a possible son-in-law.

" LONDON 22 Oct. O.S. 1723.

" MY DEAR LORD,

" I am extremely obliged to your Grace for your letter of the 26th Inst N.S. from the Hague, it gave me the double satisfaction of knowing, that you were safely arrived there, and that you intended to come very soon for England. I thank your Grace for the particular detail you sent, of the state of the Duchess of Portsmouths affairs, and I find your Journey to France was absolutely necessary. Before your Grace leaves the Hague, Lord Canarvan will very probably be there, the Duke of Chandos has proposed him for Lady Margaret, and offers such conditions as I do not dislike,—I shall not however resolve positively on anything, till I see your Grace, I must beg of you to be particularly civil to him, and to find out his Inclinations in relation to Whig and Tory, for should he have any tendency towards being the latter, I shall think no more of the match.<sup>1</sup> The Prince and Princess are to come to Town on Saturday next. There is no manner of news. I hope the Duchess of Richmond is perfectly recovered of her Indisposition, and I am my Dear Lord, with the greatest Regard and Esteem,

" Your most Obedient and

" Most Faithfull Humble Servant,

" CADOGAN.

" My most humble services to Lord and Lady Albemarle."

It is mere idle conjecture, I grant you, but can it

<sup>1</sup> It did not come off.

have been that Lord Cadogan *still* entertained such a vivid recollection of the chameleon-like nature of the first Duke's politics, that he felt impelled to use every precaution to prevent a like tendency in the son? Who knows?

The second duke had, of course, resigned his seat for Chichester upon his admission to the peerage. And now, as I write, there lies before me a letter from Louise de Kéroualle, written on Christmas Day 1723, to her grandson.

Here and there in the old manuscript a word or phrase occurs which is unintelligible.

At first, indeed, I copied her words letter for letter as Louise wrote them down, thinking that you might share with me the curiosity and interest which the unique spelling aroused; but, on second thoughts, it occurred to me that it would be better to translate her letters, for the spelling is such that a little of it would assuredly have gone a long way!

[*Translation from the French*]

"AUBIGNY, 25th December, 1723.

"I received with extreme pleasure, my dearest Lord, your letter of the 21st November which apprised me of your happy landing, for I assure you that I was very uneasy not knowing where you might be, as you told me by your letter of Nov. 16 that you expected to embark next day for England. I am charmed to know that you have arrived in perfect health with your charming Duchess, to whom I beg you will offer a thousand good wishes from me, as



well as to Lord and Lady Albemarle. Since you tell me that you are going to consult Lord Cadogan I am glad that you are guided by his advice, for he is a man of good sense and I know that he interests himself, as I do, in everything that concerns you. I shall always conform to his decisions, as I have a great opinion of his commonsense and can never wish for anything except what is best for your interests, be sure of that, my dear Lord. Since the death of the Duc d'Orléans there does not seem to be any change in the Ministry, and no one knows yet what the Duke, the Prime Minister, will do.

"Everyone says that he seems very gracious and replies with an air of kindness to any body that has business with him ; I did myself the honour of writing to him to ask for his protection in my unhappy affairs, I know not how he will be disposed in my favour ; justice is however on my side, but that is not always a reason for getting it ; in this as in everything else one must resign oneself to Providence, and provided that the Lord will preserve me, my dear lord, I shall patiently suffer all my disgraces and worries ; give me then, my dear boy, some news of yourself as often as you can, either from yourself or from Mr. Hill, to whom I beg you will remember me. You say nothing of your daughter ; tell me if she is pretty, and if the Duchess is 'expecting,' for I am most impatient for a little son, goodbye my dearest Lord, no one can be more tenderly and affectionately attached to you than is

"LOUISE, DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH."

Poor old lady ! She was very fond of her grandson,

and her letters are full of affection for him and tender inquiries for his young Duchess, to whom she had taken kindly from the first; but the yellow pages are tinged with melancholy as well, for they tell us that both at home and abroad it was hard to know which way to look in order to enlist the sympathy of the world in general for her shrunken revenue.

I can find no reference, in any of the letters, to the death of Duchess Anne, which occurred in the latter end of this year (1723). But vague allusions here and there to her "disorders," though not of an alarming nature, rather suggest that the poor lady had been for some time in failing health, and it is very possible that the death of her husband, coming after a long period of worry and anxiety, may have hastened her end.

Now at this time the young gentleman was causing some uneasiness amongst his elder relatives by reason of the lavish way in which he was scattering the contents of the family coffers. His father had already levied a serious drain upon them, and now Uncle Cardigan felt it incumbent upon him to administer a strong reproof to the son; writing from Deene, he says:

"DEENE, Jan. 10th, 1724.

"DEAR LORD DUKE,

"Where there is so much honour and good nature as I am fully convinced is in you, I don't in the least doubt but you will easily forgive your poor Uncle Cardigan for the liberty he is going to take in laying before your Grace the state of your affairs,

and the ill consequences that must attend if a speedy remedy be not found. I am extremely concerned to find by your Uncle Brudenell that you have run very much into debt since the death of the late Lord Duke, when I had last the honour of seeing you, I took the liberty then to acquaint your Grace how much it wou'd redound to your honour to see your fathers debts payd, which you assured me was your full resolution of doing, and that you wou'd not run yourself into any expense till such a time as they were honestly and justly discharged, but your youth soon got the better of your good intentions, tho I hope it is not too late to find out a way of making yourself and creditors easy, and the sooner it is done, the more happy you will be in all respects, for no man of honour can be easy when he sees familys ruined for want of their just due, therefore I beg leave to make this proposal to your Grace, which I find by your Uncle Brudenell will be agreeable to you, and that is to borrow ten thousand pounds at Lady Day next, your Grace appointing two Trustees for the discharging of such Debts as shall be Specifyd, and for you to assign over £2500 a year for five years, which will pay off both interest and Principal, it will likewise be necessary for your Grace to assign so much of your income to the Duchess of Richmond for her Pin-money, and housekeeping, and such a sum for your pocket money, and all these sums to be invested in the same Trustees hands, agane to be appointed by your Grace for the payment of your debts,—by taking this method you will find that all your Creditors will be easy and satisfied, and without doing something of this kind,

they will soon become clamorous, and perhaps take such course of Law as may blast your reputation and character, which ought to be as dear to you as your life, and I make no doubt but your Grace has a just regard for both. As I have a great deal of business of my own, and my knowledge in affairs of that kind but very little, it would be wrong in me to offer my services to your Grace in this important affair, but if you can think me anyways capable of doing you service, I shall very readily embrace any opportunity of convincing you that I am upon all occasions ready to obey your commands being with the utmost sincerity,

“Dear Lord Duke,

“Your Graces most obedient humble servant  
and Affectionate Uncle,

“CARDIGAN.

“I beg leave to present my humble respects to the Duchess of Richmond.”

This seems to have had considerable effect, and evidently the Duke must have written to his Uncle in terms agreeable to a scheme of retrenchment and financial reform. But Lord Cardigan was not quite satisfied yet; his nephew's ideas on housekeeping appear to have been generous to an extravagant degree, for he tells him as much, in the following letter. He winds up with a quaint offer of a horse in exchange for some books which the Duke had procured him—a remarkable illustration of the difficulties which beset the formation of private libraries in the days of our forefathers.

"HAMBY, *Feb. 8th, 1724.*

"DEAR LORD DUKE,

"I return you thanks for the favour of your Graces most kind letter, and for the good opinion you have of me, which I hope I shall never forfeit. I am heartily concerned that your debt is so great, but since you are resolved to take up, I dare say you will soon find the sweets of it; I must beg the favour of your Grace to send me a particular of your whole debt and the nature of it, and I hope I shall be able to propose something to you that may be of service, in case we shou'd be disappointed in the raising of the £10,000, but I don't even despair of getting that sum. I think the allowance you propose for keeping your house &c. to be very high, with good aconomy I am sure it wou'd come to a great deal less, I am glad your Grace proposes lessening the number of your Servants, they are generally the plague of mankind. If you approve of my looking out for the £10,000 I will do it as soon as I receive your commands.

"As I am indebted to you for a parcel of books, I have but one way of paying your Grace for them, since you will take no money of me, I have a very fine grey gelding just broke, fit to carry your weight, I shou'd be glad that you wou'd accept of him, if you have a groom that can be trusted in the traveling of him, I wish you wou'd send him down here for the gelding, he must be purged and used to the bit before he will be fit for use, but in my opinion he is a very likely Guelding, and the sooner you send for him the better, but in case you don't like him I insist upon

your giving him to my friend Hill. I remain with great sincerity

“Dear Lord Duke,

“Your most Affectionate Uncle and  
obedient humble Servant,

“CARDIGAN.

“Lord Brudenell desires his humble respects to your Grace and we both join in the same to the Duchess of Richmond.”

At this stage of the young Duke's correspondence there comes upon the scene “Mick Broughton,” a divine whose convivial qualifications and sense of humour appear to have rendered him a *persona grata* at many of the social gatherings of his day. In after-years he was chaplain to my ancestor, but the actual position in Society which the reverend gentleman occupied at this particular time is shrouded in mystery. But as his letters indicate that he was *au fait* with much that took place in Society—and elsewhere—possibly at this period he may have been acting (in Swift's former capacity) as chaplain to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, an office then held by Lord Carteret, to whom he refers in his first letter from Dublin Castle :

“DUBLIN CASTLE, *March 12th, 1724.*

“MY LORD,

“Your Grace, besides the great and arduous affairs, abounds so, and is so rich in amusements, that to write to you from this barren place is arrant intrusion, and mispending your time. I would venture to say

something of our Ball, and New Cloths on the first of March ; but we are so dazed with the glory of the D. of Richmond and his silver stockings with gold clocks, that we blush for our own poverty and nakedness, I shall go on in entertaining you about yourself, I often drink your health with Lord Carteret, he honours you, and says you are a right boy, he pleases me with telling me he loves you the more for your friendship to me ; He and Lady Car talk as much of the Dutchess ; the Love of Her Grace descends to their Children, for the two pretty girls often tell me in a private conversation that of their Mamma's acquaintance the Dutchess of Richmond is their Favourite Lady.

“ Distresses which befall the Family of the Brudenells affect many here very particularly, and the burning of Cardigan House is not passed over as a common conflagration ; I possibly may repine upon this accident too far, when besides the loss the Earl, and as we hear dear Jemmy has sustained, I am not without apprehensions for what may have hapned to some of the great Apello's race ; I hope that most noble Family are in good health. Pray present my very humble service and Duty to the Duchess of Richmond, I earnestly wish her health and all happiness.

“ I am Your Graces

“ Most obliged and Obedt. Servant.

“ M. BROUGHTON.

“ Pray do me the honour to present my humble service to Lord Finch.”

On the 18th of April in this year the young Duke

was gazetted aide-de-camp to the King, "and to command and take your rank as Collonell of Foot." This did not, however, in any way affect his position in the Horse Guards. It may not be out of place, in fact, if I take this opportunity of reproducing a scrap of paper which one day came to light amongst the Duke's military commissions. On it are jotted down, in his own handwriting, the dates and particulars of his promotions etc., from his first gazette up to very shortly before his death, and it tells us that he remained all his life faithful to the Blues.

It runs thus :

## THE DUKE OF RICHMOND'S COMMISSIONS.

Guidon in the first troop of Horse Granadiers.	20
Rank Eldest Captain . . . . .	18 March 1721
Troop in the Royall Regt. of Horse Guards.	
Captain . . . . .	5 Sept. 1722
Aid-de-Camp to the King Collonell . . . . .	18 Apl. 1724
Brigadier Generall . . . . .	2 July 1739
	41
Major Generall . . . . .	1 Jany. 1742
Lieutenant Generall . . . . .	6 June 1745
	49
Royall Regiment of Horse Guards . . . . .	13 Feby. 1750



## CHAPTER IV

Mick Broughton's small talk—A costly kiss for Master Ulrich—  
Uncle "Jemmy" Brudenell gives good counsel—Sir Hans  
Sloane prescribes for Lord Cadogan—Mick Broughton makes  
himself agreeable in Ireland.

**D**URING the early years of their married life the young Duke and his wife were frequently to be found at Greenwich, at that time a royal resort. The house which they rented was the property of Lady Vanbrugh, widow of Sir John Vanbrugh, the celebrated dramatist and architect of that day. Sir John had been confined in the Bastille in 1692 for travelling in France without a passport, and he commemorated his unpleasant experience by naming the house in question after that grim fortress. In after-years it was known as Vanbrugh Castle, and was situated upon the lower slope of Maze Hill, but the Vanbrughs had another house higher up, skirting Greenwich Park. And it was shortly after a flying visit to this mansion that Mick Broughton wrote, with a lively sense of past hospitalities which he had enjoyed there :

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

"... I went last Thursday with Mr. Kelsall, to Greenwich ; after bespeaking our dinner at the

Mulbury tree<sup>1</sup> I could not help making a visit to the little house upon the Parkwall, I found all the creatures in health, the Eagles had taken their flight the day before, and for fear our quarters should not afford us wine good enough to drink your Grace's health, I made bold to ask for two bottles of small beer, and one of claret to finish with, I presumed your Grace would excuse it, for this reason among others, that one bottle would make no addition to the number I have drank at your cost. . . .

"I know not if Jemmy [Brudenell] corresponds with your Grace, I received a Letter from him yesterday, Mrs. Hamilton, Shirley and two of Fieldings Sisters and his Honour were set on their heads upon a full gallop coming from Bristol, nobody hurt but Shirleys head broke, he talks of the colour of the Ladys breeches, but I suppose he learnt that from Mr. Carné. He has been reprieved by a Supply of Claret of Captain Hamiltons from Ireland; when that is out he goes to Dean. Our entertainments are Kensington Gardens, partys upon the river, and the standing dish calld St. James's Park; the first I have not seen this year. . . .

"There was a great Court on Sunday, the King had advice that day, that the Smallpox was come out on Prince Frederick, and that he was in a good way. The Duke of Grafton was a most gracefull Chamberlain; Lord Cadogan was there, whom (notwithstanding the heat of the day) I never see look better, nor have a bigger peruke. Ned Finch goes away this week, Horace is made Ambassador Extraordinary in

<sup>1</sup> A famous coffee-house of the day.

spite of his wife. There have been many jokes made at St. James's upon the blue Regiment on account of a deserter from your Grace's Troop advertised yesterday, Sir Wm. Strickland is dead, Gumby is made Company Generall in his room, and one Wettcomb succeeds Gumby as Deputy. Jack Chudleigh has by a fall broke the small bone of his leg near the knee; he is in a good way; I met Lord Albemarle there yesterday, who is very well. I must desire your Grace to deliver the enclosed to Mr. Hill, I am assur'd you will forgive any trouble I shall give you on his account, when you consider that besides all the other reasons I have to esteem him, tis to his Credit and acquaintance I primarily owe the present friendship, and protection I receive from your Grace. I heartily wish I could be of any service to you in return, but I must like a good Christian subscribe myself,

"Your Graces

"Unprofitable Servant,

"MCH. BROUGHTON.

"AX YARD, *May 19, 1724.*

"My Duty to my Lady Duchess, I congratulate her Grace as well as yourself upon the eighteenth of May."<sup>1</sup>

Again, on the 6th of June, Mick favours the Duke with a potpourri of gossip :

"May it please Your Grace,

" . . . I hope Your Grace made your journey without any accident, and that my Lady Duchess suffered no inconvenience by that great and Heroick

<sup>1</sup> The Duke's birthday.

Resolution she set out with ; I mean, the treading under her feet your strong box, that Emblem as well as Receptacle of the cause of all Evils, worldly pelf. The King and Prince are gone into their Summer Quarters, by which we are deprived of the Grand Amusements and Diversions ; so that we have little else to peck upon besides St. James's Park ; if to digest that dish every day requires a good appetite, I know by long experience it creates one. I believe Your Grace before you left the Town heard of the rude attempt of Master Ulrich to kiss one of Lord Portland's maids, and of the scuffle between him and a Welsh footman, a Lover of the Damsel who came to her rescue ; the affair came to the King's ear, and was by some of the Biggest people at Court represented very favourably on Ulrich's side, but His Majesty after enquiring of Lord Portland, directed the Board of Greencloth to hear the cause, who have found him Guilty. The King has ordered him into the Hole at Kensington for a fortnight, and to subsist upon Bread and Water ; besides something else in reserve, which tis suppos'd will be some corporall punishment ; his penance began on Thursday. Miss Harriet, the eldest of Mrs. Dunch's daughters, has confess'd a violent flame for Cornet Harvey, a son of Ld. Bristol who commonly attends on Lady Abergavenny.... When she is told he is a younger brother and that without a suitable estate, there can be no grandeur, equipage, nor happiness ; she gravely answers if she were but his wife, she could spend her days and nights in an humble cell, and live without any expense but that of Love ; I wish this does not prove a new species

of scheming, having catchd the infection from her Brother Oxenden<sup>1</sup>; Lord Hillsborough has follow'd Sir George into Yorkshire to Rev. Thompsons, I expect by the next advices from thence to know how differently Burgundy and Yorkshire ale affect the Genius and Spirits of Gallant Schemers. Mr. Walpole came to Town on Wednesday, and the Treasury sat on Thursday, tis worth admiring how those two great Brothers relieve each others shoulders, and contrive to visit their paternal Oaks, without letting the Machine they support fall to the ground. We have no newes, the weather is warm, and the town disagreeable enough, and I scarce know any situation here worth the generall Envy, except the Duchess of Buckingham and Mich. Broughton's Rus in Urbe.

"Knowing that your Grace must be in high pleasure from the agreeable company and the elegance of Caversham, I can only wish you the continuance of it, and the perfect recovery of your limbs<sup>2</sup> and subscribe myself as I most sincerely am

"May it please Your Grace,

"Your Graces

"Much obliged and Most Obedient Servant,

"MCH. BROUGHTON.

"AX YARD, *June 6, 1724.*

"I hope Your Grace will honour me by presenting my duty to the Duchess of Richmond."

<sup>1</sup> Sir George Oxenden (1694—1775), M.P. for Sandwich, married the eldest daughter of Edmund Dunch, Comptroller of the Household to Queen Anne. Oxenden was notorious for his profligacy.

<sup>2</sup> He had had a slight accident.

"We have no news," forsooth! Sufficient scandal at all events, one would think, wherewith to regale his noble friend and the agreeable company at Caversham.

In the summer of 1724 a son was born to the young couple, but the child only survived its birth a very short time, and it is to this event that Louise de Kéroualle alludes in her remarks on the breach of faith on the part of the Duchess who had promised her "un petit fils." There was another event on the *tapis*, however, at the time of her writing, for she remarks on the possibility of her being able to greet the wished-for heir in the following spring.

[*Translation from the French*]

"AUBIGNY, 24th June, 1724.

"Vinturini<sup>1</sup> arrived here three days ago and brought me a letter from you, my dearest Lord; you cannot doubt that I receive with pleasure anything that comes from you, and that it can never be laid to my charge my dearest Lord, that I cannot be happy enough to give you substantial proof of the tenderness of my heart for you; you will see that my affection for my dearest Lord can have no limit. I congratulate you on the happy accouchment of the charming Duchess of Richmond, for whose preservation I pray every day to the Almighty with all my heart. She has not kept her word to me though! For in her last letter she promised me a little son, but—the dear child!—I'm sure she is very sorry to have failed in her promise! But I hope that her third will be an

<sup>1</sup> A messenger employed by the family.

increase of the right sort in your family, which I pray the Almighty to bless! Vinturini has still a little fever. He assured me earnestly that the portrait of the Duchess of Richmond does not do her justice, and that she is much more beautiful. I am nevertheless very pleased with the portrait, it is beautiful; he told me that nothing can be more lovely than your eldest daughter, which pleases me greatly. I am not insensible of the hope which you give me of the happiness of seeing you again, but that happy moment is still a long way off! In spite of my desire to embrace the charming Duchess, I doubt having that happiness, for I fancy she will be 'expecting' in the coming spring, and I do not want her to be rash, she must take care of herself, for I am more concerned for her well being than for the satisfaction of seeing her, for, my dear Lord, I think of you and her more than myself, be sure; as also be sure of my attachment and the sincere affection with which I shall live and die only for my dear Lord Duke of Richmond,

"L. DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH.

"I beg of you to remember me, dear Lord, to my cousin de Carné and to Mr. Hill."

A few months later (and this is illustrative of how slowly news travelled in those days) the Duke received another letter of condolence from a friend in the North. And this friend, James Gardiner (the high-minded Colonel Gardiner of *Waverley*) was the gallant officer that fell at Prestonpans, some twenty years later, "at the head of his Regiment of Dragoons, behaving as his duty required," for so runs the wording

of the memorial presented by his widow to the Duke of Cumberland. But of this more anon. He says :

"MY DR LD DUKE,

"I was not a little sorry for the bad news I read in one of the papers that your Grace had lost your son, but I hope you will both live to have a great many sons, I should be glad to hear that my Lady Duchess keeps her health to whom I beg your Grace will make my compliments acceptable; pray give twenty kisses to my little Angel Lady Carolina for me, I hope Patapon<sup>1</sup> is in good health, my service to Jamy Brudenell not forgetting my friend Mr. Hill; if your Grace will be so good as to favour me with a line that I may know how you al do and how My Dear Lord and Lady Albemarle doos you will extreamly oblidge him who is with the sincerity and respect imaginable,

"My Dr. Lord,

"Your Grace's most

faithful & most oblidgeed Servant,

"JA. GARDINER.

"STRANRAER ye 9th of Novr. 1724."

And evidently the Duke's reply was reassuring, for his next letter is written in a lighter vein, thus :

"MY DEAR LD. DUKE,

"I must acknowledge myself highly honoured and favourd with your Grace's kind and most oblidgeing letter of ye 7th inst, which has really given me

<sup>1</sup> A horse.



more pleasure than all the Northern letters are capable of doing ; for I can assure you that neither they, my horse, nor ye kirk are capable of making me forget My Dear Lord Duke in ye least ; I hope I may say it (for it is a great truth) without being suspected of flatorie, that no man or woman wishes you better nor would rejoyce more at your happiness, I won't so much as except My Lady Duchess ; to whom I beg you will make my compliments acceptable ; I bless ye Almighty God for her recovery, I hope she will be ye happy Mother of many Children ; ten thousand blessings and as many kisses to my pretty little Angel Lady Carolina. I am extremely glad that your Grace and Patapon are such good friends, I hope it will contribute to your health which I wish from my heart and soul, if I had not been very well assured of his goodness your Grace should never had him upon Any consideration whatsoever. I wrote to you some time agoe to know ye stat of your health I hope it came safe to your hands.

“ Now after all My Dr. Ld. I think I have great reason to be angry with your Grace, for having so bad an opinion of me as to imagin that I could take any thing ill that your Grace did ; but especially when I kno nothing that you have done but (as your Grace well observes) what I desired might be don ; and ye design of Robin Gardiner's waiting upon you was to know what your sadler had fixed it at ; and when it would suit best with your conveniency for ye payment in short I desire the sum may be what you please and the same when your Grace pleases. Pray my most humble service to My Dear Ld and Lady

Albemarle not forgetting Mr. Hill and all friends ;  
I hope I need not make use of many words to persuade  
you that I am with ye greatest sincerity and respect,

" My Dr Lord,

" Your Grace's most faithful  
and most oblidged Servant,

" JA. GARDINER.

" STRANRAER ye.

" 19th of Novr. 1724.

" I had almost forgot to tell you who ye young man  
is that brought your Grace my letter, he is one Mr.  
Adair who doos all Collonel Gardiner's business for  
him and a very prity young fellow he is, your Grace  
can't do better than to make him your Agent when you  
get a Regmt., I am sure you wont employ a honester  
man. Adieu."

William Adair, the young man is question, subsequently became Army Agent in Pall Mall ; so the Duke evidently made a note of his friend's recommendations.

Uncle Jemmy Brudenell was still keeping a watchful eye on his nephew's expenditure. The concluding paragraph of several pages of financial advice points out that retrenchment is easy enough if he will really give his mind to it, for the same state of affairs had prevailed at Deene as were now still unfortunately *en évidence* at Goodwood.

" DEENE, July ye 18th, 1724.

" MY LORD [he winds up],

" . . . I have nothing more to trouble your  
Grace with all but one poor Reflection of my own,

which is, that as I have seen ye owner of this Family in as great Distress as ever you was or can be, and now perfectly ye Reverse, so I shall hope to see ye same Reformation one day or other att Goodwood; nothing being impossible to one that means honestly as your Grace does. So Dr. Duke Adieu and believe me for ever and ever, and most Sincerely and Affectionately

"Yours,

"J. BRUDENELL."

However questionable may have been the circumstances that resulted in Lord Cadogan becoming the Duke's father-in-law, there is no doubt whatever that, from the day of the marriage, he never missed an opportunity of doing all he could to ensure the happiness of the young couple.

His next letter contains repeated assurances of his devotion to them both, more especially perhaps at this period, when his own health was beginning to fail. Regretfully he wrote :

"LONDON, *Aug. 1st, 1724.*

"MY DEAR LORD,

"I have this minute received the Honour of your Graces letter dated yesterday. I beg you to believe, that if some business of moment had not indispensably obliged me to be here on Thursday, I should have stayed att Goodwood till your Grace went from thence, I hope I need not assure you, that I am never so happy nor so easy, as when I am with your Grace and dear Lady Duchess. I had accepted your Bill to Major Gardner before I received

your letter, and your Grace may depend upon it that I shall accept whatever Bills you may have occasion to draw on me. I got safe to Town before it was dark, on Thursday and was, God be thanked, very well that day, but yesterday I had a violent Feaverish Fit which lasted a great while. Sir Hans Sloan<sup>1</sup> ordered me the Bark of which I have Taken allready no small Quantity. I find myself much better today and was att Court, tho I have still a pain in my head which makes writing uneasy to me, and must excuse this scrawl, which I am afraid you will be hardly able to read. My Blessing to Lady Dutchess, and humble services to all the good Company with you. I am my Dear Lord,

“Your Graces most obedient and most

“Faithfull Humble Servant,

“CADOGAN.”

And again, a few days later, he writes in his capacity as Commander-in-Chief of the Forces, to let his son-in-law know that he intends shortly to inspect the Blues, in which the young man had now commanded a troop for two years.

From domestic reasons, as far as the Duke was concerned, the inspection would appear to have come at a rather inopportune moment. “’Tis a way they have in the army.” But the Commander-in-Chief holds out a reassuring prospect of the probability of leave being easily obtainable on the plea of “urgent private affairs.”

<sup>1</sup> President of the College of Physicians, and a celebrated collector of books, manuscripts, and natural history specimens. His collection formed the nucleus of the British Museum.

" CAUSHAM, 20 *Augt.*, 1724.

" MY LORD,

" I received yesterday the Honour of your Graces of the 18th. I design to review your Regiment the first of next month, and to goe the day before to Hackwood. I write to morrow to the Duke of Bolton who is now att Burly in the Forrest, to acquaint him of it. If anything should happen to delay the Review I shall take care to let your Grace know it in time, I am extremely glad that you intend me the favour of coming to Causham as soon as the Review is over. . . . I am rejoiced to find that the Dutchess continues in good Health, my Blessing to her, and a thousand assurances of my tenderest Friendship. I am sorry the Review falls out so near the Time she expects to lye in, but your Grace is not absolutely obliged to be there, and I am certain the Duke of Bolton will dispense with your coming as well as myself, so that your Grace needs not be under any constraint as to that Point. My Sister Prendergast<sup>1</sup> is to be att London in a very few days, and will be as assisting as she can to the Duchess. I goe three times a week to Windsor so that I almost live upon the Road. The King is most extremely delighted with the Place, and talks of making a Garden below the Terrace. I am my Dear Lord with all Imaginable Truth

" Your Graces most obedient

and most Faithfull Humble Servant,

" CADOGAN."

<sup>1</sup> Married Brigadier-General Sir Thomas Prendergast, first Baronet, mortally wounded at Malplaquet at the head of his regiment.

Although in bad health, and sadly depressed by the unsatisfactory state of her worldly affairs, Louise de Kéroualle was ever devoted to her grand-children, and took a very special delight in keeping up a correspondence with them. I think I see you, Madame, recording your woes upon this tattered page, that has taken me so long to decipher. But did not you derive just a little grain of comfort from the knowledge that, over there in England, there still remained two young people who would readily accord that sympathy which your plight had long since failed to elicit from the rest of the world ?

Writing next from Paris, she assures her grandson that :

*[Translated from the French]*

*" Sept. 14, 1724.*

" I should not have been so long, my dear Lord, without sending you my news, and the assurances of my perfect and lasting love for you, had I not been very unwell for nearly a month ; I have been forced, in spite of the great repugnance I have for bleeding, to be bled in the foot and to take medicines ! Thanks be to the Lord I am now much better, and I propose to return to Aubigny at the end of this month, having made hither a very fruitless journey, for I have been able to obtain neither favour nor justice. I am neither fortunate nor happy, my dear Lord. Yet I must arm myself with patience and submit to my evil destiny, but still, provided that I know you are happy and in continued good health, that will sustain me in a sort of tranquillity. Now we are very near

the time of the accouchement of the Duchess of Richmond ; to whom I wish most tenderly a happy and safe delivery, in giving us a son ; that I do most passionately desire ! Give her a thousand kind messages from me, and my dear Lord be a little sensible of the sincere tenderness with which I am affectionately and wholly attached to you.

“ L. DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH.”

Evidently when Mick Broughton went to Dublin he found that his lot had fallen amongst pleasant places ! He was greeted with the utmost warmth by those connected with the Vice-Regal Court.

A delightful state of affairs prevailed at the Castle. His Excellency, “ always in good humour,” enjoying always good sport (presumably in the Phoenix Park), and at night a brilliant gathering of the fair daughters of Erin, such as you and I have in our own day noted with admiration, treading a stately measure upon the well-polished boards of St. Patrick’s Hall. And ’tis a well-known fact that, to this day, the rules of Precedence have no less weight amongst those august assemblies than was the case in the days of old.

Thus writes Mick :

“ DUBLIN CASTLE, *Novr. 21, 1724.*

“ MY DEAR LORD,

“ I have already had the pleasure of sending two dispatches to Whitehall, one to your Grace, and the other to Mr. Hill, my impatience for an answer would be very great were it not somewhat allay’d by Mrs. Bro. advices, who as she constantly acquaints me

of your goodness to her, informs me likewise of your health.

"We go on here very well from the highest to the lowest, Ld. Cartt. shining extremely and always in good humour, he was yesterday hawking in the Park with Coll. Anstruther, this day he is gone a shooting, which he does twice a week, always good sport, killing 7, 8, 9, or 10 brace of cocks each day, his fellow sportsmen are Mr. Clutterbuck, two or three of his Aids de Camp, and Captain Rowley : I might have the honour to attend him, were I not disqualified by my size, and am therefore reserved for his eating Partys : Since I wrote to you, I have waited on him to dinner with the L. Mayor ; with the University ; also the first week of the Term with the Ld. Chancellour, Judges and whole body of the Law at the Inns of Court ; they paid his Excellency the Compliment to admit Him, Mr. Clutterbuck, and myself Benchers of their Society ; besides the honour, it carries this advantage, that we can have law here for nothing, none of that body taking Fees of their Brethren.

"We of the Court (call'd here the Castle) live in great Amity. John Huske is a great Favourite of mine, he is certainly a good Soul<sup>1</sup> as ever lived. Mr. Clutterbuck is an admirable creature ; he is really a fine Gentleman, and a man of great parts and learning ; such a one has not been Secretary here these many years. They all deserve commendation, and are well spoke of in the Kingdom ; I blush to tell you that the Usher of the Black Rod is the Subject of the Muses, not out of vanity so much, as to give you a specimen

<sup>1</sup> But quarrelsome in his cups : see Chapter VI.



of Hibernian Poetry I have sent you the inclos'd ; I must desire your Grace not to talk of these things out of School, some that come from, or come to these parts may understand them in a wrong sense. Last night we had a Ball, a great number of well-dressed pretty women, but so jealous of place and rank, that if the daughter of a Baron should be taken out before the youngest Viscount's, the assembly would break up. Lady Newburgh and Mrs. Hamilton honoured the Castle with their company ; after some time spent in viewing the Dancers, they played at Cards ; Mrs. Hamilton engaged me to dine with her this day, and spend the evening, I expect the Captain to call on me every minute, and therefore write this in haste, with one to Mrs. Broughton.

" I shall tire you with trifles for I design to write to you every week. In return present my duty to the Dutches of Richmond, and love to Mr. Brudenell and Tom Hill.

" I am My Dear Lord,

" Your Graces

" Most obedient and Affectionate Servant,

" MCH. BROUGHTON.

" I hope Lady Carolina is well : I condole with her for the loss of her Dog, by the marks I think it is Bodin. Lord Tyrawley<sup>1</sup> was married on Thursday night last, to my Ld. Mountjoy's Daughter."

<sup>1</sup> James O'Hara, second baron (1690—1773). Distinguished later as governor of Gibraltar. He left no legitimate issue, but was considered singularly licentious " even for Portugal." Pope speaks with reprobation of " T . . . y's crew."

## CHAPTER V

Concerning the Order of the Bath—The Duke of Montagu's quaint description—The Duke of Richmond hesitates to accept the honour—His scruples removed—Lord Cadogan dismissed from the Ordnance—Elaborate preparations for the Installation ceremonies—The Duke laid low—Tom Hill's forecast—Louise de Kéroualle's concern at her grandson's illness—Tom Hill describes the ceremony—The Duke's proxy in jeopardy—Timely intervention of Lord Albemarle—Martin folkes' account of the Installation—The Duke's thanks—Lord Cadogan's ill health—Jemmy Brudenell's sage counsel.

**I**N 1725 King George I. revived the Order of the Bath, which had been dropped since the coronation of Charles II. The number of knights was restricted to thirty-six, and (to quote from a biographer of Horace Walpole) "it was the measure of Sir Robert Walpole, and was an artful bank of thirty-six Ribands to supply a fund of favours in lieu of places. He meant, too, to stave off the demand for Garters, and intended that the red should be a step to the blue, and accordingly took one of the former himself."

The Duke of Richmond was one of those selected for the Order, and the statement quoted above would appear to be fully borne out by the letter which the Duke of Montagu wrote to my ancestor, undated and ill-spelt, as are all of his letters. But it is in-

teresting from the fulness of the details, and decidedly quaint in its expression ! He writes :

“ DEAR DUKE,

“ No body in the world is glader to heare how well you are then my selfe, and your being so well occasions my troubling you with a message I was ordered to deliver to you from Ld Townshend, Duke of Newcastle, and Mr. Walpole, which is to know if you will be a Knight of the Bath ; as to the Nature of the thing I beleave you will lyke to be a litle informd of it.

“ The Knights of the Bath is much the oldest order wee have in England,<sup>1</sup> and it is Reconed to be the oldest in the World ; from the tyme of the Saxons till the Reign of King James the Second it was looked upon as a sort of Seremony which all the Princes of the Blood and the Kings them selves that in sume measure they could not dispense with, so farr that those Kings who by sume accidient had not been made Knights of the Bath in the Reigne of their Predecessors were made so Before their Coronations.

“ The Princes of Wales and all the Princes of the Blood as soon as they were four or five years old us'd to be made Knights of the Bath, and att the same tyme all the chief of the nobility and Gentlemen of the Greatest Estates us'd to be made Knights of the Bath.

<sup>1</sup> The claim of the Order to this antiquity, and again to having been inaugurated by Henry IV. upon his coronation in 1399, seems now pretty generally abandoned. It was for all practical purposes instituted by George I., and reorganised in 1815 and 1847.

“ Before any Prince of the Blood was made Knight of the Garter, or any Nobleman, they us’d to be made Knights of the Bath, and the Knights of the Garter us’d Generaly to be chose out from the Knights of the Bath.

“ When King James came to the Crown he propos’d makeing the Knights of the Bath into a Religious order for the support of the Popish Religion, and would give it to nobody but those who woud accept of it upon that foot, which nobody woud do, so that from that tyme it has been discontinued till now, there never haveing been any Prince of the Blood, who might give occasion to Revive the order till Prince William—and now they intend to Revive it, and, to make it still more valuable, to fix the number to six and thirty, of which Prince William, the Duke of Bedford, Duke of Manchester, Mr. Walpole and a great many more lords and Lords Sons are to be of the Number.

“ It is to be partly upon the foot which the Order of St. Michael is upon in france, of which you know every body must be, before they can be of the order of the Holy Ghost, so being a Knight of the Bath will be a step to being a Knight of the Garter.

“ The Ministry are very intent upon haveing it upon as good a foot as Possible, which will chiefly depend upon the People who first have it, and therefore are very desirous *you* shoud, and I beleeve you will oblige them very much if you will, but if you wont, dont owne they ever oferd it you and that you refus’d it, for that woud disoblige them as much. (!)

“ I beleeve they intend it for Lord Albemarle,

don't trouble your selfe to send me your answer in wrighting, but only a message by one of your servants, that you will, or that you wont, I shall know what it meanes, and will take care to manage it with them, but I hope you will.

"I have sent you a copy of some names I had from the heralds office, of those who have been formerly of it, whom you will see were the most considerable People of those tymes, so that it was allwise a very honorable thing and will not be less so now. Don't take any notice of any one that you had any thing of this from me, and beleieve me,

"Senceerly yours,

"MONTAGU.

"I beleieve they would be glad to know your answer soon for they are torne to peeses by people that want it, and keep a vacansy for you, for they are mightely bent upon your haveing it."

At first, the Duke displayed some hesitation in accepting. Possibly he may have heard that the proposed revival of the Order had given rise to a certain amount of ill feeling towards Walpole, the wily originator of the measure.

At any rate, it was plain from the Duke of Montagu's remarks that the demand for the Bath was becoming a difficult matter to deal with, by reason of the number of the applicants; however, whatever may have been passing in his mind, it was of a nature to cause my ancestor to write a letter to the Duke of Montagu, which evidently showed no

great willingness to accept the honour, for it elicited the following reply from that nobleman :

“ I have been ill and obliged to keep house all this weeke, so that I could not deliver your message my selfe to Walpole, but I wright it to him word for word as Hill told me, and Receiv'd the inclosed answer, which I hope wil take away all difficultys and that I shall deliver him an answer from you which may please him, however keep the letter for tymes to cume.

“ I am fathfully yours,

“ M.”

And here is “ the inclos'd answer,” couched in terms which were calculated to remove all scruples, inasmuch as it clearly indicated that the Red Ribbon was intended as a stepping-stone to the Blue :

“ *April 29th, 1725.*

“ MY LORD,

“ I received yr Grace's letter, and think there can be no difficulty in giving ye Duke of Richmond satisfaction about his doubt concerning the Blue Ribbon, for not only that there is to be a Clause in the Statutes expressing a particular regard to be had to the Knights of the Bath in the promotion of Knights of the Garter, but I can assure you the King looks upon it rather as a recomendation than objection.

“ I am My Lord,

“ Yr. Grace's most Humble Faithfull Servt.

“ WALPOLE.”

Upon the receipt of Walpole's note the Duke must have written and accepted at once, from the tone of relief with which the Duke of Montagu writes :

"I have delivered your message to Walpole, and he desired me to assure you that seriously and truly the King ordered him to offer it to you, and he is very much obliged to you for accepting it.

"Yours,

"MON."

The Treaty of Hanover was at that time a very tough bone of contention between Government and Opposition. I shall not attempt to give any details of the squabble, beyond mentioning that it occasioned considerable changes amongst those holding high appointments, owing to the rivalry between Walpole and Townshend, the latter of whom, as Secretary of State, had the chief share in obtaining the King's consent to the treaty.

Whether Lord Cadogan's dismissal had anything to do with the matter or not, I cannot say; he writes in doleful strain thus :

"LONDON 5 May 1725.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"I received last night the Honour of your Grace's letter from Horsham, and if any thing could add to the affection Friendship and Esteem I have for you, it would be your interesting your self so warmly and so generously in everything which relates to me. I cannot better explain to your Grace my present situation, than by transmitting here enclosed the letter I received from Lord Townshend to signify my dismission from the Ordnance, to which I may add, that it was with the utmost Reluctancy that the King consented to my removal. The Duke of Argyle

is to have nothing to do with the command of the army, and the Duke of Bolton is made Constable of the Tower, He however keeps his Regmt, His Majesty having declared, that the Duke of Argyle shall neither have that Regmt. nor any other."

The command of the Blues had been assigned to John, Duke of Argyle, in 1715, as a reward for his success in quelling the Rebellion in Scotland.

For some mysterious reason he fell into disfavour at Court two years afterwards, and resigned his command. Sixteen years later, however, he resumed it, in succession to the Duke of Bolton, whose persistent opposition to Walpole resulted in his being deprived of his regiment and all other offices by that statesman.

Great were the preparations made, and elaborate was the programme drawn up, in order to ensure that the Installation of the New Knights should be as imposing as the occasion demanded. And consequently the demand for tickets of admission to the ceremony grew apace. We find Mrs. Cadogan,<sup>1</sup> Lord Cadogan's sister-in-law, most urgent in her appeal. She writes, in reply to a promise that the Duke will do what he can to oblige :

" LONDON, *June* 1725.

" MY LORD,

" I am the most obliged to your Grace that it is possible for anybody to be, for the Favour you are so

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of Sir Hans Sloane, the founder of the British Museum.



## A Duke and his Friends

good as to Design me, and shall always acknowledge it, I am sorry you could think me so unreasonable as to require an excuse, for not having all the Tickets, it rather ought to be on my side for ingrossing so many, when it is impossible any number cou'd be sufficient for to oblige all your Graces friends and Servants ; the Bell rings for this letter, I hope the hurry will excuse the faults. I am just come from the Opera, which had every Soul at it, that is in Town, and so much Applause that it has Fill'd with the head ake,

“Your Graces most obedient

“E. CADOGAN.

“P.S. I depend upon your being so good as to order them to be sent me.”

And the ceremony was evidently to be of greater magnificence than she had any idea of, for a day or so later she writes in the following strain ; greatly exercised in mind lest she should miss any portion of the programme :

“LONDON *June 28 8th 1725.*

“MY LORD,

“I was yesterday Favoured with your Graces Obliging letter, and hardly know how to return the thanks I ought for it, I thought when I wrote to you for the Tickets for the Morning, that they wou'd have serv'd for all, but find that there are three different Sorts ; 6 for the Morning, 8 for the Diner, and 15 for the Ball ; so that I must beg the favour of your Grace to let me know soon, how many you can spare me of each kind, because if you are engag'd I must

loose no time in providing for my self and friends ;  
I beg a Thousand pardons for being thus troublesome  
and am persuaded you have good nature enough to  
consider the consequence of missing a new show and  
the unfashionable thing it wou'd be, added to the  
curiosity and impatience incident to my Sex ; these  
good reasons I hope will induce you to forgive this  
Request of, My Lord,

" Your Graces

" most obligd humble servant

" ELIZ. CADOGAN.

" I beg my humble Service to the Dutchess."

Unfortunately, shortly before the date fixed, the  
Duke was laid low by a mild attack of small-pox, and  
was consequently unable to be present at the Installa-  
tion. He had perforce to provide himself with a  
proxy, in the person of one Sir George Sanders ;  
and Tom Hill was indefatigable in his efforts to ensure  
that the ceremony should take place without a hitch,  
despite of the Duke's absence.

Tom writes as follows to his convalescent patron :

" LONDON *June 15 1725.*

" MY LORD,

" I send you here inclosed the paper of the  
ceremony's relating to the Installation, by the help  
of which, and a lively fancy, yr grace and the good  
company with you may see the whole procession before  
any body in town. The Knight that is to repre-  
sent you is one Sir George Sanders, a Tar I believe,  
since recomended to the grand Master by Lord Tor-

rington. The worst of the affair is that this bauble, or honour, call it which you please, will cost yr grace five hundred fifty odd pounds six shillings and eight-pence as I am informed from good hands. There is no small grumbling as I am told amongst the Knights about this affair. Yr. grace will do wel to send up yr bill upon Paterson, for I am told there will be some small matters to disburse, but small as they are, beyond the stretch of my present pocket. It would not be altogether so right to have either the Knight or the Squires disgraced upon the occasion. I believe the soonest that I shall be able to leave this place, after the ceremony is over, will be Monday next ; I shal in your next expect yr grace's decision, if you think fit to give any orders to the contrary. I am just going with Sir George Oxenden, who handsels the Admiralty barge to-night, so must break off as abruptly as is proper, not forgetting my humble duty to her grace and service to all that have the honr to eat with you. Yr Grace's

"Most Obedient Humble Servant

"T. HILL."

Louise de K roualle was much perturbed to hear of her grandson's misfortune, and lost no time in making him aware of the uneasiness which the report of his illness had occasioned her, for she writes :

*[Translated from the French]*

"AUBIGNY, 19th May.

"Nothing can express, my dear Lord, the concern into which I have been thrown by the news of your

## The Duchess of Portsmouth's Solicitude 113

Small Pox, and although Mr. Hill tells me that it is going on as favourably as can be hoped, the feelings of my heart for you will give me no peace until I know that you are completely recovered from this cruel malady ; in God's name, my dear Lord, take every care possible of yourself to preserve yourself for a grandmother who is sincerely attached to you and who rests all the peace and happiness of her life upon your preservation ; for in my unhappy circumstances there is nothing which sustains me except the friendship which I have for you and the hope of yours for me, I have all possible sorrow and pain of mind and heart that I cannot be near you, my dear Lord, to be able to bestow on you all the care of the most loving mother in the world ; of one that is your most affectionately attached

“ LOUISE DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH.

“ A Thousand kind messages to the charming Duchess of Richmond, for whose natural anxiety I can so well feel ; but I hope that now she has no more, for I flatter myself, my dear Lord, that you are now by the grace of God out of all danger.”

But she must have been comforted by the ever-faithful Tom Hill, for a few days later she writes :

*[Translated from the French]*

“ AUBIGNY 29th May 1725.

“ I had much need, my dearest and most beloved Lord, of Mr. Hill's second letter to allay the cruel anxiety into which the fear of your illness had thrown

me, for, my dear Lord, if you could penetrate into the sentiments of my heart for you, you would realise the acute pain that I have suffered as well as the joy with which I hailed your convalescence; and now that you are happily cured of so cruel a malady, in God's name, my dear Lord, take care of yourself for some time, to preserve a life which is so dear to me and which constitutes my sole happiness and consolation in all my sorrowful and unhappy situation; be then a little sensible of the tenderness and lively affection I have for you, for in very truth my dear Lord I love you with all my heart,

"L. DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH."

The 17th of June was the eventful day, and in the short interval between the acts Tom Hill found time to write as follows:

"LONDON *June 17th 1725.*

"MY LORD,

"The ceremony was very long, and the ball is to begin soon, for which two reasons yr grace will excuse me this post, if I am short in my account. The whole has been performed with the greatest magnificence hitherto, and what remains they say will be the utmost stretch of Heidegger's<sup>1</sup> invention. Mrs. Cadogan is the envy of the whole sex, and yr grace is deemed the most courteous Knight in respect of her, that the records of Chivalry have ever produced. I would fain have got her to have baited four of the

<sup>1</sup> Heidegger was the manager of the Opera, and it is said that he made some £5,000 a year by the management of public and private entertainments of every description. His face, a singularly ugly one, appears in several of Hogarth's pictures.

Ball tickets, but do what I could she would not yield a single one. General Macartney met me and told me yr grace had promised him one ; Immediately I gave him one of mine, that he might not reproach you with forgetfulness. In short, of the three you gave me, I had not one to my self or any Damsel of my acquaintance. I wish yr grace wd send the bil upon yr Agent. Mr. Labbe sais you may draw for thirty pound. There are some fees that have been already paid by Lord Albemarle and yr Proxy. The first was so good as to pay down the twenty guineas for the tickets, otherwise the favourite Lady had been disappointed and we disgraced. God knows the weakness of my pocket ; I could as soon have raised a Spirit, as that Sum. Sir George Sanders paid the offering fees, which I think come to about six pound. I shal take care to have the mony sent him as soon as may be. Yr grace I think can't do les than write him a civil letter for the fatigue he has undergon. I think he is one of the commissioners of the Navy. Your present state wil inform you better than I can. He seems to be a very civil good natured man, and yr grace would do wel to give him an invitation to dinner when you come to town. I sent Lady Cadogan the only dinner Ticket I had left ; but it was too late ; she was gon out before it came. My humble respects to her grace, and service to the good company. I am yr grace's,

"Most Obedt Humble Servant and Squire,

"T. HILL.

"Upon yr grace's writing wil depend my coming

down ; which I am afraid cannot be before the middle of the next week at the soonest."

Evidently the sight-seers were not disappointed as regards the imposing nature of the spectacle ; but it appears that, had it not been for the timely intervention of Lord Albemarle, the Duke's representative would have been refused admittance ! From the next letter, one is forced to suspect that the fees were not forthcoming at the critical moment ; at any rate, his Lordship proved himself a friend in need ! Note, I pray you, Tom's delicately expressed hope that his Grace would not forget to live up to his exalted position !

Thus he writes again :

" PRIVYGARDEN *June 19 1725.*

" MY LORD,

"The printed account I sent you was so exactly followed in the procession and ceremony that it would be difficult for me to give you a better idea of it than that has already furnished you with. As for the ball, that was given afterwards, it was answerable to the former part of the day and the expectations every body had raised to themselves from the knowledge of Heidegger's capacity. Never was so large an entertainment so well disposed, with so much elegance of taste as well as profuseness of materials. In short, to give you as high a notion of it as is possible, it far exceeded the best entertainment any masquerade had ever produced in that place. You are obliged to Lord Albemarle for his assistance, without which your Squires had been excluded and their Knight

disgraced. As I think myself ingaged to see him repayed, I design to give him the note upon yr Agent, taking the remainder for your use. Wednesday next I have pitched upon for leaving the town, but as the expence will be the same, shal make two days of it.

“There was a talk to-day of Lord Cadogans being obliged to dispose of the Isle of Wight. I hope it is nothing but a report. We stil continue to have rain, tho not in so great quantitys. There was a prodigious heavy shower this afternoon, which prevented my going to the opera, which is at an end for this reason. I think I have nothing more to say, but to make my compliments as usual. I have obeyed her grace’s commands in purchasing the life of Jonathan, and even exceeded my commission in buying for her the fourth Universal passion. Pray let Mis and Mistres know I have not forgot them. With the profoundest respect I kis her grace’s hands. Pray my Lord think of the oath yr proxy has taken in your name ; behave your self as a true Knight, and suffer not that saucy rascal the cook ever to put in execution that dreadful sentence of *hacking your spurs from your heels*. He may chance to pare too close, and you know that Achilles was only vulnerable in that place.

“It is disputed whether we Sanchos don’t suffer in the degradation of our Principal, therefore this caution may not be thought altogether so unnecessary in your worship’s

“Most faithful

and Obedt. Humble Squire,

“T. HILL.”



But the most interesting account of the day's doings is that furnished by Martin folkes, President of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, and Deputy Grand Master of the English Freemasons, of which the Duke was Grand Master. They were intimate friends, and on this particular occasion Martin folkes had been amongst the privileged few selected as "Squires," to accompany the newly created Knights at the function. In this case, of course, he had to content himself with Sir George Sanders, the Duke's proxy.

He writes :

*" June 19 1725.*

" MY LORD,

" Tho Mr. Hill has given your Grace both a better and earlyer account than I can propose of the Ceremony of the Installation, I thought myself obliged to return your Grace thanks for the honour you were pleased to do me, and express my sense of the advantages I shall acquire from the same ; not forgetting at the same time my obligations for the tickets you were pleased to bestow on my wife, which I know how to value, not being ignorant of the great Sollicitations that have been made every where for them. And indeed both the Ceremony and ball was as magnificent as can possibly be conceived ; Prince Wm.<sup>1</sup> I presume Mr. Hill acquainted your Grace was present (contrary to the account of the news papers) only did not walk, but performed his offerings and obeisances in the Chappel to the admiration of all who saw him ; the princess shewd him your Graces Stall and talkt very much of you during the Ceremony.

<sup>1</sup> Prince William, *i.e.* the Duke of Cumberland, aged five.

The entertainment at Westminster I think was hardly equall to the rest of the solimnity, tho very great ; but Heidegger performed his part to admiration, and his cold supper was the most elegant and best ordered of any thing I ever saw of the kind ; and the Knights with a great number of Nobility and persons of distinction all well dressed made a very splendid appearance ; I parted with my brother Squires between three or fowr a clock taking the liberty all of us at parting of drinking Sir Charles and the Lady Lenox's good health. I should also have told your Grace the heavens favoured the procession, having only given a small sprinkling at the return, tho there fell two very heavy showers whilst the ceremony lasted in the Chappel. I have calld my Lord at Culpepper's about the Mageick Lantern who promises it shall be sent down to your Grace very suddenly, but as he is a most dilatory curr I will take care to refresh his memory, till I find he has sent it down with the spare sliders for the microscope ; I humbly my Lord. take my leave of your Grace hoping you will forgive me this liberty and believe me ever to be with the greatest duty and respect

“ My Lord Duke,

“ Your Grace's most Devoted and obliged servant,  
“ M. FFOLKES.”

His Grace replied some days later, as follows :

“ GOODWOOD 27 *June* 1725.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I am very much asham'd when I think how long I have defer'd answering your two obliging

letters, espetically when I consider that I ought to have writ first to thanke you, as I do now, for the goodness you have had in letting us have your company here at Goodwood, but staying so little a while, is but Tantalising us, for as soon as one had the pleasure of your acquaintance, your affairs oblig'd you to go. But next summer, if I return to Sussex, you will I hope remember your promise of staying some time with me, that we may enjoy more of your agreeable company. You must also give me leave to thanke you for the honour you have done me, in being my Squire. I fear the fatigue you underwent, might hinder the pleasure of the entertainment, I wish it lay in my power to show you in a more essential way, how great a value and friendship I have for you. I have been guilty of such an omission that nobody less than the Deputy Grand Master of Masonry can make up for me.

“I desire you would present my humble service to Mrs. Folkes, I hope she was entertained at the Instalment. I am Dear Sir, with the utmost truth and sincerity,

“Your most faithfull humble Servant,

“RICHMOND.”

By the courtesy of Sir William ffolkes of Hillington, Martin's descendant, I have been furnished with many letters written to Martin by my ancestor. Whatever the latter's early shortcomings may have been in the way of correspondence, he undoubtedly made up for them in the later years, for, as we shall

see, he wrote copiously and amusingly to his brother Mason on several occasions.

It was about this time that Lord Cadogan's health began to fail him, and he found it necessary to undergo a severe operation for a painful internal complaint. The plucky old soldier managed, however, to keep up his spirits in gallant fashion ; writing from Causham on July 15 he says :

" MY DEAR LORD,

"Tho my being still obliged to keep my bed makes writing a little uneasy, yet I could not refuse my self the Pleasure of thanking you by the very first opportunity for your kind and obliging letter of the 30th. I continue God be thanked to grow better and better, and the Surgeons say I recover as fast as ever any body did after so severe an operation. I am extremely glad to find by your Graces letter, that I shall have the satisfaction to see you here with Lady Dutchess the beginning of next month. If Mr. Hill has no engagement att that time I hope he will come with your Grace, He may be assured of a hearty welcome, an easy Chair and Tokay. My most humble services to the Good Company with you. When I write next to Prince Eugene I shall not fail to recommend Faustina<sup>1</sup> in the manner you desire. I rejoyce to hear that she is engaged by our Royal Academy of Musique after she leaves Vienna ; 'tis a most Important Piece of Good news, and must raise considerably the Opera actions, which as I take it,

<sup>1</sup> A celebrated singer of the day.

## A Duke and his Friends

ought to be as much the Care and Concern of the Publick as those in Exchange Alley. I am afraid your Grace will be hardly able to read this Scrawl, I am forced to write it in twenty different Positions, and none of them very easy. I am My Dear Lord with all Possible Respect and Esteem,

“Your most obedient and most

Faithful Humble Servant,

“CADOGAN.”

I have already told you, I think, that Uncle Jemmy Brudenell was ever on the *qui vive* for an opportunity to put in a warning word against his nephew's extravagance. Shrewd old gentleman!

Writing from Luffenham soon after that Installation concerning which I have said so much, he suggests that the new distinction should form an additional incentive towards a staid and decorous style of living, thus :

“LUFFENHAM, Tuesday June ye 29th, 1725.

“MY DR. LD. DUKE,

“I had honor and great Satisfaction by ye Receipt of yr Grace's last Letter ; and as I am certain never to deserve ye Forfeiture of your Correspondence so consequently your silence never gives me any other Uneasiness but ye not hearing so often as I wish of your Welfare ; as to ye continuing of being Still a little extravagant, though itt is perhaps what I have heard, yett I doe assure yr Grace itt is what I never did nor will give Creditt to, having establisht in my own Thoughts long ago a much better opinion

of your good Understanding, and now firmly flatter myself that ye Advancement of ye Family will always be ye Guide to your future Actions, which never can be compleated as long as you must owe itt to ye Favour of other People. . . .

**“JA. BRUDENELL.”**

## CHAPTER VI

Tom Hill on political success—Poor Captain Boyle!—British workmen and their failings—Her Grace's stay-buckles—An accident—Condolences from Dublin—Colonel Huske is quarrelsome in his cups—Lord Cadogan's serious state of health—His death—Tom Hill in comfortable quarters—Lord Cardigan on horse-dealing—Mr. Robert Webber—Lord Cardigan counsels economy—The Goodwood menagerie—Their daily menu.

BY far the most assiduous of his Grace's correspondents was his old tutor. In fact, Tom Hill's letters follow one another with such alarming frequency and contain such an astonishing pot-pourri of small talk, that, if it were not for the copper-plate neatness of his handwriting, I should have been sorely tempted to pass over much that flowed from the pen of this ready writer. My excuse for not having employed the blue pencil as ruthlessly as I might have done must be that here and there, amongst his garrulous effusions, one finds many odds and ends that lend a little insight into the sidelights of the Duke's life. Take, for instance, the following letter, written on the occasion of some political success in West Sussex :

" WHITEHALL, *July 24, 1725.*

" MY LORD,

" If I have been vastly in pain ever since I left Goodwood, I am at present, thanks to my stars,

perfectly at ease. Receive therefore my good Lord, my most hearty congratulations upon the important conquest you gained at Arundel; may the same victory attend you at Lewes to the confusion of the East and all that bow that way. Why was not I present at the occasion, that I might have shared in the general joy, and attempted at lest a song in honour of the triumph? But the lesson we ought to practice upon these occasions is resignation, and 'tis unquestionably the best way to be content, especially when we can't help our selves. I had yesterday the pleasure of seeing Lord and Lady Albemarle, and have by their order writ this post to yr Chatellan at Godalmin<sup>1</sup> to get everything in a readines for them against Tuesday night. And now as I have shewn yr grace a good example in my submission to the wil of fate, I beg you wil do yr best to follow it for the quiet of your mind. What a letter have you thrown away; how much eloquence displayed to no purpose! Poor Captain Boyle cannot accept of your friendly invitation. Your Burgandy and Champaign are not destined for his lips, nay, yr Brandy and yr Gin must be bestow'd upon some happier, tho' certainly not thirstier soul. He is banished, as his old Grandsire Adam was, from Paradise and the presence of the Lord, I mean of Albemarle; but stil with this difference, that his punishment is to continue but for a year and a day, after which time he possibly may be restored to grace. What the crimes are that have drawn down

<sup>1</sup> The Duke kept a furnished house at Godalming at which he and his friends were wont to break the long journey between London and Goodwood.



this most heavy punishment upon him, I leave to be related by him that has inflicted it.<sup>1</sup> I was visited yesterday by a brother of yr Grace's, who, for fear I should forget his name gave me the enclosed frontispiece to the book of the Lodges, of which, to speak in his own modest way he is the unworthy graver. What he desires of the most worshipful yr grace is, that you wd. give him a recommendation to yr Grand Master (him of the Bath I mean) that by his means he may have free access to the Herald's office in order to engrave the arms of the Knights and their most Humble Squires, of which design he shew'd me the plan with the procession atop, upon a large sheet of Imperial Paper. If yr Grace thinks proper to vouchsafe him this request, be pleased to convey it to him thro' my hands. The mentioning the brotherhood puts me in mind of the present condition of yr grace's house<sup>2</sup> which from top to bottom is ful of brick and mortar dust and rubbish, and perfectly worthy of the most antient Society of masons. The maid indeed complains heavily of their spoiling the furniture by throwing baskets of dirt down the chimnys, rather than to be at the pains of carrying it down stairs, with many other grievances of that sort; but she I fear is an antiarchitectonical jade, and therefore the les heed is to be given to what she sais.

"Yr Grace wil please to let my Lady Dutches know that I was this afternoon with her Jeweller, that I saw her buckle, which is most magnificent and conse-

<sup>1</sup> I have searched in vain to discover some clue to the unhappy Captain's offence.

<sup>2</sup> In Whitehall.

quently worthy of her wast ; that he has order'd a case for it, and has promised to have it ready agst. Monday, and to deliver it to Lord Albemarle. He told me besides something about stay-buckles, that now was the time if her grace had a mind to make any purchase, since the price of diamonds wd. rise very soon at least ten shillings in a carat. I hope she will honor me with more of her comands, that I may have some pleasure while I am here. The business I am here upon, wil require my presence a fortnight or three weeks at least, so that I cannot think of seeing Goodwood any more while you are there. I have been so taken up since my being in town, that I have not had time to pay my respects to Fidel,<sup>1</sup> but I hope the Mistres is not so great an admirer of old proverbs as to judge of my regard to her from thence. However tomorrow being Sunday I design to put on my best in honor of the dear creature, and see if by the wagging of her tail she understands the good tidings I bring her of her Lady's welfare. . . . Give me leave to send my compliments to Mr. Carné this way and to have the honor of subscribing myself

“ Sir Knight

“ Your Most Faithful Squire

“ T. HILL.”

The next letter comes from Captain Gustavus Hamilton, in Dublin. The accident to which he alludes cannot have been very serious, for I can find no mention of it elsewhere. But it was evidently made the occasion of an unusually long and vigorous dis-

<sup>1</sup> Her Grace's dog.

cussion between the boon companions whose names appear below. And the evening was protracted none the less willingly, I suspect, by reason of the relays of liquid refreshment with which they seem to have assuaged their anxiety on the Duke's behalf; let us hope that friend Huske's uncomplimentary message was due solely to the too frequent circulation of the decanters!

Thus writes the Captain :

" DUBLIN, *Sept.* 10th, 1725.

" MY DEAR LORD,

" Your friends here ar in a vast deal of conserne about your greace from the acctt wee had last packets of your Grace's being overturn'd and extreamly hurt, which makes me give your Grace this trouble to beg you will be so good as to let me know particularly, how you do; Mic: Broughton and Huske and your Graces humble Sert have bein drincking from four to this moment, which is the hower of two in the morning, in which time wee have often dranck your Graces healthe and my Lady Dutchess and all our friends at Whitehall, and have agreed in one thing, which is, that Darke nights and bad roads have no respect to persons; therefore beg your Grace will take care of your person whose welfare is so essentiall to the happiness of all that have the happiness of knowing your Grace; I cannot say Husk gives his service to your Grace, for he has order'd me to *curse you all* except my Lady Dutches, to whome I beg my most humble service, and beg you will let my Lady know that I have got a very pretty pad that I think

goes very well, and if he does not start nor stumble I propose sending of him to her grace, and hope her grace will do me the honor to accept of him. Mrs. Hamilton desires me to present her most humble service to your Grace and my Lady Dutches. I suppose your Grace have heard that Ct. Rowley is going to be married to one of our Irish fortunes.

"I am my Lord your Graces

"most humble and most obedient sert.

"GUST. HAMILTON."

The good progress which Lord Cadogan was making when he last wrote to his son-in-law was unfortunately not to be maintained for long. Another operation became necessary, more serious than the first, and the after-effects appear to have severely taxed the limited skill of the surgeons of his day.

He writes again, on the 14th of September, from Causham :

"MY DEAR LORD,

"I received yesternday in the afternoon your Graces letter by your running Footman, and am infinitely obliged to you for your kind Enquiry and Concern about my health, I have been extremely ill since the last operation, of the Stone Cholick, but am now God be praised very easy, and my wound begins to mend tho slowly, I rest well, and have a good Stomach, and am allowed to eat Chicken every day; what retards the cure is a sharp humour that falls upon the wound, and to dry up this humour the Surgeons use all outward and Inward means, which begin to have in some measure their effect, for it

lessens every day. I writt to your Grace by last thursdays Post, and directed Le Blanc to wait on you yesterday in his way to London. Little Carolina<sup>1</sup> is mighty well and amuses me extremely. Assure Lady Dutchess of my most tender affection, I have received a letter from her, which I shall answer by next Post, my most humble Services to Lord and Lady Albemarle. I am with the Greatest Truth and Esteem my Dear Lord, Your Graces

"Most obedient and

"most Faithful Humble Servant

"CADOGAN."

As soon as he became convalescent it was deemed necessary that he should move to London for that expert advice which he could not obtain in the country; and so he writes again, five days later :

"MY DEAR LORD,

"Since my writing last to your Grace, I have God be thanked mended a good deal, and as Sir Hans Sloan and Mr. Busiere are of opinion I should hasten to London, to have their advice and assistance in case of new accidents, I design to goe there as soon as I can bear the Jolting of a Coach, which if the wound continues to heal as it has done of late, will I hope be in a very few days. When I can fix the time, I shall let your Grace know it. Little Carolina is in perfect Health, she will goe in the Coach with my neices. My Brother and Sister came here on thursday last, they desire your Grace to accept of their respects. My

<sup>1</sup> His eldest granddaughter, aged two.



*From a painting by Hyssing.*

WILLIAM, FIRST EARL CADOGAN.



most Humble Services to Lord and Lady Albemarle.  
I am my Dear Lord

“ Your most obedient and most

“ Faithful Humble Servant,

“ CADOGAN.”

Poor Lord Cadogan ! The end was not far off, for he died in the following July, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Is it unreasonable to suggest that his death was hastened by the shock of his abrupt dismissal from the post of Master-General of the Ordnance, very little more than a year before ?

Tom Hill seems to have been *persona grata* at Luffenham, for he was frequently there as the guest of Jemmy Brudenell. And from those comfortable quarters, he indited the following characteristic epistle to the Duke, on September 25 :

“ MY LORD,

“ I have been here pretty near a week, and am so entirely pleased with my quarters that I have not the least thought of changing them yet ; and if my host does not turn me out, nor your commands call me away, God knows when I shall. Mrs. Brudenell perfectly answers the character yr Grace gave me of her, and is the very wife, that a man who seeks for happiness, would desire. If matches are made in heaven, as the proverb affirms, his honor, as we cal him here, certainly has as many friends among the Gods, as he has among us mortals. He bids me let you know he wil write to you next post in relation to his chimney-piece, hoping by that time you wil be returned succesful to London. I am now writing at the end



of the library, where I have the pleasure of enjoying the Sun in his greatest lustre, which considering the season of the year and how ill things have gone for many months past, is not an uncomfortable situation. Remembering that this Day you are to make yr appearance before yr brother-knight Sir Charles, I most heartily wish you the same unclouded day, being sensible what an advantage it is to a review, to have glittering arms, and rich embroidery, both which would be in danger of being utterly spoiled should the sky be overcast. This place affords me no news to lengthen out a letter, nor I think is it necessary at present to trouble you any farther than to assure you of my being with great sincerity

“Yr. Grace’s

“Most Faithful Humble Servt.

“T. HILL.”

The latter part of the above refers, presumably, to a Review of the Blues, the Duke’s Regiment.

Again, on the 9th of October, he writes from his snug corner by the fireside :

“MY LORD,

“I had the honor of yr grace’s letter this morning and shewed it to Mr. Brudenel, who is very wel pleased to find the design of his chimney piece is in so great forwardness. He expects it with the impatience that it is usual for him to have for every thing that comes from you. We were the other day at Stockin, which I think is already a very agreeable place, and stil capable of much improvement, particularly in relation to the garden, into which I think

you were perfectly in the right in advising him to take the field that joins to it. That piece of ground judiciously disposed and well planted would make a great addition to the beauty of the place. We have had most villanous weather here, so that we have been forced to stay much within doors and place our chief consolation in a good table and a warm fire-side, two the greatest blessings of life at this time of the year; especially to one who has no wife to dispute the preference with either of them. Lord Cardigan lay here about a week ago, in his way to Newmarket, where he designs to stay 'til the twentieth. He has taken a good deal of money with him, but I am much mistaken if he does not bring at least as much home. My Lady, whom he dropt here with her Chaplain, stays 'til his return. . . .

“T. HILL.”

So Lord Cardigan was not averse to an occasional flutter at Newmarket, in spite of his constant exhortations to his nephew to beware of gambling and other extravagances!

Incidentally it might be mentioned, too, that he had no objection to an amicable deal in horseflesh. Earlier in the year (in the depth of winter, in fact) we find him anxious to provide Tom Hill with the wherewithal to save his legs. But the obscure stipulation which he lays down would suggest that he was none too sanguine of completing the bargain. He writes:

“DEAR LORD DUKE,

“DEENE *Jan.* 15, 1725.

“I forgot in my last to tell you that I have a little gelding fit to Carry Hill, he trots well and a

good size for his short legs, his price is fifteen guineas, the horse is now at Grass, or rather at Snow, for it has been four foot deep ; he is not poor, but will soon be in good order when taken up, if you hold your promise good to Hill, and that you are not too low in pocket, the horse is worth yr Money, but no more promising notes, for I have wrought so hard to get one, and to keep my self warm, that I am not able to do more, and to attempt it, wou'd be but in vain, so that I am afraid you will get my Grey horse for nothing. My best respects attend her Grace, I remain.

“ Dear Lord Duke,

“ Most faithfully yrs,

“ CARDIGAN.”

The Duke was now at Aubigny, on a visit to Louise de K  roualle, and during his stay with his grandmother he received the following quaint letter from Mr. Robert Webber. That gentleman appears to have rated himself somewhat low in the matter of intelligence, but he was, at all events, possessed of a sufficiently retentive memory not to have forgotten the promise of a present of gin, made him by the young Duke before starting on his “ travels ” ! Webber was a minor Canon of Winchester Cathedral and a frequent visitor to Goodwood.

He says :

“ Oct. 7th, 1725.

“ MY DEAR LORD,

“ I never was more pleased in my life, than upon the receipt of your Graces kind and obligeing

letter, which I must confess I did not deserve the honor of, butt I can assure your Grace itt was not want of respect, only I thought I might be troublesome, being one of very small intelligence, and less of humour whereby I might any way been diverting to your Grace, which occasion'd my not writing. I give you many thanks for the 20 guinneyes, which you left directions with Mr. Brudenell to pay me, which he did long since. I returne you thanks for your Warrant for a Doe unaskt. I wish your Grace Joy of my Lord Cadogans Son, I have some time agoe given your Proxy to my Lord Albemarle, who promised to send itt to your Grace. My Wife presents her humble duty and service to your Grace, and returns her humble thanks for your kind remembrance of her ; about 3 weeks since she was taken very ill with a sort of apoplectick fitt, and for a week, I thought her in very great danger, I thank God she is now much better, butt is very weak ; itt has been a very changeable time with me, your little Godson Charles presents his duty to you, and askes your blessing, he is a brave boy of his father.

“Mr. Anstis<sup>1</sup> is not in Towne, butt I have been att the heralds office, with one that understands that office very well, that has undertaken to give me an account as soon as possible, of what your Grace requires of Stewart Duke of Richmonds family ; If her Grace the Dutchess of Portsmouth has not forgott me I beg you will present my humble duty and service to her Grace, and I will make all the Enquiry I possibly

<sup>1</sup> Garter King-at-Arms.

can about the picture of the last Stewart Duke of Richmond. I wish your Grace all possible happiness and diversion in your travells, and hope your returne will be here before Christmas ; will your Grace give leave to remind you of a voluntary promise of your own, about some holland, when you goe into that Country, I am with the utmost respect

“ My dear Lord Duke,

“ Your Graces

“ Most faithfull obedient humble Servant,

“ ROB. WEBBER.

“ My service to Mr. Hill.”

The serious illness of Lord Brudenell, and his recovery therefrom, at the end of the year, was made the theme of a letter from the young Duke to his Uncle Cardigan, which was duly acknowledged by the latter, in the following terms :

“ DEENE, Dec the 27th, 1725.

“ DEAR LORD DUKE,

“ I was honour'd with your most kind and obliging letter of congratulation upon Dear Lord Brudenells great recovery, for which I return yr Grace my most sincere thanks, I am very sensible of your goodness, and well wishes towards the welfare of me and mine, and I hope yr Grace will do me the justice to believe that I have as great a regard for you and yrs, as any Relation and Friend you have, and shall at all times and in all places be ready to do you any service that lyes in my poor power, for I loved and honour'd you from yr Infancy, and I flatter myself that yr future conduct and behaviour in this

foolish world will be such, as I shall never have any reason to alter that good opinion, which I now have of yr Grace. Now that Christmas is past I shall wait with impatience for a List of those debts, which will be proper to be pay'd out of this quarter, but let me beg of yr Grace that all Interest money may be discharg'd. I hope yr present affairs go on well and orderly, and no new debts created, which would be joyfull news to me, for I have yr honour and Character much at heart, which in my poor opinion are the only things to be valu'd in this wretch'd World. I am sorry that I had not the opportunity of wishing you joy of the birth of a Lord March, but we ought to be thankfull for what God sends us, and wait with patience and submission till he sends us what we most wish and desire. . . . Lady Cardigan and I join in wishing both yr Graces an happy Christmas and New Year.

"Dear Lord Duke,

"yr most Affect. Uncle,

"and obedient humble Servant,

"CARDIGAN."

Here again, you see, Lord Cardigan hastened to remind his nephew of the necessity for retrenchment!

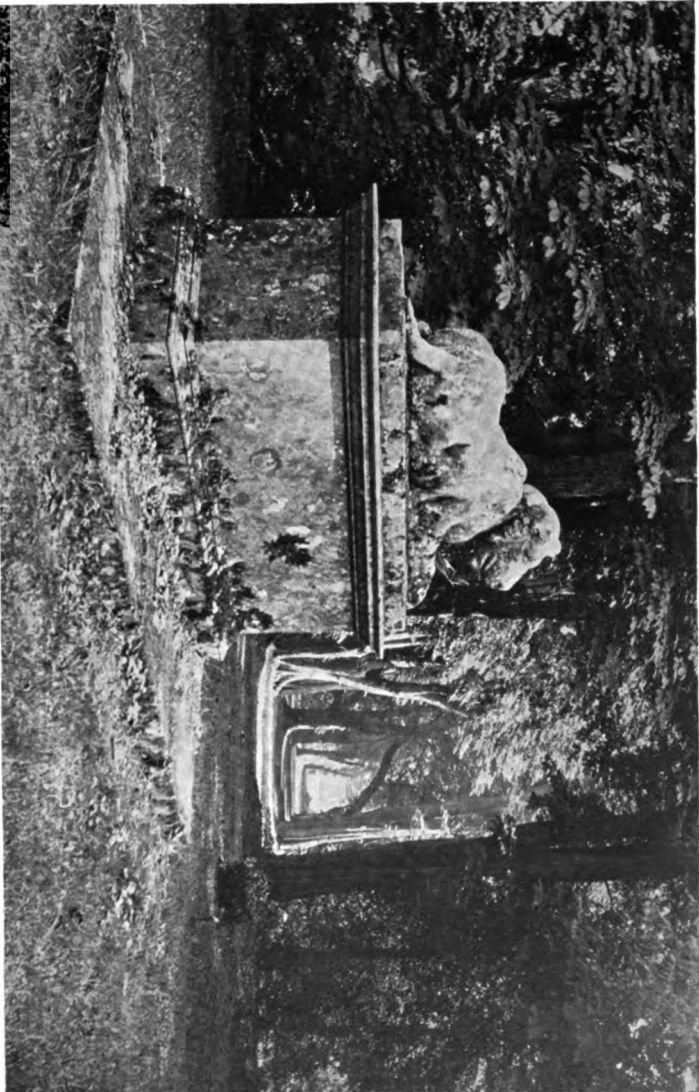
Shortly before this date, the Duchess had presented her husband with another daughter, Lady Louisa Margaret—somewhat of a disappointment, too, as regards sex, for they had lost their infant son in the previous year, immediately after his birth.

It was not until 1734 that the son was born who was to become third Duke of Richmond.

But a truce to gloom! Let us add our own to Uncle Cardigan's good wishes and compliments of the season to my Lord Duke and Lady Duchess! And, before the curtain falls upon this year of grace 1725, I must call the attention of zoophilists to a spot amongst the Goodwood pleasure-grounds, known as the High Wood, where the menagerie was situated. It must have truly been a wondrous and costly hobby. Since succeeding to the title the Duke had busied himself in making a collection of wild beasts and birds from all parts of the world, which were kept in dens with iron barred gates. Vast numbers came to see them, for in those days such a sight was rare indeed.

Amongst the Duke's papers I have found the following list of his pets, and opposite their names you may note their daily menu, no inconsiderable item, one would think, in the house books, and one at which Lord Cardigan and Jemmy Brudenell had good cause to hold up their hands in horror. No doubt they did so! Here it is.

						Horse Pounds	a	Beef. day.
5	Wouolves	.	.	.	.	10		10
2	Tygerrs	.	.	.	.	4		4
1	Lyon .	.	.	.	.	3		3
2	Lepers (!)	.	.	.	.	4		4
1	Sived Cat	.	.	.	.	1		2
A	Tyger Cat	.	.	.	.	1		1
3	foxes .	.	.	.	.	1		2
A	Jack all	.	.	.	.	$\frac{1}{2}$		$\frac{1}{2}$
2	Greenland Dogs	.	.	.	.	3		3
3	Vulters 2 Eagles	.	.	.	.	5		5
1	Kite .	.	.	.	.	0		1
2	Owls .	.	.	.	.	1		1
That is all yt Eat flesh.						<hr/> 70 lbs. <hr/>		



*Photo by the Earl of March.*

**THE LIONESS'S GRAVE.**





3 bears	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	2 loafs
1 Large Monkey	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	$\frac{1}{2}$ "
A Woman Tygerr (II)	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1 "
3 Racoons	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	$\frac{1}{2}$ "
3 Small monkeys	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	$\frac{1}{2}$ "
Armadilla	}	.	.	.	.	.	.	$\frac{1}{2}$ "
1 pecaverre		.	.	.	.	.	.	$\frac{1}{2}$ "
7 Caseawarris	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	$\frac{1}{2}$ "

That is all ye annimalls that eat Bread.

Now, what on earth was the "woman tygerr" that was restricted to a farinaceous diet? Alas, of all that voracious and unsavoury brood, the sole remaining relic is the recumbent statue of the "Lyon" (or lioness, for such it is) which her sorrowing master erected, life-size, to the memory of that pampered animal. Sad to relate, she died within a few months of her arrival.

## CHAPTER VII

The Duke receives the Garter—Sir Robert Walpole's assurance and his retort to Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough—Home-truths from Lord Cardigan—Tom Hill's experiences as a "wall-flower."

**S**IR ROBERT WALPOLE'S assurance as to the Red Ribbon being intended as a stepping-stone to the Blue speedily proved genuine, for a year after the Duke had been installed Knight of the Bath he received the following notice :

" May it please Yr Grace

" WHEREAS yr Grace has lately been Elected to be One of the Kts Companions of the most Noble Ordr. of ye Garter, His Majesty has under the Great Seal of the said Order appointed Commissioners to Install You in the Chapell Royall of St. George within His Majestys Castle of Windsor on Thursday the Sixteenth Instant, I therefore hereby give Your Grace Notice thereof, that You repair thither on the 3d. Day by Ten of the Clock in the forenoon, Then and There to Do and Receive according to the Statutes and laudable Customs of the said Ordr

" I am with great respect

" May it please Your Grace

" Your Graces

" most humble

" most Obedient Sert.

" B. SARUM. Ch. G.

" CLARGES STREET,

" *June 4, 1726.*

" DUKE OF RICHMOND."

The astute Sir Robert, having helped himself to the Order of the Bath in the previous year, with the avowed intention of speedily becoming a K.G., took the latter Order himself at the same time as his Grace.

In connection with this—well, masterful—transaction I may relate an anecdote which will remove any vestige of doubt as to the motives by which he was actuated. When the revival of the Bath was on the *tapis* Sir Robert had offered the New Order to Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, for her grandson the Duke, and for the Duke of Bedford, who had married her granddaughter, Lady Anne Egerton. The old Duchess haughtily replied that they should take nothing but the Garter. “Madam,” retorted Sir Robert, with bare-faced coolness, “they who take the Bath will the sooner have the Garter !”

And so they did !

Lord Cardigan was not slow to offer his congratulations. Nor did he omit, as usual, to accompany the good wishes with a few home-truths regarding the necessity for a quieter style of living.

Writing from Deene on May 28, he says :

“DEAR LORD DUKE,

“The agreeable news I receiv’d last night of yr Graces having the Garter occasions my giving you this present trouble to assure you that I heartily rejoyce at it, and tho the expence is what you can’t well afford, yet the thing is so becoming a Person of yr Rank, that the charge ought not to be grudg’d, but as yr Grace has it in yr own power to make yr self easy both in that, and every thing else, it will be

yr fault if you don't apply a proper remedy, and to explain my meaning, were yr Grace to live at Goodwood till Christmas, and leave the whole management to her Grace, I durst answer you will save in the time above a thousand pounds; yr father had been ruin'd, if yr poor mother had not taken the care of the whole household affairs, I must refer all to yr good nature and good sense, being with the utmost sincerity

"Yr Graces

"most obedient and faithfull humble Servant

"CARDIGAN.

"All here are faithfull Servants to yr Self and the Duchess of R——d."

Poor Duchess Sarah! In fancy I can see you, wrinkling your pretty brows in perplexity, as to the best method of reducing the alarming length of the columns that appear on the wrong side of your house-keeping books. And I seem to hear a tiny sigh at the advent of the latest addition to your amateur Zoological Gardens; for their insatiable demands are proving a veritable gold mine to the local butcher and baker!

During this summer the young couple paid a visit to The Hague, probably to assist in adjusting the affairs of Lord Cadogan, her Grace's father, whose death occurred in July.

The young Duke evidently took Lord Cardigan's letter in excellent part, to that nobleman's relief, I think, for shortly after their return from Holland, he thus addressed his nephew:

" DEENE, Aug. 27th, 1726.

" DEAR LORD DUKE,

" I was extreamly glad to hear by Webber that yr Grace and my Lady Dutchess were safe return'd from Holland, I hope the voyage proved piecefull. I was very much oblig'd to yr Grace for yr most kind letter, which you favour'd me with before you left England, yr Grace was very good to lay so favourable a construction upon the contents of my former letter, which I must own was in too warm a stile, but the real regard, I had for yr welfare, overrul'd good manners, for yr Grace can't have a Relation in the world that loves you more sincerely, or wou'd go further to serve you, than my self. Jemmy Brudenell and the Ladys are very humble Servants both to yr Grace and my Lady Dutchess, Jemmy begs you will let him stay in the Country as long as you can. I am very soon for the Bath, being in a very bad state of health with violent fits of the Colic. Lady Cardigan is for London the 10th of next month, I remain

" Dear Lord Duke

" Yr most affect. Uncle and obedient humble Servant

" CARDIGAN.

" My humble respects attends the Dutchess of Richmond. Don't forget Mrs. Digbys half year due last midsummer."

From Cranbury, in September, our garrulous friend, Tom Hill, breaks in upon the comparative seclusion in which they were now living at Goodwood,

with an amusing description of his experiences as a "wallflower"! He writes :

"MY LORD,

"You see the distance of place cannot secure you against a man's impertinence, especially when he has the pretence of duty to support the strength of inclination. I must own, considering the great charge you have at present, it would be breaking too much in upon yr time to tire you with too long a letter. This is what Horace said to Augustus near eighteen hundred years ago :

*Cum tot Sustineas et tanta negotia Solus en publica commoda  
peccem,*

*Si longo Sermone morer tua tempora.*<sup>1</sup>

And perhaps after all, I shal do like him, who after this fine preamble, has writ him much the longest letter of any in his whole book. However as I shal not certainly have the same excuse as he, of writing wel, besides much, I shal endeavour to make amends with brevity. Munday last I was at Lady Mary Well's, where there was a very elegant entertainment preceded and followed with dancing. The ball lasted til four in the morning, by which time the moon was pleased to offer her small assistance in lighting us home. For my part, tho her candle was burnt down to the socket, the appearance of her was as grateful to me as if it had been the Sun rising in all his glory, for never was mortal so tired with dancing as I was

<sup>1</sup> "Knowing how busy you are, it would be a downright shame were I to waste your time in inflicting a long letter upon you." [Free Translation.]

with looking on. As there was the great as well as the young, they had of course the culling of the choicest flours, and left me nothing but a few dry wither'd stalks. I need not I think have called any metaphor to my aid. The term of old women is expressive enough of it self to give you an idea of the misery I was reduced to. Out of good breeding however I offered my service, and the gods, if there are any that preside over that virtue, inspired them with something or other that ended in a refusal. You will easily believe I did not carry my punctilio so far, as to put the matter to a Second trial. St. Paul perhaps had acted otherwise, nay certainly he would, but I had rather admire than imitate. I think it necessary to acquaint yr grace that I shall leave this place to morrow se'nnight, which, not to put you to the trouble of a calculation will be precisely the six and twentieth of this month. The only reason I have of being so particular in a thing seemingly of so little consequence, is that possibly you may have some commands for me that may make such a notice material. I have the pleasure of drinking yr grace's and Lady Dutches's health after every meal. Mr. and Mrs. Conduit do it, I am persuaded as much out of a real esteem for you both, as from an assurance that they do me an infinite pleasure in it. I hope yr Uncle and Aunt Brudenell are wel; they can't be more so than I wish 'em, which yr grace may let them know, with my humble service, if you think it worth yr while. As I take it for granted my old friend Mic is with you, I cannot dismiss yr Grace without remembering my service to him. And now



give me leave to subscribe my self, as I hope you wil  
do me the justice to believe me

“Yr Grace’s

“Most Faithful Humble Servt

“T. HILL.

“Pray don’t reflect for yr own sake upon the La-  
conicality of the Superscription. Were it for nothing  
else but that you are the Comanding officer, you  
must be known at Nottingham as wel as Mr. Mayor  
himself.”

I do not know to what Tom Hill refers as “the  
great charge.” But there was good reason for his  
deprecatory tone, no doubt, for Lord Cadogan’s  
death had come as a considerable shock to the young  
Duchess, who was again “expecting.” A daughter  
was born late in the autumn, but died in the following  
year.

## CHAPTER VIII

Coronation of George II. and Queen Caroline—The Duke Lord High Constable—Their Graces at Court—Lord Derby's congratulations—Cricket-matches—A comforting assurance—Lord Cardigan as horse-couper—A good old-fashioned Christmas—Lord Cadogan's swan.

THE year 1727 was noteworthy from the fact that it witnessed the dual Coronation of George II. and Queen Caroline.

My ancestor took a prominent part in the ceremony, for he was appointed Lord High Constable of England for the day. The Coronation took place on the 11th of October, and the Duke and Duchess were bidden to attend.

Very shortly after this the Duke was made Lord of the Bedchamber, and her Grace was commanded to serve Queen Caroline as one of the ladies of the Bedchamber at a yearly salary of £500, payable quarterly.

The Coronation went off without a hitch of any kind, of that we are assured, for the Duke's prominent share in the supervision of the arrangements was made the subject of a letter of congratulation, quaint and illiterate no doubt, but none the less sincere, from James Stanley, tenth Earl of Derby. It runs as follows :

" KNOWSLEY, *Octr. 15th, 1727.*

" MY LORD,

" I was extremely pleased to hear my Stewerd had so well answered yr Graces Comands and my

desires, and hartely wish all your affares may succeed as much to your Graces satisfaction as ye have hether-to done. I am very glad to hear avery think answered so well at ye Coronation, and that no ill accidens hapned, as might esely in so great a throng of People ; I hope ye King and Queen are well after so great a fategé. I am with Great Respect my Lord

“ Your Graces

“ Most Obedient Humble Servant,

“ DERBY.”

I was well aware that the young Duke was a good all-round sportsman ; he had been brought up in what was, in those days, the hunting centre of England ; and the Charlton Hunt, of which he was master and sole proprietor for many years, has been rightly termed the Melton of the Eighteenth Century ; but I had no idea that he was an enthusiastic cricketer as well, until I came upon the following “ articles of agreement ” for a trial of skill between the masters of Goodwood and Peperharow !

“ Articles of Agreement by & between His Grace the Duke of Richmond and Mr. Broderick (for two Cricket Matches) concluded the Eleventh of July 1727.

*Imprimis.* ’Tis by the aforesaid Parties agreed that the first Match shall be played some day of this Instant July in the County of Surry ; the Place to be named by Mr. Brodrick ; the second Match to be played in August next in the County of Sussex, the Place to be named by the Duke of Richmond.

2nd. That the Wickets shall be pitched in a fair and even Place, at twenty three yards distance from each other.

3rd. A Ball caught, cloathed or not cloathed<sup>1</sup> the Striker is out.

4th. When a Ball is caught out, the Stroke counts nothing.

5th. Catching out behind the Wicket allowed.

6th. That 'tis lawful for the Duke of Richmond to choose any Gamesters, who have played in either of his Graces two last Matches with Sir William Gage ; & that 'tis lawful for Mr. Brodrick to choose any Gamesters within three miles of Pepperhara, provided they actually lived there last Lady Day.

7th. that twelve Gamesters shall play on each side.

8th. that the Duke of Richmond and Mr. Brodrick determine the Ball or Balls to be played with.

9th. if any of the Gamesters shall be taken lame or sick after the Match is begun, their Places may be supplied by any One chose conformably to the Sixth Article, or in Case that can not be done, the other side shall be obliged to leave out one of their Gamesters, whomsoever they please.

10th. that each Match shall be for twelve Guineas of each Side, between the Duke & Mr. Brodrick.

11th. that there shall be one Umpire of each Side ; & that if any of the Gamesters shall *speak or give their opinion*, on any Point of the Game, *they are*

<sup>1</sup> This totally defeats me ! Can it mean that he was liable to be caught off his legs or any other part of his person, whether padded or not ?

*to be turned out, & voided in the Match ; this not to extend to the Duke of Richmond & Mr. Brodrick.*

*12th.* If any Doubt or Dispute arises on any of the aforemd. Articles, or whatever else is not settled therein, it shall be determined by the Duke of Richmond and Mr. Brodrick on their Honours ; by whom the Umpires are likewise to be determined on any Difference between Them.

*13th.* The Duke of Richmond's Umpire shall pitch the Wickets when they play in Sussex ; & Mr. Brodrick's when they play in Surry ; & Each of Them shall be obliged to conform Himself strictly to the Agreements contained in the second Article.

*14th.* The Batt Men for every One They count are to touch the Umpires Stick.

*15th.* that it shall not be lawfull to fling down the wickets, & that no Player shall be deemed out by any wicket put down, unless with the Ball in Hand.

*16th.* that both the Matches shall be played upon, and determined by these Articles.

“RICHMOND.

“A. BRODRICK.”

Now I will not comment at length upon the merits and demerits of the sixteen articles which were to determine the proper conduct of the contest ; but I cannot refrain from calling the favourable attention of modern cricketers to Article Eleven !

I seem to recall instances where the said conditions would have proved invaluable in checking wordy warfare between champions of the bat and ball.

And before we quit the atmosphere of the cricket-

field, I am impelled to quote a letter from Sir William Gage, the gentleman referred to in Article Six. Note, I pray you, the comforting assurance that he is bringing an adversary to play against the Duke whose proficiency at the wicket has become rusty from long years of disuse !

Alas ! I can find no trace of scores which might enlighten us as to the result of the matches between these old-time exponents of the national game.

Thus Sir William :

“ MY LORD DUKE,

“ I Received this moment your Grace’s letter and am extremely happy your Grace intends us ye honour of making one a Tuesday, and will without fail bring a gentleman with me to play against you, *One that has played very seldom for these several years.*

“ I am in great affliction from being shamefully beaten yesterday the first match I played this year. However I will muster up all my courage against Tuesdays Engagement. I will trouble Your Grace with nothing more than that I wish you Success in every thing but ye Cricket Match, and that I Am

“ My Lord Duke

“ Your Graces Most Humble and most

“ Obedient Servant,

“ W. GAGE.

“ FIRLE July ye 16th 1725.”

The horse-dealing element crops up again in the following letter from Lord Cardigan. He must have congratulated himself on making a more thorough

examination of the mare before disbursing his nephew's fifty guineas.

Blistered in the sinews would indeed have augured ill for the unfortunate animal's staying powers up and down the hills of Goodwood and the combes and valleys of West Sussex. He writes :

" DEENE Nov. the 6th 1727.

" MY LORD,

" I was in hopes I had brought yr Grace the Hunter I recommended to you when I was last in Town, I saw her yesterday, and I find she has been lately blistered for her Sinew, I am very much afraid her legg will not stand hard exercise, therefore I have sent her back again, for I durst not venture to buy her with that Legg, I had agree'd the price at fifty Guineas. Since yr Grace is disappointed of this Hunter, I must wait yr directions what I must do with the sixty pounds I have in my hands. I remain

" Yr Graces

" Most obedient & faithful humble Servant

" CARDIGAN."

It seems, however, that the Duke's hunters were condemned to a period of enforced repose before the end of the year, for Charles, Lord Cadogan, writes as follows, in terms which indicate that a good old-fashioned Christmas, with its attendant blessings of blocked roads, etc., was in full swing.

" CAUSHAM Decemr. 21 1727.

" MY DR. DUKE,

" I was yesterday Honour'd with your Grace's Letter. And wou'd have sent you the Swan this

Morning had I got any body to undertake Carrieing it to Godalmin. But as the snow is so very deep, and the Road a difficult one to find in this Weather, no Person will venture with it ; therefore I shall next week send it by the Waggon to London to yr House. As to the price, that shall be no more than is usual ; if so much. I don't know wether the Swan is Male or female ; but shall enquire. And am Yr. Grace's

"Most humble & Obedt. Servt.

"CADOGAN."

Unhappy Swan ! What was your fate, I wonder ? Surely not to languish for long in splendid captivity at Whitehall, whither it was proposed to send you !

Let us hope that a speedy and welcome thaw restored the roads to the sloppy condition acceptable to web-footed creatures and fox-hunters alike. Possibly your noble owner was enabled, ere New Year's Day, proudly to point to his new purchase, sailing majestically upon one of the ponds at Goodwood, the while he and his guests rode past on a fine hunting morning to wake anew the echoes of Charlton Forest ! But hold ! a horrid suspicion effaces this eager glimpse of Dutch winterpiece or "fine hunting morn." It was Christmastide, and what more natural to suppose than that the ultimate destiny of this unhappy bird was to be borne on triumph on a charger into the dining-room at Goodwood ! A *pièce de résistance* to balance the wild boar at his Grace's table and to crown the delectation of his numerous guests !



## CHAPTER IX

A trip abroad—The attractions of Aubigny—Lord Chesterfield's cook—The Blues inspected—Chit-chat from Lady Albemarle—The Duke's steward on tavern politicians—Benjamin Keene and his misgivings!—Her Grace's jewels—Lord Tyrawley's hospitality, and his opinion of Portuguese Society—Mr. Highmore's bill.

FOR several months there is a gap in the Duke's correspondence, or perhaps I should rather say a dearth of anything sufficiently interesting to linger over, and we next find our hero and the Duchess making a lengthy tour abroad.

The Duchess's health certainly appears to have necessitated a change, but in addition to this there were many reasons why the young folk should have looked forward to their trip with pleasurable anticipation. There were the Duchess's numerous friends and relations at The Hague, where her girlhood had been spent; there was the delightful company of the old, yet sprightly, Duchess of Portsmouth at Aubigny; to say nothing of the friends at Court which the Duke had made in various parts of the Continent, during his travels as Lord March. All this was conducive to a protracted stay, and so we find my ancestor writing in the following strain to Martin ffolkes:

"AUBIGNY, *Oct. 3<sup>rd</sup>*, N.S. 1728.

"DEAR SIR,

"I received your letter when I was at Spa, but have been so much upon the ramble ever since, that

I am quite ashamed to have deferred so long answering it, but I hope you will excuse me. I am extremely obliged to you for your kind wishes to my wife and myself, and at the same time assure you that nobody has a more thorough sincere value and friendship for you than myself. My wife writes me word from Spa, that she mends every day in her health; she is by this time gone to Aix la Chapel, where she will stay about a fortnight for the benefit of the waters, and then she goes to the Hague . . . . but I am taking quite a different tour; I am here in the Centre of France, with the Dutchess of Portsmouth, who is now compleatly fourscore years of age, and in humour, figure, spirits, memory and everything, has the appearance of a woman under fifty. My greatest diversion here is partridge shooting, which I have in great perfection, especially for those of the red leg kind. As I have no hounds here, I can take no other diversion of that kind, but as I have great woods here, there are wolves, wild boars and Roebucks. In about a week I shall sett out for a more Southern Climate; I shall first go to Orleans, Blois, Poitiers, Bordeaux and Bayonne, and from thence I believe I shall take a trip to Madrid and Lisbonne, but I have not yet determined that. If in my tour I meet with anything curious and new, I will acquaint you with it, and I hope if anything extremely so, should happen in England, you will lett me know it, and direct to me chez La Duchesse de Portsmouth, rue des Saint Pères, Fauxbourg St. Germain, à Paris, and her Intendant that remains always there, will convey it to me where-soever I am. I was the other day at the meeting of

the Academie Royale des Sciences at Paris ; where I am persuaded there is not more real learning, but I'll venture to say there is much more dignity kept up there, than at our Socyety, they have given me some hopes of admitting me, when there is a vacancy amongst the ignorant ones which they call honorary Fellows ; which number is fix'd to ten. I shall hardly be in England these six months, but wheresoever I am, you may ever be assured, you have in me, a most sincere friend

“ & faithfull humble Servant

“ RICHMOND.

“ Mr Hill who is with me, presents his service to you. I beg myne to Mrs. Folkes, hoping she and your little ones are well. I have taken the liberty to send you a warrant for a doe, they are never at Goodwood so fatt as the bucks, but they are very sweet Venison. I have sent a warrant for another to Mr. Broughton, so if you don't care to have a whole one at a time, you and he may agree to send for your two does at twice, and divide them equally between you, each time.”

His Grace was very generous in his gifts of venison. I find constant mention of the despatch of a “ fatt buck, or doe ” to his numerous friends, and I have no doubt that the delicate attention was appreciated by none more fully than by that noted lover of good living, Mick Broughton.

Scarcely had the Duke arrived in France than he received an urgent entreaty from the illustrious Lord Chesterfield, Ambassador to The Hague, beseeching

him to find him a *chef de cuisine*. His Lordship would seem to have been most exacting in this respect, in fact he would be satisfied with none but a veritable *cordon bleu*, and, placing complete reliance in his friend's sound judgment and fastidious palate, he addressed him thus :

“ DEAR DUKE,

“ I believe you will easier pardon the trouble I am going to give you, than you would the excuses that I ought to make you for it. So I'll proceed directly to the business.

“ You must know then, that I have a Cook that was sent to me about two months ago from Paris ; who though he is not a bad one, yett is not of the first Rate ; and as I have a mind, *de faire une Chere exquisite*, I should be glad to have a *Maitre Cuisinier d' un Genie Superieur*, who should be able not only to execute but to invent *des Morceaux friands et parfaits* ; in short such a one as may be worthy to entertain your distinguishing Palate, if you should come to the Hague. If you can find such a one, I begg of you make the best bargain you can for me, and send him to me here. But unless you can find one, who is allowed by all Paris, to be at the Top of his profession, don't send me any ; those I have already being Tolerable ones. Though this may be a very troublesome employment for you, yett you will allow that it would have been wronging your taste, If while you were at Paris, I had address'd myself to any body but you, *en fait de Cuisine*.

“ I was extreamly glad to hear by Prince Kourapin,

of your, and the Duchess's safe arrival at Brussels, and of both of your Healths ; but believe me if you would consult either your health or your pleasure, you should come to the Hague. A pleasant and agreeable regularity reigning here that conduces greatly to both ; possibly indeed the pleasures here may not be quite so lively as they are at Paris ; but then they are more wholesome and innocent. And Monsieur et Madame Sande, who are indeed the life of the place, will I dare say, contribute their utmost to make it agreeable to you.

“ You need not be in haste to send me this Cook, because if I have him, any time these two months, it will be soon enough, so that you have time to chuse, upon triall and deliberation ; but when you do send him, pray send me by him, three or four Lunnettes d'Opera, as they call 'em at Paris, that show one object, while they are directed at another, and if there be any other *Babioles*<sup>1</sup> at Paris forte à la Mode, et tout à fait Charmants, pray send 'em by the same opportunity, with an account of the damages, and orders to who I shall pay 'em. I hope in God the Dutchess of Portsmouth, Madame de Foix and Madame Barneveldt, all enjoy good health and spirits, that they may make your stay at Paris agreeable.

“ I know you will forgive this trouble, and that you will believe to be, Dear Duke, most sincerely

“ Your obedient humble Servant

“ CHESTERFIELD.

<sup>1</sup> Odds and ends. *Babiole* was a favourite word with Lord Chesterfield, who eventually adopted it for his house at Blackheath.

“Faïttes force compliments de ma part, a Mesdames de la Vrilliere et de St. Florentin.<sup>1</sup> Il n’y en a point comme celles la icy.”

His Grace’s keenness as a soldier manifested itself in the fact that he took the opportunity, shortly after his arrival in France, of witnessing the evolutions of a French Infantry Regiment.

That he did so, and wrote his impressions thereon to Captain Lieutenant Miget of the Blues, is evident from the reply which he received from that officer. And Miget responded with a remarkably graphic description of a Review of the Blues, the Duke’s Regiment by His Majesty. He says :

“WATFORD *October ye 22 1728 Old Style.*

“MY LORD,

“I had the Honour of your Graces Letter of the 3d Octr. and according to Your Graces Orders have inclos’d a Return of the Mens Names, age, & height without Shoes, &c, of Your Graces Troop. This is to Acquaint you that on Saturday Last His Majesty was pleas’d to Review our Regimt. on Datchet Common, The Regimt was formed at nine, and his Majesty came at Eleven, and after Reviewing them standing, Order’d them to Dismount and exercise on foot, which they did very well, then clos’d their Files to the Right and Whield in Nine Divisions and March by Fours before the King. The officers were Ordered not to pull of their Hats, but to Salute on foot with their Swords, in the Same Manner as on horse back,

<sup>1</sup> The names are well known in the French noblesse, and the ladies were closely related *salonières* of the second or third rank.

after they had March'd by, they formed in the Center of the front of the Horses, and Return'd to their Horses and went through the Evolutions on horse back in the Same Manner as Orderd by the New Exercise, then March'd by in Squadrons; and by Troops, and Ranked off Singly. His Majesty was very well pleas'd with the Regiment. And I think I may say without Partiality that they made a very good Appearance, and went through their Business very well; the Major Exercis'd them, The Officers had Red feathers, we had new Trophies and Trumpet Cloaths, Most of the Men had new furniture and Boots, we had a Glorious fine day and the Ground we Reviewed Upon was Like a Bowling Green. Coll. Byng was not at the Review, he is very Ill of a fever, Your Grace and Cornet Cook absent, Qr. Master Meggs and Soly Sick. These were the absent Officers, we Left 13 Men of the Regimt. Sick in Quarters of which Your Graces Troop had three and are as follows, Barbier a swelled leg, sent up to Mr. Small, Lodge a Sore Leg not able to put on a Boot, and Osborn very Ill of a feever, we don't Expect he can Recover; considering the Time of Year, the Horses Look'd very well; there was but little Company to See Us, we could have wished for more. The King sett's out for St. James next Thursday and Princess Emelia is Expected from the Bath to St James next Satturday, we have two Captains partys out to Escourt his Majesty to St. James, and Severall Corppls partys Lay'd from Newbury at St James, for Princess Emelia; Lieut. Gilbert presents his humble Service to Your Grace, John Green, Lately taken In, proves an *Idiot*,

therefore Mr. Gilbert has desired his Grace the Duke of Bolton will Discharge him ; I thank Your Grace for the Account you were pleased to give of the French Regiment of Foot you saw Exercis'd. Those frequent words of Command for Drawing their Swords, Seem to Us very odd ; and as they have Bagonets it is Much they dont Use them in our Way. When Your Grace Can Spare time a Little Account of the Regiment of Horse your Grace Expected to see will be very Acceptable, and add to the Obligations already Layd on him who is with the Uttmost Respect

“ My Lord

“ Your Graces

“ Most Obedient & Most humble Servant

“ HENRY MIGET.

“ P.S.—All the Officers Present their humble Service to Your Grace.

“ We find some of the horses Leggs begin to Swell Since these Marches, so Shall be forc'd to turn four or five to Grass, we have very good convenientcy for a Winter Running.”

In due course the Duke reached Madrid. His wife wisely elected to pass her time, with the two little girls, in more restful fashion than would have been the case had she faced the discomforts of cross-country travelling, in the company of her lord and master ; for the tedious journeys and the jolting of the cumbrous “ diligence ” of those days, over uneven roads, were of a nature to tax the endurance and temper of the most robust.

Ever since the days when the girl had first endeared



herself to her husband's family, the while she anxiously awaited his return from the "grand tour" upon which he had been so unceremoniously despatched, there had existed between herself and Anne, Countess of Albemarle, a tie of warm and lasting affection. And so we find that lady writing to the Duke, in the following sisterly and delightful strain :

" LONDON *November ye 11.*

" By this time I believe my Dear Brother is arivd at Madrid, and I hope in the same good health as I allways most sincerely wish him to be in, I shoo'd make you a thousand excuses about my not writing, but I have but one and that a very Bad one, which is Lazyness, and for which I beg pardon, and owne my self very much in the wrong to you, tho I assure you I have been very good in that respect to the little Dutchess, for we have kept a Constant Correspondence together, the last time I heard from her she was very well as was the two young Ladys. My Lord has been very ill again with his old complant, a sore throat, and was forst to keep home for it ten days, he is now quit well, tho his Belly is somewhat falen away, I dont know whether Husk has writ to you, but I am sure I have heard of nothing els but his intension so to do, and of a horse he has Bought for the Dutchess of Richmond which he says is a good one here, but he dont know what it may prove at the Hague, he realey talks more and, what you'le hardly believe, more odly than ever ; Lord William Beauclerck has kisd hands to day as vice-chamberlin to the Queen, I think he looks very ill, London is at present a desselut

place. Heidegger is come back but has brought nothing with him, so no operas this winter, Gay has wret a second part to the 'Beggars opera,' intituled 'Macheath transported,' I am told very good, Cibber has writ one which is rehersin now, and he defies the Town to damn it, and Sir William Young is so affronted that Mrs. Hern has not the first part in it that he is a writing one himself, a purpose for her to be the Heroen in it, so it tis to be hop'd by these quarrels we may have some deversions this winter, I wont trouble you with any more of this nonsense, but promase to be better than I have been as to the point of writing, all your relations a this side the water are very well and your Lion allso, and I hear Lord Baltemore has Brought over a Bare for you, I think a white one, but I wont be sure, My Lord desires his sincere Love to you. Pray mine to Mr. Hill, who I hope has now fretted himself Lean with his Spanish jurney, Both my Boys are by me, and at my desire to know what they have to say to you, Ld. Bury says 'pray my duty to Uncle,' as to the General,<sup>1</sup> he says he has nothing at all to say to you. Adieu my Dear Dearst Brother I am

"for ever and ever Your most

"Affect. Sister to Command

"A. ALBEMARLE."

Alas! Yet another addition to the Goodwood menagerie, and a corresponding rise in the House Books!

The arrival of my Lord Baltimore's injudicious gift was met, I have not the smallest doubt, with consider-

<sup>1</sup> Her nickname for the younger son.

able disfavour by Mr. Richard Buckner. The Duke had many faithful servants, but none more trustworthy or loyal to his master's interests than this individual. He was employed in the capacity of Estate Agent, and appears to have exercised a general supervision over the Goodwood household and stables as well. After a brief but satisfactory report on the latter, he continues his letter in quite a different strain. In his spare moments he had been diplomatically sounding the tavern politicians with regard to the popular feeling concerning—whom, I wonder? If I may guess at the Great Man's name, I shrewdly suspect that he refers to Sir Robert Walpole. For at this time his popularity was being unjustly and jealously assailed by Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pulteney,<sup>1</sup> through the pages of the *The Fog* and *The Craftsman*, two periodicals noted for their venomous attitude towards all and sundry whose opinions might differ from their own.

Thus writes honest Buckner :

“ MY LORD DUKE,

“ Were it not your Grace's orders that Every fortnight I should send an account of the horses, I should often be depriv'd of the honour of writing to your Grace, and tho' your Grace's Commands Extends to all other occurrences that fall within the compass of my scanty knowledge, yet, my Lord Duke, there is such a Scarcity of news at present, and so few remarkable Events that comes within the reach of my cognizance, that I must Either intrude too much upon your

<sup>1</sup> Leader of the opposition to Walpole's Ministry.

Grace's patience to add something of my own, or else be oblig'd to begin and conclude with this, that the Grey Horse is much better, and all the rest very well. But however, waving all other considerations to show my obedience, I shall take the liberty to send your Grace a Succinct account of what I have been able to collect from Such Company where I have been, and, whose hearts, when Elated with a cup of ale, have been as free and open as their faces, in short, my Lord Duke, Politicks is the only prevailing conversation at present, and there is no company, or sett of men of what degree soever, who does not take upon them to decide matters as peremptorily as if they were at the very bottom of the Secret. These discourses perpetually produce murmurings, and when they are warm with ale and argument, they Launch out into such a liberty of Speech as if they had letters pattents of indemnification in their pockets. They loudly complain of Stagnation of Trade, the Capture of so many Marcht. Ships, the Dilatory proceedings of the Congress, and such general Topicks, Extracted from the "Craftsman" and "Fog," as furnishes them with sufficient matter for reflection, and of which they are never Spareing, but level it directly at one Great Man, and often accompany'd with imprecations and curses; if I presume too far, one frown from your Grace and I am dumb.

"Mr. Labbé,<sup>1</sup> after three weeks tossing at Sea, is arriv'd at Goodwood, and will be at Whitehall on Wednesday next; one Tho' Powell who was under

<sup>1</sup> The Duke's secretary. He had been abroad with him.

Butler to your Grace about a year ago, is taken up for robbing Mr. Cowper, a boxkeeper at the Opera house, of his hatt. The horse I formerly mention'd to your Grace to have been sent to my Lady Dutchess was unfortunately lost in the voyage.

"I haste My Lord Duke to conclude myself with the greatest Submission,

"Your Graces

"most obedt and dutifull Servant

"RICHARD BUCKNER.

"WHITEHALL Nov. 25 1728."

Amongst the many that bestirred themselves to make the Duke's stay in Spain a pleasant one no one appears to have been more zealous than Mr. (afterwards Sir Benjamin) Keene. At this period he was British Consul at Madrid, and for his services in that capacity and especially in connection with the Treaty of Seville in 1729, he was shortly after raised to the post of Ambassador. "I have had a long visit from Don Benjamin," wrote Walpole in 1741 to Sir Horace Mann, the British Minister at Florence. "He is one of the best kind of agreeable men I ever saw—quite fat and easy, with universal knowledge; he is in the greatest esteem at my Court."

Keene secured a free pass for the Duke—no mean consideration in those days—and he writes accordingly on the 14th of December from Madrid:

"MY DEAR LD. DUKE,

"At my coming Home, I found the inclosed Pass from M. de la Paz. It is for all Andalusia, as

well as Gibraltar, so the sooner you have it the better.

“Not a joke, not one Story did Biscay give me from Aranjuez to Madrid. His *Longa Facies* shot itself out to a very considerable length, and wagging his Depending Chin, He told me, He knew that Dukes were finer folks than other People, but that he did not know they had more good sense and good nature than other People till He saw Your Grace; I am full as dismal as my friend, and have a very Burgherlike Misfortune in being impolitely tender when I love one for whom I have half the value and Respect which I shall ever have for your Grace.

“I am certain you will let me hear from you by the very first occasion, You made a truce for Compliments this morning, it is now too soon to break in, But let me assure you that there is no one in the world, I defy Mr. Hill himself, to love you adore you and thank you more than

“My Dr. Lord

“Your most humble & obedt. Servant

“B. KEENE.”

Keene seems to have been anxious a little later at the Duke's intimacy with the gay Tyrawley and apparent neglect of correspondence with his lawful Duchess.

His affection for the Duke remained constant for many years, in fact until the death of the latter, for writing to a mutual friend in 1750 Mr. Charles Townshend remarks that “Mr. Keene has the highest regard for the Duke of Richmond and consequently a

strong prejudice in favour of all his Grace's friends ; he, for this reason, desires his compliments to you in a particular manner."

Like many fashionable folk of modern times, the Duke and Duchess proposed to conclude their stay abroad with a little gaiety in Paris, and accordingly Richmond wrote to Labbé, his faithful secretary at home, to send out my lady Duchess's jewels, that she might not be eclipsed by the beauties of the Court of France. The Duke's letter of instructions, as to how, when, and whither the precious package was to be despatched is so complicated that I have omitted much of the detail.

Thus he writes, from Madrid (in peculiar French which I translate with some diffidence) :

*[Translated from the French]*

" LABBÉ,

" On arriving at Bordeaux, about a month ago, I received yours from La Rochelle, in which I was very sorry to see that you had an attack of gout but I hope you are now better.

" I address this to London, where you now are ; when you write to me you must always address me at

Madame de Portsmouth, at Paris.

Now that you are in England I have something to propose, which I hope you will do if you can without running any risk. It is, to send my wife her jewels. That will be the best arrangement possible for her, especially when she goes to Paris, where a person like herself should surely not appear

without jewels. If all this is possible, I am so sensible of the goodwill and attachment which you always have for me that I imagine you will consent to my proposal; I expect to be in Paris about the 15th February, and from there I shall go to fetch my wife to take her for a short time to Paris, so I do not think I shall be in England until the spring. For this reason I want the horses to be out at grass all the winter. Apropos of this, I want to know if Lord Cadogan's horse is sold, if so, for how much, if *not* he must be, even though it be only to give him to the Hounds.

"Adieu dear Labbe, believe me always, as I have ever been all my life, your friend

" RICHMOND.

"My compliments to Mr. Brudenell."

He must have found it hard, one fancies, to deny himself the delights of the hunting season, which was now in full swing. And evidently poor Lord Cadogan's horse was not even worth turning out with the rest, on the chance of coming up fit and well again in the following autumn. Perhaps it furnished a meal to the carnivorous pets that were shivering behind the iron bars of that extraordinary establishment in the pleasure-grounds of Goodwood!

One can picture the air of resignation with which Uncle Jemmy Brudenell endorsed his nephew's wishes regarding the hazardous despatch of the family jewels.

It must have been with intense relief that the prudent old gentleman sat down, a few days later, to write as follows:



"PICCADILLY *Jan'y. 2nd 1728.*

"FRIEND LABEE,

"I heartily rejoyce that ye Affairs of ye Jewells is Stopt ; and hope this means his Grace to be ye Person that will come and fetch them. I heartily wish you, Mrs. Labee, and honest Carnée a happy new year, and remaine

"Yr. very Humble Servant,

"JA. BRUDENELL.

"His Grace has had a Loss of 300 Pistoles att gaming ; how to pay Shales as yett I know not ; but some how or other itt must be done."

Whether the young Duke received another letter from his uncle upbraiding him for this latest escapade I cannot say, for history is silent upon that point. But I imagine that "somehow or other itt *was* done" !

Upon his arrival at Madrid the Duke decided, after all, to extend his tour to Lisbon, and accordingly he placed himself in communion with Lord Tyrawley, the Ambassador to Portugal. That nobleman would not hear of his friend staying *en touriste* in the town in which he was the British representative, and so he replied in humorous vein, and at considerable length, insisting that the Duke should accept his hospitality ; thus :

"LISBON the 30th n.s. 1728.

"My LORD,

"I had the Honour of your Graces Letter from Madrid yesterday which prevented my going

to Aldea Gallega today, which is the place where you must pass the Tagus and where I was going to meet you, according to your appointment from Orleans. I will defer now till you let me know the day you propose being there. As to the getting you a Lodging att Lisbon, your Grace must Excuse me for two very Substantial reasons, of which the first is, that there is no such thing to be had in the whole Town, upon any Terms,<sup>1</sup> the Second is, that I should take it Mortally ill of you, if you thought of being any where but att My house, and I am a little in dudgeon that you proposed it. As to your Voiture you must be Satisfied with mine, for there is not any of any Sort, or denomination, to be hier'd. I take for granted your retinue is Mr. Hill, a Valet de Chambre, and two Foot-men, all which I can accomodate in my House, bien ou Mal. . . . I must now differ from Mr. Hill, who is 'so moy so deck and so Vatt' in his opinion, that this Journey is a Mad project, Point du point, I think Spain and Portugal excite ones curiosity more than any other countries, as being the least known, and quite out of the Old John Trott beaten, pack horse road of all travellers, and will make you as famous to latest Posterity, as Dampier, Sir John Mandeville, Hacklyut, or Fernand Mendez Pinto, and I have already made a Scheme of a Map, which shall be curiously delineated by Herman Mol, describing the Duke of Richmonds Track, with a little private Bridle Road, for Mr. Hill. You will come through a part of the Mancha, and the Sierra Morena, in which by not unmindefull of Our good Friend Don Quixote,

<sup>1</sup> A sufficient reason. [Ed.]

or Sancho, and lett them again bring poor dear Latty to your remembrance. I must inform you beforehand, that tho' I believe you have found Madrid dull enough, yett this place is a great deal more so, for Society with the Men such as it is, it is not difficult, but as for the Ladies, there is absolutely no such thing as seeing them att all, much less makeing any sort of acquaintance with them, nevertheless the place is highly worth your seeing, as being quite unlike all other places. If you can't be exactly possitive in your day of being att Aldea Gallega, it will be no inconvenience to me, if you lett me know the day, a un jour, ou deux pres ; for if I am there a day or two before you, I can pass my time, for it is un pays de Chasse, where I some times goe. If you think of goeing to England from hence by Sea, and not returning again through Spain, and France, let me know it, and if I can, I will contrive to keep a Man of War here for you, to carry you a Votre aise to Portsmouth. I have taken care of the Acorns.<sup>1</sup>

"I am Mon Tres Cher Seigneur

"Your most faithfull humble Servant

"TYRAWLEY."

Temporarily, then, the visit to Paris appears to have been postponed, for some three weeks later the Duke wrote again to Labbé in terms which suggest that my Lord Tyrawley's hospitality had induced him to alter his plans.

It may be that the unsettled account of Mr. High-

<sup>1</sup> Goodwood is surrounded by ilex oaks ; the original trees may have sprung from Lord Tyrawley's acorns.

more was the chief reason that impelled him to write the following—

[*Translation from the French.*]

" LISBON, 25th January 1729 N.S.

" LABBÉ,

" This is just to inform you that I have arrived here in perfect health from Gibraltar, in the ship of war named the *Poole*, after a passage of 4 days and nights only, and very fine weather. I expect to stay here three weeks, and then to embark for England, so you may expect to see me in six weeks time. There is a debt which I contracted, a long time ago, of a hundred pieces, to Highmore, the artist, in Lincolns Inn Fields, so if you find that Mr. Shales has this sum of mine in hand I pray you to pay this artist. If you are at Goodwood remember me to M de Carné, also to Boty.

" Adieu Labbé.

" RICHMOND.

" Tell M de Carne also that I am here with my Lord Tyrawley who sends him many remembrances. He was sent here by the King, to the Court of Portugal."

## CHAPTER X

Lord Tyrawley on the *vin de pays* and hidalgos—Ill health of the Duke's family—The eccentric Duke of Wharton—Death of their youngest daughter—Stable instructions to Labbé and a tribute to his merit.—The careless *pal-frenier*—Her Grace at Versailles and what it cost the Duke—The delights of Chantilly—Preparations for the return to Goodwood—Lord Sunderland's death.

TWO months later the Duke began anew to make preparations for the return to England, much to the regret of the cheery Irishman whose guest he had been for so long. He wrote to the Duke in the expectation of finding him in England ; but the letter must have made a somewhat belated appearance, for once again the journey had to be postponed, and the letter found its way back to Brussels.

Thus wrote Lord Tyrawley :

" LISBON the 25th March 1729.

" Mon tres cher, et tres Illustre,

" I had the pleasure of your letter, wherein you tell me, that you are just setting out for France, and as this is a most monstrous packett, I rather chose to send it by Sea to England, than round by land, as being as Expeditious a way, and Cheaper. For I am apprehensive, that the great number of letters that are writ to you, and never find you, att the Place they are directed to but are allways to be forwarded, and

goe through twenty covers, before they are deliver'd into your hands, may through the Expence of Postage att last hurt your Private fortune. I am extreemly obliged to you for the Perspective glass, and if Mich : Broughton does not forget to send it, it will be very wellcome to me, two blue Macao's shall certainly sett out from Lisbon as soon as ever they can be procured, and Senor Ricardo, who desires his duty to you, is indefatigable in the search of them, but in the mean time, I send you two blue beans in a blue bladder rattle, which I think you could not well be without till you gett the Macao's. Possibly my Lady Dutchess may like the blue beans as well, pray my best respects to her Grace. I am now att my Quinta, which is un Bijou, and the Country round it Charming, and as I have a Vast quantity of Grapes, I wish you would make Some body in France who is very much au fait de cela, Write me out a full Account of a French Vendange, and the whole progress of the grape, from its being gather'd, till it is filled up a Bumper to the Pretty Nun att Odevelhas; propper annotations being made betwixt the differet Methods, of the White Wine and the Red. Don't doe this en badinant, because that I realy would know seriously how they make their Wines, for I don't like what these people doe with theirs. Messieurs les Hidalgos are just as pretty fellows as Ever, onely att present, they are if possible, greater fooles, than the rest of the year, for one sees Such processions, Such penitents, and Such Nonsense, as is enough to give one ye gripes. Some of them whip themselves through the Streets, and I think them the most reasonable people amongst them,

and I believe if they were all served so, it might doe them a great deal of good. If Mr. Hill is with you, as I take it for granted he is, pray make my compliments to him, and condole with him, in my name for the ill time he spent in his passage home, and here is likewise a Letter for him, that came from England. I shall be prodigiously obliged to you for un petit mot de letre, when you have nothing else to doe, and if you have any Commands in this Country, vous n'avez qu'a commander, for you know I am as much as it is possible

"Your Graces

"Most faithfull,

"and most obedient humble Servant

"TYRAWLEY.

"If My Lady Duchesse of Portsmouth likes the Pastilles a brûler, that you carried her from hence, well enough to desire to have more of them, I shall be proud to be employ'd in her Service. Adieu, ainsi Soit. Amen."

Did the volatile Ambassador succeed, I wonder, in establishing a Vintage that could supply his table with a more generous brew than the *vin du pays*, which was so distasteful to his robust palate? Let us hope 'twas so, and that eventually he was enabled to toast, in true Hibernian fashion, the pretty Nun of Odevelhas whose *beaux yeux* had created such an impression on his susceptible heart!

On arriving at Brussels the long-discussed visit to Paris had to be indefinitely postponed owing to

the serious illness of their eldest daughter, and so my ancestor's next letter to Secretary Labbé was as follows :

" BRUSSELS *April 2d. N.S. 1729.*

" LABBÉ,

" If Mr Carné is still at Goodwood, you must present my kind services to him, & tell him, the only reason I do not write to him, is the uncertainty of his being there. lett him also know that I have been here at Brussels, three weeks, with my Wife, tho wee intended to stay but two days, but the reason is that poor Carolina, has been dangerously ill of a feavour, & Cough ; and still continues ill, tho' she is somewhat better than she has been. However till she is quite out of Danger, wee cannot thinke of stirring from hence ; but the moment she is better wee shall sett out for Paris, & I will write to you or Carné to lett him know it, that he may sett out for France, tho I thinke the sooner he goes the better.

" If there will be any mony the next quarter, I wishe the man that writes the enclos'd may be pay'd, at least in part.

" Write to me or my wife, now and then, & lett us know how the family goes at Goodwood, and give me a particular account of the horses.

" Tell Foster he should also send me an account, once a fortnight how all the animals doe, & tell him, he must kill all the old Turkey Cocks, (except only those that I brought from Portugall with me), or if he has a mind to them, to dispose of them himself they are at his service, but they must be imediately



dispos'd of, for fear of their spoiling the Portugal breed. Adieu, Labbé, my service pray to Boty, & remember to direct to me to Paris,

"Your's

"RICHMOND.

"Since I writ this the Child is better, so you may tell Mr. Carné that the sooner he sets out the better, for wee shall leave this place, after to morrow, that is Munday the 4th N.S., and we shall be at Paris, on thursday the 7th N.S."

It is a matter of deep regret that Mr. Foster's fortnightly accounts of the well-being, or otherwise, of the Goodwood menagerie were not preserved by the anxious proprietor for the benefit of posterity.

It is indeed a dispiriting account of the health of his family that the Duke gives in his next letter to Martin ffolkes. Sad must have been their disappointment, when the long-deferred journey to Paris eventually took place, only to find themselves compelled to submit to the restrictions of the sick-room, in place of the gaieties to which they had been looking forward. He says :

"PARIS, *Wednesday May 4th N.S. 1729.*

"DEAR SIR,

"I should not have been so long about writing to you, but that ever since I had the pleasure of seeing you last in London I have been almost always with a sick family, for as soon as the Dutchess of Richmond & the children met me at Brussells, Carolina fell ill of a fever, which had no intermission for three weeks,

which confined us very disagreeably there, then as soon as wee arrived here, Louisa fell ill, and this is also the first day since three weeks that the feaver has quitted her, besides all this, my wife is obliged to keep her room so that if I had not pass'd my doctor's degree at Cambridge,<sup>1</sup> I should have thought my life of these last seven weeks, about as agreeable as that of a Nurses.

"I writ last post to Sir Hans Sloane, to recommend one Monsieur Dufaÿ to him, that he may propose him to the Royal Society for a fellow, & I must now beg the favour of your concurrence; I assure you he is every way a very deserving young man—he is a very good Mathematician, has a great knowledge in Antiquity; of which I was very often a witness at Rome, where I was first acquainted with him about eight years ago. he is a great chymist, of which he is a professor, at the *Accademy de Sciences* here; and besides all this he has a great deal of Polite Classical learning and I had almost forgott to tell you, he is quite a nick-nack man, which *entre-nous* you know is no small qualification for our Society,<sup>2</sup> but he really every way is a very clever man, and I flatter myself that his being a particular friend and acquaintance of myne, will be, at least, of no prejudice to him, so I hope he will meet with your approbation and with that of all our friends, to whom I beg you would speak in his favour, he would be very glad to be elected now; & as he proposes to go to England with me, when I return, he hopes then to have the honor to

<sup>1</sup> In April 1728.

<sup>2</sup> The Royal Society.

be presented. Sr. Thos. Prendergast, and Tom Hill, that are both with me, present their services to you ; I hope Mrs. Ffolkes and all your little ones are well, to whom I beg my humble services. There is a report here that the Pope is dead, tho' I believe with very little grounds, the Cardinall de Noailles, is à *l'extremité*. This is all the news that Paris affords except only a thing that I had almost forgot to tel you, which is that the Duke of Bedford is here, & has had two conferences with the Duke of Wharton,<sup>1</sup> up two pair of stairs, at the English Coffee house, over a bowl of Punch, & those that have seen the latter tell me that no Theatre discarded Poet, was ever half so shabby, and that none of Shakespeares stroling Knights of the Garter, had ever so dirty a Star and Ribbon, Adieu Dear Folkes, I am with the utmost truth and sincerity, Your most faithfull humble servant

“ RICHMOND.”

<sup>1</sup> The eccentricities of this nobleman would fill many volumes. A strong supporter of the Pretender, Philip Wharton had gone abroad in 1726, changed his religion, and been received in high favour at Rome, where his new master presented him with the Order of the Garter and the Ducal titles of Wharton and Northumberland. He was sent as ambassador to Spain, where his habits of intemperance and extravagance earned him a most unenviable notoriety. At the time of the Duke's reference to him he was in Paris, engaged in renouncing the Pretender and endeavouring to re-establish himself in favour at the Court of St. James. He met with no encouragement, however, and accordingly he again renewed his connection with the Chevalier, from whom he was compelled to beg a sum of £2,000 to save himself from the penury into which his dissipations had plunged him.

He died in Spain, in 1731, at the Bernardine convent of Poblet, shattered in health and completely destitute.

Alas, the worst was yet to come! Poor little Louisa, their youngest daughter, succumbed to the "feaver," which in those days served as a vague term for so many infantile (and probably nowadays curable) ailments, and the Duke conveyed the bad news to Labbé, thus :

*[Translated from the French]*

"PARIS, Saturday, 4th June N.S. 1729.

"LABBÉ,

"During the last few days we have been in so sad a situation, owing to our loss of this poor child, that I have not been able to write sooner. But now I can give you better news; my wife is infinitely better, having now no complaint except the loss of this dear child, which time alone can heal."

And yet, along with domestic affliction, he had time to think of his beloved horses, and so he continues :

"As regards the horses, my wife's horse can go out to grass; give the order as soon as possible, but at the same time be very careful that he doesn't catch cold when he goes out, for that is very dangerous for horses. As for the Borrough gelding, he can be sold, but that must be done by you, or a friend, not the groom, for that tempts them too much to swindle their masters. Let them know that as I intend to hunt this winter they must give the hunters sweats and exercise; as for the little foal of Caroline's mare we must certainly take care of it, for it must be a rare one!"

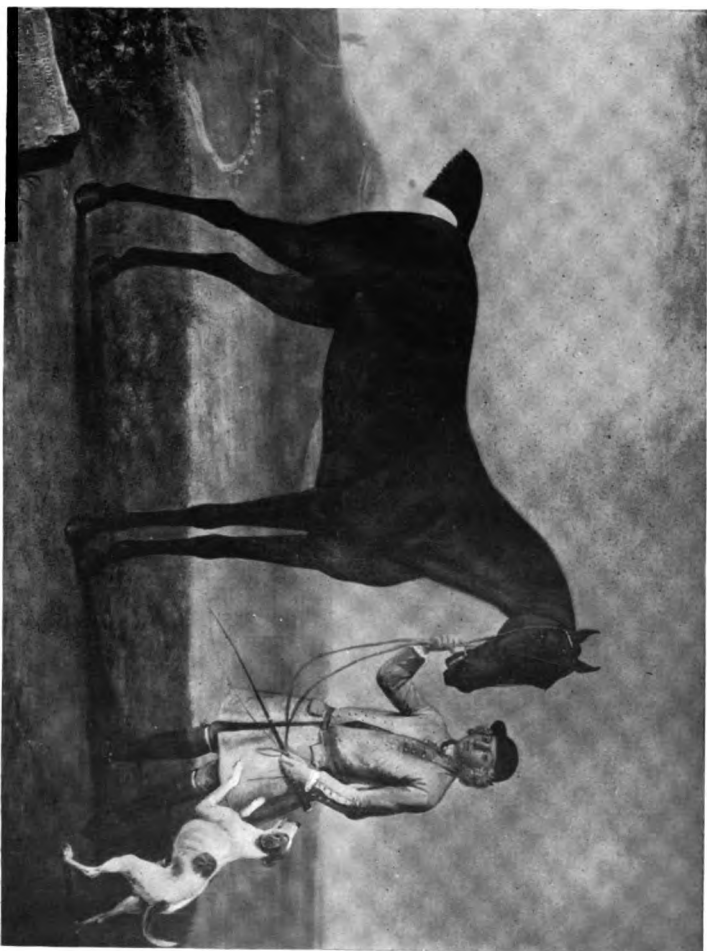
He concludes with a warm tribute to the sterling worth of his old friend, couched in terms that I cannot but think must have brought a tear of loyal affection to the eyes of that faithful retainer, to whom Jemmy Brudenell had been drily suggesting the necessity for a younger and more active successor. Both Duke and Duchess scout the idea of any such thing. He says :

“ You are very modest, dear Labbé, when you say you are no more good ! But I protest and assure you, so far from that, my wife and I are both more content than ever with your care and attachment to our interests, and as for this young man whom Mr. Brudenell recommends, I see no necessity for him at all, or even any use for him ; for my wife assures me that even if we had the misfortune to lose you, all your accounts, bills, receipts etc. are so well arranged and in such good order that she would be in touch with everything in a single hour. So this young man would only be an expense for us. Adieu, Labbé, be assured of the friendship which I have, and always shall have, for you.

“ RICHMOND.

“ My comp<sup>te</sup> to Boty. Caroline is wonderfully well.”

A few weeks later his Grace writes in very irate terms concerning the negligence of the “ palfrenier ” (a groom) which has occasioned the ill health of his favourite Hunter. The faulty idioms of my ancestor’s French are, I think, fully compensated for



*From a painting by Woodlon.*

BAY BOLTON (1728-9),  
The second Duke of Richmond's favourite hunter.



by the forcible nature of his expressions in this, as in all his other letters, to Labbé. He says :

*[Translated from the French]*

" PARIS, Wednesday, July 20th N.S. 1729.

" I am very angry to hear that Bay Bolton is not well ; apparently that rascally groom has given him green food when he had a slight cold on him, if that is the case he will certainly become brokenwinded and then I shall lose entirely the best looking and most perfect hunter in the Kingdom, and that will plunge me into despair, for then perhaps I shall not be able to hunt for two years.<sup>1</sup>

" Make enquiries to see if the groom has fed him on grass with a cold, or if it is owing to some other neglect, because if it is like that I will dismiss him on the spot ; but meanwhile let every care be taken of the horse.

" I also wish the groom to take his turn as park keeper, or pay for it, or else he can go to the devil ; but look to it first that the horse be either got out of the trouble or dead, for he is of more consequence to me than all my fat bucks. Adieu Labbé ; we are all well here, assure Boty of my friendship and be persuaded that I have an infinite amount for yourself.

" RICHMOND."

<sup>1</sup> Surely rather a pessimistic view to take ! At any rate, Bay Bolton recovered, and became the sire of one of Richmond's best hunters, of one of the Duke of Bolton's ; and many others. This famous stallion, bred by Sir Matthew Pierson in Yorkshire, died at the Bolton Hall stud farm in 1736. There are letters on the subject between the two Dukes.



Her Grace speedily recovered her strength. Early in August Tom Hill wrote Labbé an amusing description of the Duchess's reception at the French Court—an expensive business though, for he says :

" PARIS, Aug. 3, 1729.

" SR,

" . . . Her Grace is at present at Versailles, where she has received all the honours of the Court, which by the by cost more than they are worth. Betwixt sixty and seventy pounds for the tabouret, besides other fees and expences, so that I may put the week's accounts at £100. I expect his Grace in town to night who is to meet the Dutchess tomorrow at St. Germain where we dine with Lady Middleton, after which they return to Versailles by way of Marli, and stay there some days longer. Lady Carolina is in good health, as is at present the whole family Heaven keep us so. My Service to Mrs. Labbé, is all at present from

" Yr Most Obedient Servant

" and affectionate Friend

" THOS. HILL."

Nor did the Duke wholly appreciate the heavy penalties attached to her Grace's appearance at Court, for in a letter to Labbé of about the same date he says :

" My wife and Caroline improve in health every day, especially my wife who is actually getting stouter. She has been to Versailles and been introduced at Court, taking her seat with all the other honours of

a Duchess, which are very fine but which cost devilish dear,<sup>1</sup> for I have paid 70 Louis d'ors in fees ! ”

Before their return to England the Duke and Duchess received an invitation to visit the Duc de Bourbon, at Chantilly, and the varied delights of their stay are set forth in the Duke's next letter to Martin folkes, thus :

“ CHANTILLY, *August 23d.* N.S. 1729.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ When I look at the date of your last letter of May the 2nd I am actually so ashamed of myself, that I have been in some doubt even if I should own the receipt of it, but I am persuaded you'll forgive me, knowing in the first place the goodness & friendship you have for me, & in the second, how little you care for ceremonies between friends, I thought I had better own the truth, & at the same time give myself the pleasure of answering your letter. You have heard long ago of the death of my youngest daughter I suppose, and of the bad consequences it drew after it, my wife's having been in the utmost grief, for the loss of the poor child, but to my great comfort she is now recovered to a miracle, being I think as perfectly in health as ever she was, only not quite so strong, she takes the waters of *Forges in Normandy*, which come very fresh to Paris, & to which I attribute a good deal of her recovery, so she intends to continue them some time, they are of the same nature with those of

<sup>1</sup> Since the great upheaval in 1649 on the subject, the right to a tabouret in the Queen's presence was rigorously restricted to duchesses, and the price was correspondingly excessive.

Spa & Tunbridge. Caroline is also prodigiously recover'd, the air agreeing extreamly well with her here. I should not have given you so long a detail of my family, if I had not been persuaded of your good wishes for its welfare, which makes me flatter myself you will not thinke it troublesome. I must now thanke you for your concurrence in Monsr. Dufay's election.<sup>1</sup> I assure you he is every way a very deserving man, he has promis'd when I return to England to go with me, which will certainly be before the birthday, the 30th of October.<sup>2</sup> He has done all he could to find out this petrified wood that you writ to me about, but not only the wood, but also the account of it is lost, however the very best account they are master of concerning the petrified Town is in a Memoire of one Monsieur de la Maire of which I have enclos'd sent you a copy. I dont find there is anything new in this account, nor certain, for you see the man has never been there himself, but what I thinke is curious in it, is that it is the best I ever saw, of the scituation of it. I find, Ongela, which I always took to be the name of the place, is a City only in the neighbourhood of it, but that the true name is Rassem ; & that it is not a town but a whole Country that is petrified, in which might be some villages, but I have since heard that Sr. Hans Sloane has, in a letter he lately writ to some of the Academy here, say'd that there has been some discoverys in England, which makes every body believe the whole account, and every one that has been given hitherto of it, false,

<sup>1</sup> See his letter of May 4.

<sup>2</sup> King George II.'s birthday.

& a cheat, therefore if there has been really any such thing, I begg you would lett me know it. I am now at Chantilly, with the Duke of Bourbon, that is commonly cal'd here in France Monsieur le Duc ; wee pass our time here extreamly agreeably, for in the first place he is one of the best bred men, & the easiest I ever knew in my life to live with, wee either stag hunt, boar hunt, wolf hunt or go a shooting every day, of all which diversions the last is what I like most, for the whole country about here swarms with Pheasants, & partridges, & one must be a bad shooter not to bring home twenty or thirty birds of ones own shooting in an afternoon, besides all these diversions abroad, when the weather does not permit us to go out, wee stay at home, & *conjure* as the Duke of Montagu calls it, for I never knew a man love & follow all sorts of experimental philosophy & Mechanics, as Monsieur le Duc does—he turns finer than anybody, tho' that is now a useless science to him, for he has so much improved that engine for turning of medals with a piece of Clock work, that after winding up, goes for a quarter of an hour, he has a Medal turned, without giveing himself any trouble ; he is now hard at work upon Gosset's secret of composing that matter, with which he copys so well all figures, and *basso relievos*, & has hitherto very well succeeded. Wee hatch chickens without hens, make burning glasses of a piece of concave ice, & in short play a thousand more conjuring tricks ; and I am sure if you was here you would divert yourself very well, & you would be a great favourite ; for I take you to be of the first class of Conjurors. Adieu dear

Folkes, I beg my service to Mrs. Folkes, & your little ones, who I hope are all well. I am with the utmost truth & sincerity

“Your most affect. friend

“& faithfull humble servant

“RICHMOND.

“My wife is here and presents her service to you, as does also my Lord Sunderland, who is in great joy, with so much game abroad, & so many tricks at home.”

Monsieur le Duc must indeed have been a charming host, and one that lived surely before his time, for he appears to have invented an incubator ! As a drawing-room amusement one would imagine the “hatching of chickens without hens” to be a somewhat tedious business. Or, had the noble mechanic devised some method whereby the process was divested of the weary weeks of waiting ? Were the eggs compelled to yield their chicks *instantier* for the benefit of the astonished guests ?

At last, however, they had to turn their steps homewards, and in October we find the Duke, in one of his characteristic letters to Labbé, making arrangements for the return journey. First and foremost his thoughts were with his horses ! He writes :

[*Translated from the French*]

“AUBIGNY, 2nd October N.S. 1729.

“I have received, Labbé, yours of the 27th August O.S. I have also seen your letter to Mr. Hill, wherein I learnt of the death of my horse Mars, which I assure

you cannot help being a great loss to me, since now I have only my poor old Patapon.

"You must certainly take up from grass my wife's hack, and my mare, at once.

"We expect to arrive in London a few days before the King's birthday, so I beg you will be there about the 20th or 22nd of this month of October 'Old Stile' with whatever is required for the family; and the Mares, with the travelling carriage or the coupé carriage, which is at Goodwood, in which you can go with Boty, to whom I pray you to remember me a thousand times. The Duchesses of Portsmouth and Richmond, Caroline, Hill, and Carné are all very well, but as for me, although I am also very well I am in deep grief for the death of the late Lord Sunderland, my dear friend, who died last Monday in Paris of a violent fever; it is certainly a loss for all England, as he was a man 'sans reproche,' and possessed of virtues and talents which are rarely found at the present day.

"Adieu dear Labbé etc. etc.

"RICHMOND."

Sad, indeed, that the friend who had only recently shared with him the sport and society of Chantilly should have died at the early age of twenty-eight.

## CHAPTER XI

The Duke buys a hunter, but mistrusts the vendor—The building of the hunting-box at Charlton—Temperance and regularity at Goodwood, or the lack thereof—Tom Hill descants on the traits of wild beasts—Thomas Dereham's sly references to olden times—Sir Thomas Prendergast—Lady Emilie, afterwards Countess of Kildare, born—John Russell, *alias* "Bumbo"—The Old Charlton Hunt.

NOVEMBER found the Duke once more in the saddle, and 'twas no ill exchange, he thought, for the jolting diligences of the Continent! For some few months after their return from abroad they lived quietly at Goodwood, spending the greater part of the hunting season at Charlton, over the hill, and from that sporting centre we find the Duke writing one day in February, to his Secretary in London, giving him minute and careful instructions as to the despatch of a new hunter.

It is instructive to note that, even in those far-off days, sportsmen were keenly alive to the wisdom of the adage which warns us to be extra careful in buying a horse from a friend! He writes :

" CHARLETON *Feb. 18th 1729-30.*

" LABBÉ,

" I have agreed with the Duke of Bedford for the horse, & I believe he will be sent to Town on Sunday or Munday next ; & you must upon delivery

of the horse, pay one hundred pounds, either to the Duke of Bedford, or his order; or to Mr. Dixie Gregory, his gentleman of the horse, or his order. *Matt the coachman must be in the way to see that it is the same horse that I saw att St. Albans.* I'll send Jess or Will Leggit to town for him, or if they dont come, send him away the next day after his arrival, with the second coachman, who can ride him hither in two days, & be sure charge him to take prodigious care of him, as for the mony, I take it for granted you have had att least that sume from Mr. Bowen. Adieu Labbé,

" Your's

" RICHMOND.

"The wine, & the parcel that was directed to Charleton, that were sent to the Carryers last week when I myself was in town, are not yett come, which is an intollerable shame, so for the future William's, the water man, must possitively see the things putt upon the packhorses, or into the wagon, himself."

During this year my ancestor commenced to build that hunting-box at Charlton, which is now the sole surviving relic of the days which brought the fame and prosperity of a Melton to that quiet little Sussex hamlet. Gone, alas, now, are its glories, together with the brilliant company that were wont to assemble there !

He wrote as follows :

" GREENWICH Saturday Aug. 15 1730.

" LABBÉ,

"As I have had the good luck to win upwards of two hundred pounds at Tunbridge Wells, I send



you a hundred and fifty of it, which I know will be welcome; butt you must take care to sett aside the same sune upon this Michaelmas quarter, for to pay for the Bricks, & timber I have taken upp, for my building att Charleton, for I promis'd to pay them upon the Michaelmas quarter, & I can now be punctual. As for this mony I send you, you will consult with my wife, or send her a list of what people ought to be pay'd with it. My Embroyderer must certainly have some of it.

“RICHMOND.”

A lucky win! and one can but hope that something reached the long-suffering “Embroyderer.” For a hundred and fifty pounds, in these days, represents a very inadequate sum with which to tackle house-building, and house-*books* as well, especially knowing what we do of the costly nature of their Grace's establishment at Goodwood. Alas, the next bet did not come off! A few days later, there arose another claim upon the unfortunate Labbé's banking account, for the Duke wrote from Windsor (whither he had been summoned in connection with his duties as Lord of the Bedchamber):

“WINDSOR *Sept. 8th* 1730.

“LABBÉ,

“I have bought a horse for my huntsman here, which has cost me five and twenty guineas; & I have lost my mony upon Lord Albemarles horse that ran for a plate here; so I have been forc'd to draw for some mony upon you, the bill is for forty pounds,



*Photo by W. J. Roberts.*

THE DUKE'S HUNTING-BOX AT CHARLTON, NEAR GOODWOOD.



payable to my Lord Tankerville or order, three days after sight, which I desire you would be punctual in paying.

"You must send the Charriot & six mares for me, on Fryday, because I shall return to London on Saturday in the afternoon, as also four Sadle horses for the four servants & let me know whether you have receiv'd this letter, else I shall be uneasy for fear of the horses not comeing.

" RICHMOND.

"The saddle horses may come here early on Saturday morning."

A brave show indeed, my Lord Duke's departure from the Royal Borough !

The autumn was spent quietly at Goodwood, a measure necessitated by a certain domestic event which was impending, but a few intimate friends were invited, amongst them Mr. William Pulteney.

The career and attributes of this statesman have been dealt with by far abler pens than mine, so that the briefest sketch is all that I need offer. For many years he was the friend and colleague of Walpole, eventually becoming (owing to personal motives, which need not be gone into here) his most formidable political opponent. He was a typical country gentleman, of good family, and owner of much property, and he possessed abilities which have handed his name down to posterity as one of the wittiest and most brilliant writers and speakers of his day. He was created Earl of Bath in 1742.

But he was regretfully compelled, for once, to decline the invitation to visit Goodwood :

"LONDON *Sept. 10th 1730.*

"MY DEAR LORD,

"I should be extreamly happy if I dorst venture to accept of Your Graces most obliging invitation, but indeed I am not yet well enough established in my health to do it. Temperance and Regularity are still necessary for me to observe, and at Goodwood I believe no one ever heard of either of them, for my part I am determined not to come within a house that has a French Cooke in it for six months, nay there is not a Bear or Wolf in your menagerie that shall not live more plentifully and luxuriously than I will, till I am perfectly recovered. Not but I am in hopes some time or other of becoming a man of this world again, and flatter myself that I shall have the honour of eating many a good dish with you again, & swallowing many a bottle of popping Champaigne, but for the present a little discretion is absolutely necessary. I give your Grace many thanks for your goodness to Miss,<sup>1</sup> and am infinitely pleased that she has behaved so well as to deserve the good things you say of her.

"I beg my most humble respects to My Lady

<sup>1</sup> In the High Wood at Goodwood there is a Dogs' Cemetery, and one of the tablets bears the following inscription :

"MISS," A SPANIEL, OF THE COUNTESS OF ALBEMARLE  
*Ob. 26th Sept., 1741.*

I once was Miss, the mildest, best of Misses,  
Nursed and brought up by Keppel's care and kisses,  
But now no more than Argus, or Ulysses.

Duchess to whom I hope Mrs. Pulteney has said every thing she ought on Miss's account.

"I am with all possible respect

"Your Graces

"Most humble and most Obedient Servant

"WILLIAM PULTENEY."

Heroic Mr. Pulteney ! Not the least amongst your attributes was the quality of strength of mind which enabled you to resist the tempting invitation that it would have been the height of imprudence to accept ! How long did you adhere to those Spartan measures of abstinence ?

Early in October a son was born, and the event was duly made the occasion of congratulations from Louise de Kéroualle. Writing from Aubigny, she says :

*[Translated from the French]*

"It would be indeed difficult for me, dearest and most tenderly beloved my Lord, to attempt to express to you the joy and satisfaction with which I received the news which you did me the pleasure of sending by Lange, who arrived here on Friday at 5 in the morning half dead ! I never recollect in my life having had so pleasant an awakening as when I learnt of the birth of your little son and the happy delivery of the charming Duchess. Embrace my charming Caroline for me, tenderly, did she receive her brother graciously ? for it seemed to me that when she was here she was none too anxious for one !"

She evidently thought that Caroline (aged seven) might resent having her nose put out of joint by the arrival of a son and heir.

For a few days all went well, and we find Tom Hill writing from London in somewhat garrulous style, as usual, to Boughton, whither the Duke had gone on a visit, very shortly after the birth of the infant. He says :

“ MY LORD,

“ . . . I write this in the morning before I have seen either of your anxietys the Dutches or the Earl. But from certain circumstances of joy I hear above and below stairs, I conclude everything gos as you your self wish. Should there be any alteration before I seal my letter, which will not be 'til night, you may expect a postscript, but I hope you will have none, or if any, nothing more than a confirmation of what went before. Your Grace has heard without doubt, and wept, the misfortune of the poor Elephant that was burnt with the Vessel he came in. I assure you I should not have been more touched, perhaps not so much had I heard his Master the King of Siam had perished the same way. I have a particular value for that creature, not so much for its being an exotic, as that it is said to be an animal *φιλανθρωπον*.<sup>1</sup> As for your *μισανθρωποι*,<sup>2</sup> whether beasts or men, I care not what becomes of them. Your Bear, for instance, during the cold rainy weather we have had, has been in the utmost delight. The villain cares not if we were al starved to death, pro-

<sup>1</sup> Philanthropic.

<sup>2</sup> Misanthropists.

vided he can enjoy his ice and snow and cutting eastern winds. I hope this will be the last letter I shal send you this expedition, not for my own sake, but her grace's, who to be sure had rather see you than hear from you. However should I receive no order to the contrary, I shal obey the commands you left with me, as I have don hitherto both in writing to yr Grace and the Dutches of Portsmouth. I am sorry we can't have your company on Thursday, but we must content ourselves with drinking your helth. I suppose the Greek above wants no explanation, if it should I question whether you can meet with it in your whole troop, probably not in the regiment. Forgive my Lord this reflection upon the blues, from one that values and esteems but one in the whole corps, tho an enemy to none. If this letter is not so gracious as the first I writ, and which you liked for not once having that villainous monosyllable *you* in it, yet I beg you to be assured that tho the mouth and the hand may be deficient, there is nothing wanting in respect to your Grace in the heart of

"Yr Most Obedt. Humble Servant

"THOS. HILL.

"*Tuesday morning past 11.*

"*Octr. 13 1730 LONDON.*"

Unfortunately their hopes were doomed to disappointment, for the child died very shortly after its birth.

Some months elapsed without any news from Aubigny, but at length in June a letter arrived from Louise de Kéroualle to explain her silence. It had



called forth anxious inquiries from her grandson. She had been in very indifferent health, for she says :

“AUBIGNY, *June* 10, 1731.

“You may be sure, my dear child, that I should not have been so long without asking for news of yourself and the amiable Duchess had I been in a fit state to do so, but having been attacked a month ago by the most violent and painful colic which human nature could possible endure, and which continued without intermission day and night for a fortnight, I was so weakened that I had not the strength to sit up in bed even to take some soup. I am still without appetite, but I am beginning to get some sleep and I hope that the pleasure which your letter has given me, my amiable Lord, will manage to restore my strength, of which I stand much in need.”

Poor old lady ! she concludes her letter as usual, with many expressions of good-will to her grandson and his belongings, and of sincere condolence for the loss he had sustained in the faithful Labbé, whose death had recently occurred.

“I have heard,” she says, “of the loss you have suffered by the death of your steward ; I was very sorry, for he was said to be a very honest man and besides that it throws you into much trouble and confusion.”

She was right, for the good old man must have been sorely missed.

A few weeks later the Duke received a letter from an old friend, whose acquaintance he had made during his foreign tour some ten years previously. Thomas

Dereham comments upon the decline of gaiety in Florence, sadly no doubt, but with a sly hint that, if his Grace should be disposed to revisit the scenes of his former triumphs, the rising generation will make ample amends for the ravages that time has caused amongst the fair ones of auld lang syne ! He writes :

“ MY LORD DUKE,

“ I am very proud of the honour of your Graces remembrance, and much more of that of your commands in behalf of so worthy gentlemen as Brigadier Churchill,<sup>1</sup> and Mr. Elliott, whom I have endeavoured to serve, and introduce into the best company here during there short abode, instead of at Florence, whence I am absent since some months, there being a melancholy Court now, whereas here I have the advantage of as many acquaintances as there, and enjoy a very perticular friendship of the family Corsini, that are the masters of the Country, so that I am as capable as there to render my friends any service; and since the Brigadier's buisiness recalleth him home, I beleive Mr. Elliott will take another trip to satisfie better his curiositie, and enjoy the various diversions of the place that he relishes extreamly, and thereby give me a larger opportunity of showing the great value I lay upon the honour of your Graces recommendations.

<sup>1</sup> Brigadier Churchill, Colonel of the 10th Dragoons, was natural son of General Charles Churchill, brother of the first Duke of Marlborough, who commanded the infantry at the battle of Blenheim.

“The beauties that were in vogue when your Grace was in these parts are now upon the decay, and Princess Pamphili has only the brilliance of her vast Spirit, butt here is a new sett of very pretty women, whereof Mr. Elliott can give you an account, that are not so easily to be matched, and I have the good fortune to be very familiar with most part of them, & to have very agreeably travelled with them to the Opera’s, and other Solemnities about Italy, and enjoied very Princely diversions given to them.

“Amidst the happiness that I enjoy, I could only wish that Your Grace had leisure to view over again these parts, and I am sure you would find them improved in hospitalitie, & politesse, and it would be the greatest pleasure and advantage to me, to renew unto your Grace the most effectual tokens of the Sincere and profound respect with which I shall ever be ambitious to prove my self,

“My Lord Duke

“Your most Humble & most Obedient

“Faithfull Servant

“THOMAS DEREHAM.

“ROME 29 *July* 1731.”

During this year (1731) Sir Thomas Prendergast first appears amongst my ancestor’s correspondents. They were cousins, for his father, Brigadier-General Sir Thomas Prendergast, who fell at Malplaquet (in accordance with a presage, the story of which is well known to readers of Boswell), had married a sister of William, first Earl Cadogan, and father of Duchess Sarah. The verbosity of Sir Thomas

absolutely precludes any possibility of dealing with his letters *en masse*. They are imbued with alternate hopefulness and despondency, arising from his successes (or otherwise) in the constant political struggles, wherein he was engaged both in England and Ireland; for, in his time, he sat as M.P. both for Chichester and Clonmel, and was afterwards appointed Postmaster-General for Ireland. And so, having a wholesome regard for the formidable pile of miscellaneous correspondence that lies before me, with its fascinating but bewildering store of material, and obscure allusions to long-forgotten events, I shall not attempt to drag my reader through the maze of party politics. I will merely pick out, here and there, a letter that may be of some interest.

Sir Thomas's first letter is dated from Gort,<sup>1</sup> in County Galway, and he writes as follows:

" August ye 25th.

" My DEAR LORD,

" . . . I am just got to my Hermitage, where I find such joy from plenteous crops of Wheat & Flax, that I might stile my self compleatly happy, if Heaven had given me store of Hay—but that's deny'd to me and all my neighbours. We are surpriz'd to find by the Newspapers that the wicked and so-much-cry'd-out-against Treaty of Vienna of 1725 should be the basis of that of 1731<sup>2</sup> without even

<sup>1</sup> He was succeeded by his nephew, who was created first Viscount Gort.

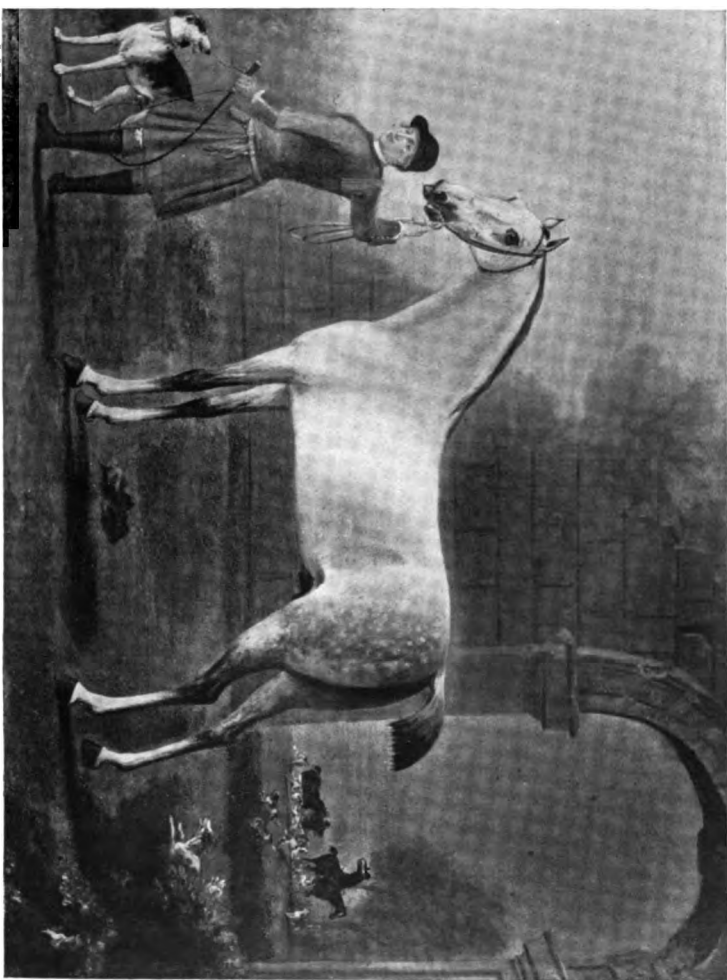
<sup>2</sup> The Treaty of Vienna of 1731 stipulated that the Emperor [Austria] should abolish the East India Company, which he had formed in 1725 at Ostend (thereby embroiling himself with

obliging the parties to that Treaty to strike out the Articles (which the Enquiry very cunningly found out) in favour of the Pretender and against Gibraltar. From the Obliging manner of wording the 6th Article (which relates to the method of inviting the great Duke<sup>1</sup> to accede) I fancy that it must have been the work of the same well-bred person, who drew up Admiral Hosier's persuading orders, & it is to be hop'd that obligations may sway more than perswasions. I am running deep into politicks, but it is what we Country Farmers are great dealers in, especially on Saturday nights, when we take more pleasure in buisying ourselves in what does not in the least import us, then we did in the whole preceding and really usefull business of the week.

"We are now preparing for building our Church, and as your Grace is to be Architect I shall expect your plan in a month or two, but no Porticoes I beg ; my Lord Tyrawley inform'd you how ill they would suit our Climate. You will hardly believe me, when I tell you that I give £50 towards the good work, and as much land as amounts to £100 more, and were I to reside here long, I would not answer for my not growing devout by habit, & the necessity of appearing so to a people who have such complaisance for their Landlord, that if he, by his example, gave them the least encouragement to rob or set fire to a house, they would not fail copying or even excelling

England and Holland), secure the succession of Don Carlos to Parma and Tuscany, and admit the Spanish troops into the Italian fortresses.

<sup>1</sup> Duke of Newcastle, Secretary of State,



*From a painting by Woodhouse.*

GREY CARDIGAN, THE SECOND DUKE OF RICHMOND'S HUNTER.



any original that could be shown them. My respects to Lady Dutchess & service to Mr. Thomas Hill. When you have any time to throw away, bestow it on one whose esteem and regard for your Grace is equal to the obligations he lyes under to you. You easily guess that to be

“Your Graces most obedt. humble Servant

“T. PRENDERGAST.”

Sir Thomas's comment upon the attitude of his Irish tenants would suggest that he and they were on excellent terms!

He was hardly used, was Sir Thomas, and many years passed by before his continual efforts to obtain Government appointments met with the success to which his perseverance entitled him, for (whether deservedly or not I cannot pretend to say) the loyal support of the Duke of Richmond was largely discounted by the animosity of Sir Robert Walpole.

It was an uneventful year, save for the birth of Emilie, future Countess of Kildare and Duchess of Leinster.

And yet—did I say uneventful? Perhaps if my ancestor could be consulted he would tell us that 1731 was, for him, a veritable red-letter year, for in this year he became sole master and proprietor of the Charlton Hounds.

He had hunted with them since boyhood, as had his father before him, under various masterships; Squire Roper, the Duke of Bolton, Earl of Tankerville—all in their turn had ruled the destinies of the famous pack, which provided the fox-hunting nobility



and gentry of those days with the sport they so dearly loved ; and one can well imagine the eagerness with which (to quote an ancient manuscript poem of the period) he hied him once more for the opening day—

To Charlton, where new Sportsmen dayley come  
To Hunt, to shoot, to dine at Goodwood some !

And the headquarters of the “sport of kings,” he thought, was surely worthy of a distinguishing flag ! So he wrote one day to his old friend, John Russell, Clerk of the Cheque at Woolwich, as follows :

“ CHARLTON, *Nov. 29th.*

“ DEAR BUMBO,<sup>1</sup>

“ We want a proper flag for this place, and you know where such things are made. I would have it a Fox, Red in a Green Field, with the Union in the corner and about the size of one of the yacht’s ensigns, so pray let me know what it will cost and be so good as to bespeak it and you will oblige

“ R.”

The sketch arrived a week later, but it was evidently the work of one little versed in the appearance of bold Reynard, for the Duke wrote, aghast at the caricature :

“ CHARLTON, *Dec. 6th.*

“ DEAR BUMBO,

“ The enclosed sketch is most sadly drawn. The fox ought to be as big again and take up all the

<sup>1</sup> Such was Russell’s nickname amongst his friends. “ Bumbo ” was a drink much esteemed by convivial spirits of the day, and consisted of a seductive but most unwholesome mixture of wine, sugar, spices, etc.

middle part of the flag, and the union little more than a quarter as big in the corner.

"The fox's tail must also be straight out and not hanging down like a horse's; so I beg to have a new sketch of it and the fox must be yellow and not red, as I said.

"Surely £3 10s. is a great deal, if it is nothing but bunting as I would have it; but you are the best judge of that, however pray let me have a draught before it is begun."

The Duke loved the chase and all things pertaining to it. The pages of his old Hunting Diary have afforded me hours of delight, so that it was a labour of love when I undertook, a year ago, to put together in book form the scanty records and memoranda which are all that remain to recall the old-time glories of the Charlton Hunt.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Records of the Old Charlton Hunt," published in 1910.

## CHAPTER XII

Sir Thomas Prendergast's disappointment—A ladies' parliament in Dublin—The Duke's broken leg—Colley Cibber—Louise de Kéroualle's condolences—Lord Albemarle's dislike of "The Rock"—An obstinate limb—Tom Hill and the Bishop of Namur—Misaubin, the eccentric—Lord Hervey—On English manners and ill-assorted alliances—Colonel Huske's energy—Lady Albemarle's illness.

THE Duke's cousin, Sir Thomas Prendergast, had been elected one of the three representatives of Chichester in 1727, and we next hear from him from Dublin, in January 1732, somewhat diffidently suggesting that the Duke should exert his influence for him again in Chichester in place of Lord William Beauclerk, who was lying seriously ill.<sup>1</sup> He writes as follows :

"MY DEAR LORD,

"The article in the last news-papers relating to Lord Wm. Beauclerk's being past recovery, at the Bath, may, very probably, have as little foundation as many others of the same nature, but if his illness should be attended with consequences to give apprehension for his life, I hope your Grace will excuse the freedom which I take in asking you whether it might be any ways inconvenient or disagreeable to you, to set me up for Chichester in his place ; if your Grace and Lord Scarborough agree upon a person, the expence cannot be great, and be it what it will, I shall

<sup>1</sup> He died a month later.

with readiness undertake it, if you approve of me, the advantages which my being in the English Parliament would give me on this side of the water, as well as in England, are many, but of such a nature as would take up too much of your time to explain them; however they are so great that I should think a thousand pounds well employ'd to purchase them. I hope that I have the honour to be on such a footing with you, that you will, with equal freedom, as I have made my request, let me know if the granting it would lay your Grace under the least difficulty, for that, I assure you, is a price I would not buy an election at.

"I beg you would be so good as to order the porter to send me Boden's play, which I hear much talk of. My compliments to the Dutchess and Tom Hill.

"The most extraordinary occurrence, which has happened lately here, is the landing of two sailors in a small boat near Dublin Bay, who were driven from Holyhead, without either sails, oars or provisions, & continued a week at sea without either eating or sleeping, luckily the wind blew all the time strongly at East, and chang'd in two hours after their landing. You being a fellow of the Royal society, I thought you intitled to this account, but I shall not be at all offended, though I should not find it inserted in the next Transactions.

"I am

"Your Grace's

"Most Obedient

"humble servant

"T. PRENDERGAST.

"DUBLIN Jan. ye 15th, 1732."

But there were obstacles in the way of Sir Thomas's political desires, for a month later we find him writing in the following strain :

"MY DEAR LORD,

"I have had the honour of two letters from Your Grace, your answer to my request is exceedingly reasonable, for a prior engagement is never to be got over. . . . He was too late, for the Duke had already pledged himself to support the candidature of his uncle, Jemmy Brudenell, who was elected in 1734."

However, the disappointment does not appear to have rendered Prendergast inconsolable, for he goes on to say, with reference to the Irish Parliament, and to a joke played thereon by the young ladies of Dublin :

"The proceedings of our house of commons (I mean of that which wears breeches) are very little interesting, but sure the votes of a female parliament cannot but demand the attention and raise the curiosity of even Englishmen (tho' us'd on all occasions to despise us and all our transactions). Such a house sat in the Room where the Commons assemble ; they met to the number of about 40, many of them very pretty girls, the day before the other (male) house was to meet, after their recess ; being in possession of the room, into which they were admitted under the pretence of curiosity to see a new building, they immediately chose a speaker & the choice fell on the real Speaker's daughter. A motion was made to go immediately upon buisness (upon which it was thought a committee of the bearded house would naturally

be call'd in to assist) but the Speaker desir'd that a paper, which she held in her hand might be read, to which the house seem'd to assent, till a niece of Mrs. Connolly moved that orders might be observ'd, & that no book should be read, without the Title page's being first read, that so the house might judge if it was worth their while to read any more of it. The title then being read, it prov'd Mr. Boden's *Modish Couple*, upon which the same Lady mov'd, that the said play being a most perfect burlesque upon all wit, love and humour it might be condemn'd to be burn'd by the hands of the first shoe cleaner that should be met with, to which motion the whole house assented with loud acclamations; it is said that motions were made for taxing all bachelors above the Age of 25, but of this we shall not be certain till they order their votes to be printed; this is a real fact. Miss Kelly, whom you know, was Clericus Parliament.

" DUBLIN Feb. 19th 1732."

I cannot unearth any particulars of the accident whereby the Duke broke his leg during this winter, beyond the fact that it happened in London, and that the damaged limb was a long time mending. And, amongst the foremost of his sympathisers, old Colley Cibber, actor, manager, and Poet Laureate, occupies a conspicuous place.

At the time of writing the following letter he was about to retire from the stage, whereon he had figured for some forty years, and it is probable that the benefit at which he bewails the absence of the Duchess may

have been Fielding's *Modern Husband*, in which he took the part of Lord Richly. He says :

“ MY LORD,

“ Knocking last week, at your unguarded Gate, in town, Behold ! it was surprizingly open'd to me by a Female Porter ! from whom, I receiv'd the unwellcome News, of your being gone (not very well) into Sussex. Upon which, I sighing said to my self—alas, poor Cibber ! What a dull Audience art thou like to have at the Benefit Play, if the Dutchess of Richmond is not to shine at the Head of thy Circle ? Upon this, I ordered my two-legg'd Hacks to amble to Court—and there it was my better fortune to hear from Mr. Hill, that you had resolv'd to bring up your Body, and Dear soul, to the Birthday—This gave me, again, some Distant Hope—For is it not possible, said I, that to make the finest woman in the world still Finer, it may be necessary for her to take two or three days in town before hand, to regulate her proper Ornaments for so seldom a Festival ? I have a mind, continued I, to write directly to his Grace, to know my Fate !—but that I doubt is very near the brink of presumption—to which I was answer'd ;—‘ I dare say he will receive it with pleasure,’ or to that effect. And now, my lord, you have all the Excuse that my unbred brains are able to make for this frank Intrusion into your retirement ;—but it is the Misfortune of Good Nature to invite Impertinence ; However, your Good Sense, I know, will rather laugh than wonder at it. And, methinks, I perceive my self half pardoned, as my Crime and Confession at-

tend you both at a time. Therefore, my dear, dear, good lord ! be so kind, in your next to Mr. Hill, to let me know your pleasure, whether I shall still keep the first Box upon the Stage for her Grace, or, in case her filling it is Impracticable, whether I may give it to some other Lady,—that I hold six to four, let her be who she will, will not be quite so Handsome. The loss of her Grace's Interest with which I flatter'd myself, is a sensible blow to me, Nor can any thing retrieve it, unless the Town might be assur'd of their having so fair a spectacle among the Spectators.

" My lord, I humbly take my leave, Heartily wishing that your leg may be able to run up and down stairs after my lady Dutchess as long as you live ; However, I believe *Festina Lente* soft and fair is the best Pace you can keep, in so long a Journey of Happiness before you. I have the Honour to be My lord

" Your Graces

" Most Obedient, and most humble Servant,

" C. CIBBER.

" *Tues. Feb. ye 7th. 1732.*"

And at a later date he writes :

" MY LORD,

" Since your Graces affairs are like to keep you so long absent from Goodwood, I don't find that I need be in such a hurry ; not but the Ladys are tempting, and I will so far make use of the opportunity you offer me, that I will bring my self down, in hopes to enjoy them two or three days without you : but I am a little busy at present about purchasing a house



to hide my head in, and cannot conveniently come till the middle of next week—but then ! Good Gods ! how I will rejoyce with you ! For who can want spirits at Goodwood ? Such a place, and such company ! in short, if good sense would gratifye a good Taste, with whatever can make life agreeable, thither she must come for a Banquet. But I will immediately wait upon your Grace, and then you will know more of the mind of

“ Your Graces most Obedient, humble Servt.

“ C. CIBBER.”

To-day, whilst casually glancing through the bookshelves at Goodwood, I came upon “ An Apology for the Life of Mr. Colley Cibber, Comedian and Late Patentee of the Theatre Royal. Written by himself ” ; and I cannot resist quoting extracts from the musty old volume. They seem to breathe his light-hearted spirit, and his determination, even in old age, to contribute something to the gaiety of the friends whose hospitality he so frequently enjoyed.

“ Now, Sir,” he says, “ as I have been making my way for above Forty Years through a Crowd of Cares (allwhich, by the Favour of Providence, I have honestly got rid of) is it a time of Day for me to leave of these Fooleries, and to set up a new Character ? Can it be worth my while to waste my Spirits, to bake my Blood with serious Contemplations, and perhaps impair my Health in the fruitless Study of advancing myself into the better Opinion of those very—*very* few Wise Men that are as old as I am ? No, the Part that I have acted in Real Life shall be all of a piece.

. . . whatever I am, Men of Sense will know me to be, put on what Disguise I will ; I can no more put off my Follies, than my skin ; I have often tried, but they stick too close to me, nor am I sure my Friends are displeased with them, for besides that in this Light I afford them frequent Matter of Mirth, they may possibly be less uneasy at their *own* Foibles, when they have so old a Precedent to keep them in countenance ; . . . Give me the Joy I always took in the end of an Old Song :

“ ‘ My Mind, My Mind is a Kingdom to me ! ’

If I can please myself with my own Follies have I not a plentiful provision for Life ? If the World thinks me a Trifler, I don't desire to break in upon their Wisdom ; let them call me any Fool but an Uncheerful one ! ”

What good company the old actor must have been !

To the old Duchess of Portsmouth, at Aubigny, the news of her grandson's accident was a matter of grave anxiety and many condolences.

Writing on the 17th of June, she says : “ I begin to breathe again, my dear child, since yesterday when I received the letter of the amiable Duchess and Mr. Hill, for since the day that I received the news of your unlucky accident I have always been in a continual trance and a lively agitation ; I hope my dear child that as often as possible the charming Duchess or Mr. Hill will send me news of you and soften the tender anxiety of my heart for you. I hope that neither my dear Caroline's cold nor the fever will last long, and that her ‘ beaux yeux ’ will contribute

to her recovery. In God's name, my dear boy dont let your impatience or your natural vivacity run you into risks nor let you presume upon your strength of temperament, for after so serious an accident one wants plenty of wise management !

" I am charmed that my amiable Caroline is recovered from her indisposition. I embrace her with all my heart, and little Emilie as well."

These are only a few extracts from the pages of affectionate advice with which she loaded her unlucky grandson.

The month of August found the Duke still a cripple, for we have Lord Albemarle writing :

" I hope you have by this time got safe to Goodwood, where ye goodness of ye Air and gentle exercise will I hope entirely sett you firm upon your Leggs."

Lord Albemarle wrote the above from Gibraltar, whither he had been sent, in the previous November, to command the 29th Regiment of Foot, and his journey to his new quarters appears to have been attended with some danger, but whether caused by storm or sickness I cannot discover. But one thing is certain, that his impressions of " The Rock " were decidedly unfavourable, so let us hope, for her own sake, that Lady Albemarle was not with him. He continues :

" You have heard no doubt how near you have been to Loose a Brother in Law, but thank God I have at Last after travelling in a tedious manner throw Spain reach'd this place by Land about three weeks ago ; My Regiment has been review'd since I came by the

General, I have seen all that can be seen, and am now Cursing ye Town from morning till night, but to no purpose, and must wait with patience for a ship bound to Minorca, if none comes within three weeks I propose going in a Man of Warr that is expect'd here from Lisbon about that time to carry many to ye Garrison of Mahon. Adieu dear Duke, that you, ye Dutchess and your whole Family may have a thorough Stock of health, and you in perticular a stout strong Leg is ye wish and prayer of yr. most humble servant and affectionate Brother,

"ALBEMARLE."

But the leg took an unconscionably long time to mend, for the Duke writes thus to Martin folkes, some eight months after the accident :

"WHITEHALL Sept. 16, 1732.

"DEAR FOLKES,

"The reason of my not writing to you in all this while is that I had actually no account of my legg to give you. That I gather strength I really believe, butt it is so slow that it is scarce perceptible, however I gett up every day, dress, and sett up in my chair, butt they do not thinke it safe to trust too much yett to my Crutches, so I have made butt mighty little use of them as yett, they have not open'd the legg<sup>1</sup> since last Sunday was fortnight, & dont thinke of opening it 'till next Sunday, so they hope then to find a considerable alteration for the better & on tuesday next I'll write to you again,

<sup>1</sup> I imagine it was encased in splints.

to give you a farther account. I am glad to hear you intend to be so soon in town, which will be long before, I fear I shall be able to stirr outt of it. I am also glad to find you are so good a seaman, & I hope to have the trying of you some time next summer; for I have now quite lay'd aside my intended sea voyage, butt as soon as I am able intend to go down to Goodwood by land; and hope then that you will lett me have your company, which as you was so kind as to promise me by sea, I hope you wont now refuse me by land. I know the Indian Pheasants, they are exceedingly fine birds, butt mighty scarce, & difficult to be gott. I have had great augmentations to the menagerie of late.

"The King is still at Helveot Sluys, where he has been ever since last Wednesday, & I suppose very impatient, the wind seeming to be settled in the West. Doctr. Arbuthnot says to be sure the King must be horrid peevish with my Ld. DeLawarr because his name is *West*.<sup>1</sup> Charles Stanhope is come to town. I heartily wish you was also here, for the town is most extreamly empty.

"Adieu dear Folks

"I am most faithfully & most

"sincerely yours

"RICHMOND."

Tom Hill's pen was remarkably active about this time, and it is a bewildering task to make selections from the many closely written pages with which he favoured his old pupil. However, let me make the

<sup>1</sup> May the doctor be forgiven for the ghastly pun!

attempt. Writing from London on October 28, he says :

“ MY LORD,

“ Your Grace would have been greatly pleased to have seen what I saw yesterday, and I believe will almost wish your self in town again, which is saying everything that can raise your expectations. Going along Cork Street yesterday morning to pay my respects to my Lord Delawar I met two chairs ; in the first I saw a monstrous large belly, but walking pretty fast, and that chiefly catching my eye, I had not time to observe the countenance. The person that followed, seeing me, stopt his chair, and asked me if I had not taken notice of the fat Gentleman. His question made me presently certain it could be nobody but his own Uncle the Bishop of Namur. I design as soon as possible to find him out. The nephew who was in hast to follow him had just time to tel me he lodged in Bond Street. My comfort is the same with the young fellow’s in Terence who had lost sight of a pretty girl he met in the street and did not know her lodging. ‘ Ubi ubi est, diu celari non potest.’ (Where, where is she ? She can’t hide for long ! ) ”

My Lord Bishop was a portly personage. The Duke had met him in earlier days, during his travels with Tom Hill, and naturally, upon seeing him in London, Tom hastened to inform the Duke.

Tom’s next titbit of gossip concerns the diplomatist, Stephen Poyntz. He was a man extremely popular in Society, and had acquitted himself with brilliance on more than one occasion in adjusting delicate

matters abroad. He was appointed Governor to the Duke of Cumberland's Household, and continued his trusted adviser all through his life.<sup>1</sup> Miss Mordaunt was Maid of Honour to Queen Caroline, and consequently well known to the Duchess of Richmond, which would account for the gracious act Tom Hill records :

" . . . The town is so full now of a match between Mr. Poyntz and Mis Mordaunt that the papers have got it, I imagin it no secret to you by her Grace's lending the jewels longer to her than Mis Fitzwilliams. I could wish the latter was trusted upon so good an occasion. I dine to morrow with Martin Folkes by invitation who's birthday it seems it is, where I am sure of the pleasure of drinking yr Grace's health and the Dutchess's to whom I beg my respects and to Lady Caroline.

" I am with great truth my Lord,

" Yr. Grace's

" Most Obedt.

" Humble Servant

" THOS. HILL."

I am quite sure that you have never heard of the extraordinary personage to whom Tom refers in his next letter. This Doctor Misaubin was a Licentiate of the College of Physicians, and his arrogance and original methods of practice earned him the reputation

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Poyntz, known poetically as "The Fair Circassian," is said to have advanced her own family at her husband's expense. He died in the same year as the second Duke of Richmond, and is known now chiefly as a benefactor of the author of "Clarissa."

of being, not merely a quack, but not very far removed from madness. He has left no writings, but was a frequent butt of the caricaturists of the time, to whom his appearance must have afforded endless opportunities. Tom writes :

“ MY LORD,

“ Contrary to a resolution I had made, I this day dined with Dr. Misaubin. I met him this morning in a little court in St. Martin’s Lane, and had I not known it was not the time for ghosts to walk, I should undoubtedly have taken it in my fright for an apparition. He really looks yellower greener and blewer, and in short has more of the rainbow in his face than ever, and besides his legs swel much at the ancles. He seems himself too very apprehensive of his end. He talk’d to me a great deal of the danger he was in from his grand climacteric, adding that he was quite tired of the world and that ‘ *Misaubin ettoit devenu Misanthrope. . . .*’ The old story came over again, that he was the best if not the only Divine Philosopher and Physician living,<sup>1</sup> and that the world would be every day more and more sensible of his value, when he was no more . . . .

“ His wine was really good, and what made it appear better we drunk yr Grace’s and Lady Dutchess’s health ; he with tears in his eyes, I with a more cheerful face. . . .

“ I intend to morrow morning without fail to see

<sup>1</sup> This Covent Garden quack, famous in the time, is now chiefly remembered as the pillman who figures in the classic pages of “Tom Jones.” He died in 1734.



Mr. Mosley if possible (that it seems is the name the pious Bishop<sup>1</sup> gos by.) I shal acquaint him with yr. commands, and pres the obedience of them upon him as a point of conscience, if that wil have any weight with him. I am just come from the anniversary of Tamer-lane. I never saw it acted before, and as I had lately been disappointed in seeing it performed in a more agreeable if not a better manner, I could not help satisfying my curiosity. Selina I assure you by no means pleased me; I could not help reflecting how much better that part wd. have been done had not fate and Dr. Nicols barbarously interposed. . . . 'Tis past ten and I almost blind, two very good reasons for giving over with making my reverence and saying

“Yr. Most Faithful Humble Servt.

“THOS. HILL.

“LONDON Nov. 4, 1732.”

As a matter of course, my Lord Bishop was bidden to Goodwood. The man of portly presence must surely have required no second bidding!

Pressing was the nature of the invitation, and urgent the pleading of honest Tom. He writes:

“MY LORD,

“I had above two hours conversation this morning for the first time with the right reverend father in God the Bishop of Namur. We talked over old storys and laughed by times very heartily. He is I think, not near so fat as we knew him, but however he has stil as episcopal a paunch as he can with ease

<sup>1</sup> Of Namur.

carry about him. I delivered yr. commands to him very faithfully with all the anathemas denounced against him in case of disobedience. He seems not willing to fal under even a temporal censure, and has given me hopes of his compliance ; but as for the day and the hour that knoweth he not. . . . But for his journey down as wel as yr Grace's seeing him in town, there is yet time enough, for he dos not so much as think of revisiting his flock til next May at soonest ; so that this Island is in a fair way, if it deserves it, of receiving the benefit of his winter-benedictions, as wel as the other great advantages that must naturally arise to us from the presence of so holy a man. . . ."

But history relateth not whether the episcopal proportions ever came to lend the additional odour of sanctity to the hospitable fumes that delighted the nostrils of the jovial company seated around my ancestor's mahogany !

And now there comes upon the scene one of the leading lights in the Society of the day. John Lord Hervey's Memoirs have so materially added to his celebrity that it is needless for me to enter into a biography of that clever and brilliant writer. He was a keen observer of character, with a marvellous facility in detecting, and duly recording, the ridiculous in his fellow-creatures. His own appearance must have been fantastic, for he has been described as not having a tooth in his head, and painting his face to rectify the cadaverous pallor which was the result of a diet of asses' milk and one biscuit per diem ! But his wit and personal charm made him many friends, especially amongst the fair sex, and his wretched

health was, no doubt, largely responsible for the bitter cynicism and spirit of detraction which are so apparent in many of his writings.

He was, at this time, Vice-Chamberlain at Court, and consequently had every opportunity of noting the peculiarities of those around him; but at Goodwood he was a *persona grata*, for at a later period he wrote concerning my ancestor in terms which clearly indicate the warmth and sincerity of his friendship.

Here, then, is his first letter—the first, at least, of those few which have survived the decay of nearly two centuries. He writes :

“ ST. JAMES'S Oct. 31 : 1732.

“ I obey'd ye Commands your Grace honour'd me with from Godalmin the moment I received them, by directing and forwarding your letter to Mr. Fox. I wish I could as easily obey the more obliging Orders you were so good to lay upon me at the same time, and that it was as much in my Power as I am sure it is in my Inclination to wait on your Grace soon at Goodwood; but my Lord Chamberlain's absence & the King's declaring he will not miss one Opera all the time he is at Richmond will prevent my being the better for his Majesty's Journey thither which is fixed for next week.

“ You will think me most incomparably dull for not having pick'd up any thing worth relating from the Occurrences of a Birthday, but one Birthday is so like another, that excepting the Colours of People's Cloaths, your Grace may tell your-self the History of the Day full as well as any Body that made a Part

of it ; the Spanish Embassadress was there dress'd in the English fashion & stared at in the English Fashion ; for wherever she turn'd there was a Ring of Spectators, Whisperers and Laughters ; which put me (who am concern'd for the Reputation of England) as much out of Countenance as did her.

“ It is no news to you that Mr. Poyntz's match with Miss Mordant is all settled ; but Lady Deloraine's Behaviour upon it is a particular that perhaps you may not have been inform'd of : as she look'd on the two Governors as part of the Perquisites of her Employment ; so she considers Miss Mordant as one who has pick'd her Pocket ; however as there is no Remedy for this Loss, no Jonathan Wild that can get her her Trinket again, she is forced to give it up, & comforts her-self with thinking that since the junior Governor will be the junior Husband too, she shall not have the worst of the Bargain . . . this is the Last new Comedy my Lady has obliged the Court with, in which her Ladyship, like Moliere, is the principal Performer as well as the Composer.

“ The letters that came in yesterday brought the news of the old King of Sardinia's Death ; I conclude People will say he was poison'd but I have not yet heard they do. What a Catastrophy and what an Exit for the greatest Prince & ablest Politician of his time ! Adieu my dear Lord, I am going to Lady Pembroke's to hear the new Opera—Woman, Celestina ; the Operas begin on Saturday ;

“ I am My Lord

“ Your Grace's Most obedient humble Servant

“ HERVEY.”

My Lady Deloraine was the widow of the Earl of that name, and at the date on which the above was written she was governess to the daughters of George II.

Mr. Poyntz, as we already know, was Governor of the Household to the young Duke of Cumberland. Need I enter any further into my attempt to explain my Lord Hervey's uncharitable insinuation ?

His next letter is dated some ten days later, and is extremely diverting. Let it speak for itself :

" ST. JAMES'S NOV: 11: 1732:

" I am extreamly thankfull to your Grace for the Honour of your Remembrance, for the Letter I recieved yesterday, & the obliging manner in which you tell me I should not have been an unwelcome Guest at Goodwood. Your complaining in such a Letter for want of Matter to fill it, puts me a little in mind of some People's Hospitality, who set you down to a table of twenty Dishes of Meat, & tell you at the same time they are afraid there is nothing you can eat.

" As to the Account of the Loves, Courtship and Marriages of your Beasts, it seems to me not so much a Litteral Description of Goodwood Dens, as an allegorical Epitomy of the whole matrimonial World ; if you would follow the example of Aesop and write Fables upon your Birds and Beasts, I have a notion that without going out of your own Park, you might characterise the Persons, tempers and Occupations of all your Acquaintance ; the Marriages of Bears, Tygers, Wolves, & Monkeys, would certainly do for a Representation of half the conjugal Performances in England ; But now and then you would, I confess,

be a little puzzled to represent some Matches one sees between Brutes of a different Species, which is a Privilege I believe Peculiar to human Brutes ; & consequently would be difficult to be well couch'd in Fable & Allegory. For example if you were to talk of a marriage between a great She-Bear and an old Baboon, in order figuratively to describe the sweet union of my Lord and Lady St. John, or if you told us in delineating the D. & D. of M——r, that one of your She-Tygers was wedded to a Jack-ass People would immediately see that the Account was feign'd in order to satirize these People ; and the Beauty of the Parallel would be quite lost for want of Beasts that are guilty of these Dayly Absurditys which we find among men. Your Monkeys would do admirably for my dear Ld. and Lady Carn——n ; but if the Countess of Del——ne's wise Match had taken effect under the Denomination of what Bird or Beast, would you have been able to describe a little animal, that has all the Simplicity of a Dove without its tenderness, & all the Venom of a Serpent without it's Cunning ? The Subject I have entered upon is so inexhaustable, that if I was to take up Lady Hervey's visiting-Book I am sure I could by that Assistance to my memory humanise as many Beasts as Snyder ever painted, or as you and Noah ever protected. . . .

“ Adieu my dear Lord, voilà bien des Falaises, and if after this Galimatias you should rank me in a triumvirate with Bowen and Misaubin, I think I should have no reason to complain of your Justice. . . .”

Truly, my Lord Hervey, you were a keen, if cynical,

observer of character ! And I can perfectly well picture to myself the Duke hastening, on receipt of the above, to his menagerie. Nay, that he was even found presently by the astonished Keeper convulsed with laughter at the extraordinary likenesses to which you had just now called his attention ! But yours was a dangerous gift.

Benjamin Keene, the British Consul at Madrid, was one of the many that sympathised with the Duke in his accident ; writing from Seville, on November 6, he says :

“ MY LORD,

“As a Courier is dispatching to Mr. de Montijo<sup>1</sup> I have as good an opportunity as I could wish for to thank your Grace for the Honour of your Letter of the 28th Sept. I am glad you like your Snuff, I have one solitary pot of the same, which shall be kept for you, or, what you will like better, be sent to you by one of my Messengers, and could Tobacco but procure me *de quando en quando*<sup>2</sup> such a Letter as your last I would drain the Fabrick ; this looks rather too Spanish, but it is not too strong to express my Respect for you ; I heartily pity you for what you have suffered and fear that your Island weather will retard the cure, there is now a Sun in my Chamber that would toast a *Callus* into a Bone in a Morning’s time, but I cannot for your own sake wish you back again into this Country. It is rather my duty and Inclination to wait upon you, which I shall gladly do, whenever I can ship this oar into Mr. Jinck’s Hand or any other. . . .”

<sup>1</sup> Spanish Minister in London.    <sup>2</sup> From time to time.

And Lord Carteret found himself compelled to write in a like strain ; thus :

" HAWNES Nov: 12th. 1732.

" MY LORD,

" I receivd by ye last post with ye greatest pleasure Yr. Grace's exceeding kind letter concerning my Sons recovery.<sup>1</sup> He has escaped I thank God very happily, and I hope he will grow up to be as faithfull a servant to Yr. Grace as His father is, & ever will be. Mr. Broughton gave me ye satisfaction to let me know some time ago that yr Grace was perfectly well, I hope to hear soon yt. ye are as nimble and active as ever upon both legs, Huske<sup>2</sup> uses his here very sufficiently, tho he has ye finest horse in England here in ye Stable ; & is apply'd to from all parts for him. I have no garden works going on, so ye Collonel contents himselfe with filling up a hollow lane, & is to begin next week to shew his skill in removing ye surface of about 2 acres of bog, all which is to turn to great profit. He intends to write to yr. Grace this post. . . ."

Colonel Huske—"Daddy" Huske, as his soldiers affectionately called him in after-years, from his solicitude for their welfare—appears to have been fond of exercise. His name figures prominently amongst the patrons of the Charlton Hunt, so it is

<sup>1</sup> From smallpox.

<sup>2</sup> Of the Coldstream Guards, and afterwards a Brigadier at Dettingen, where he distinguished himself greatly, and was severely wounded. He subsequently commanded the second line at Culloden.



possible that ere the spring "ye finest horse in England" may have found its way to Sussex!

I cannot conclude this chapter of accidents without some allusion to the dangerous illness of the Duke's sister, Lady Albemarle. The only reference I can find to it amongst the Duke's correspondence is contained in a reassuring letter from Tom Hill, of which I have no doubt that the "second part" duly arrived next day! And he sets our minds at rest concerning the complete recovery of the Duke's leg. He writes:

"LONDON, Dec. 2. 1732.

"MY LORD,

"In mine to Mic I promised to inform yr grace how Lady Albemarle did, and I have the pleasure of being able to send you a good account. It is now past nine, and Oliver is just come from making the enquiry I order'd. The report he brings me is that she is much better. I was my self at the house this morning with Mr. Brudenel, where we spoke with Lady Sophia, who then told us things seem'd to promise better than they had don yet, the feaver was much abated, if not quite gon, her Ladyship had drunk three or four dishes of tea, had eat as many pieces of bread and butter with an appetite, and had slept very soundly after it. She left us for about ten minutes, and when she came back she told us my Lady found her self very easy as to every complaint, but that of her blister, and was going to get up to have her bed made, against she found it necessary to lie down again. As she has found no bad effects from this change, one may reasonably conclude the worst is over. Bad

certainly it has been, and I may now take upon me to say very bad, and tho her Physician would not allow there was great danger, he could not deny there was something very like it. My Lord has been a perfect nurse, and not once stirred out of doors, hardly out of the room ; for she would take nothing but from his hands. Neither Mrs. Wright not any one else was admitted. This is a long tale, and would be a tedious one to any one but you, but were it even worse told I am persuaded you would listen to it again with attention ; therefore I shal make no sort of apology either for this or a second part that may probably follow it the next post. . . . You rejoyce me much in telling me you have quite and clean laid aside your crutches. I shal now in good earnest think of coming down. I was really once afraid Lady Amely<sup>1</sup> would have got the start of Papa, and walk'd al alone, al alone, before him. As for the iron, if it must be so, patience. I would by no means have you have a splay-foot. But I am glad to hear 'tis not to be worn on account of the callus, of the strength of which as you are convinced, so I wil allow you to be by much the best judge. I hope Mic has informed you of my scheme as to coming down : It would grieve me not a little if you did not approve of it. Tis late and I must give over, which you will be no more sorry for than I, who find I grow too dul for any thing but my bed. I conclude with my respects to her Grace &c. &c. &c. also Swiney,

"Yr. most Faithful Humble Servt.

"THOS. HILL."

<sup>1</sup> Emilie, the Duke's infant daughter.

## CHAPTER XIII

The Bishop of Namur's low spirits dispelled by more ardent ones—Tom Hill on *in vino veritas*—A conspiracy against Handel, the great composer—Matters operatic—The prevalence of smallpox at this time—A building in Whitehall—Doctor Sherwin of Chichester, a sorry cleric—Walpole's Excise Bill—The tale of a dog and the end thereof.

THE other day, from the depths of one of the chests in which these old letters are stored, I unearthed a queer little pocket-book, bound in vellum and full of odds and ends of memoranda recorded therein by my ancestor.

Roughly pencilled on the fly-leaf is the following couplet :

" Why should not wee, with convivial familiarity  
Celebrate the Rights of Jovial Festivity ? "

Now I do not wish to discuss the poetical merits of the above ; I am inclined to fancy that Tom Hill was the doggerel bard ! His weakness for rhyming frequently found vent in an outburst of this description, addressed to various members of the Goodwood family. And his efforts are characterised by a quaint mixture of grandiloquence and coarseness, for these were almost inseparable attributes of the poetical effusions of the age in which he lived. Be not alarmed ! I do not propose to confront you with columns of

laborious and questionable verse ; I would merely suggest that the above couplet may have been running in his head, when he wrote the following descriptions of his social evenings in Town ! Thus :

*" Feb. 6. 1732-3 LONDON.*

" MY LORD,

" . . . I dined yesterday snug. We were but four in company, Lord Albemarle, Mr. Moseley, our host (Husk) and my self. My Lord left us before nine ; we staid about an hour and half longer. For the first hour or two the Bishop was very low in spirits, and would drink scarce anything but water. He had been talking it seems with some old women who had frightened him with the encrease in the bills of mortality and terribly apprehensive he was of this plague as he calls it. But after Dr.<sup>1</sup> Huske and I had assured him the best way to prevent the distemper was to eat wel and take a chearful cup, he fel into the reasonableness of the prescription, pluckt up a good heart and so we spent the rest of the time very agreably. I had been in the morning with Mis Fitzwilliams, who gave me a packet for the Colonel. Much ado we had to make him open it ; at last Lord Albemarle prevailed. The Bishop talks of going in a fortnight ; I asked him what became of his promise of not stirring til you came up. He told me he was assured from certain authority that you would be in town before that time. Your Grace wil very

<sup>1</sup> " Doctor " Huske : a humorous allusion, I suppose, to the medical advice tendered by the gallant Colonel to the despondent Bishop of Namur,

likely have a letter of invitation from the Poet laureat<sup>1</sup> this post, who hopes you and Lady Dutches wil honor his benefit, which I think is to be next Monday fortnight. I am just going to Westminster schole, where our entertainment wil be poetry and claret, both I hope good in their kind. I have no news to send yr grace, accept and make acceptable to her Grace my best wishes of health and prosperity from

“Yr Grace’s

“Most Obedt. Humble Servant

“THOS. HILL.”

Smallpox was claiming a good many victims at this time, and probably the poor Bishop, being, as we know, a man of full habit, had good reason to dread an attack!

A few days later Tom writes, concerning another festive gathering :

“I dined with Mirry<sup>2</sup> the other day, who really gave me clean linen and a very good dinner.

“I staid with him til five, and heard very attentively the usual nonsense, his philosophical and theological systems, larded with a thousand ‘pardieus.’ That very night he got drunk with Sir David, who came to him for some pils, and before the third bottle and the Doctor both were finish’d, he told him in the fulness of his heart, ‘Pardieu ce Mons. Hill est un grand génie,’ ‘He is a wit.’ Had this come from

<sup>1</sup> Colley Cibber ; see his letter of the previous February to the Duke.

<sup>2</sup> Doctor Misaubin. One of the best-known caricatures of the time represented him as saying—“Prenez des pilules, prenez des pilules !”

any other man living, I had conceal'd it even from yr Grace. But Mirry is one who's eulogium, tho' it concerns oneself, one may venture to repeat without the imputation of vanity!"

Tom's next letter indicates a more temperate gathering. He writes, three days later:

"We had Sussex meeting Part the Second last Thursday. Ten of the company parted before eleven, but all soberer than from yr Grace's table! Indeed, for bumpers we had not above half a score, and even those were at the lower end of the table made up with half water. The Landlord was the only one that I think was drunk, and indeed he was so much that I cannot in conscience tax him with the many promises that he made me unaskt, not really expect he should keep them. But if 'in vino veritas' I shall be somebody some time or other as sure as I am now

"Your Graces most obedient humble servant

"THOS. HILL."

Now it is not unreasonable for me to invite my reader to accompany me from the dinner-table to the Opera House, of which the Duke was a prominent patron.

Since 1720 the Opera had flourished under the joint direction of Handel and Heidegger, "a Swiss famous for his ugliness, impudence, and skill in organising public amusements," as Lecky has aptly described him. But in 1733 a quarrel broke out between Handel and the singer Senisino. The nobility, who were the chief supporters of the Opera, took the side of Senisino, and set up a rival theatre in Lincoln's

Inn Fields ; they attracted to it Farrinelli and most of the best singers, making it their special object to ruin Handel, in which, temporarily at any rate, they appear to have succeeded.

Thus wrote Lord Delawarr, early in the year :

“ There is a Spirit got up against the Dominion of Mr. Handel, a subscription carry’d on, and Directors chosen, who have contracted with Senisino, and have sent for Cuzzoni, and Farrinelli, it is hoped he will come as soon as the Carneval of Venice is over, if not sooner. The General Court gave power to contract with any Singer Except Strada, so that it is Thought Handel must fling up, which the Poor Count will not be sorry for, There being no one but what declares as much for him, as against the Other, so that we have a Chance of seeing Operas once more on a good foot. Porpora is also sent for. We doubt not but we shall have your Graces Name in our Subscription List. The Directrs. chosen are as follows. D. of Bedford, Lds. Bathurst, Burlington, Cowper, Limerick, Stair, Lovel, Cadogan, DeLawarr, & D. of Rutland, Sir John Buckworth, Henry Furnese Esq., Sr. Mich. Newton ; There seems great Unanimity, and Resolution to carry on the Undertaking comme il faut. . . .”

The Duke gladly added his name to the list of patrons, and accordingly Tom Hill appears to have taken upon himself a little of the reflected glory with which the part-ownership of the new Opera House (*our* house, as he styles it) was investing his old pupil !

Gay had died two months before. His opera, *Achilles*, was produced at Covent Garden, and Tom’s

impression of the earlier performances does not seem to have been a very favourable one. Writing on February 13, he says :

" MY LORD,

" However yr Grace may make merry with an expression that I made use of in one of my last, I wil run the risk of your raillery once more. Nor is it so much to convince you I was not in the wrong, as to explain to you, as you seem to desire I should what I meant when I mentioned my being just come from *our house*. Had I writ to you last night the very same words might have served me ; for I then was at *our house* where I saw poor Gay's new play. It was the second night, and a very crowded house. I make no doubt but there wil be at least as much company to night, which I could be heartily pleased could it be properly called the Poet's. But alas, 'tis the Executor's, and poor Jonny is no ways concerned either in the profit or the fame of the performance. Yr. Grace may possibly expect I should give you my thoughts of it. 'De mortuis nil, nisi bene,' is a maxim I have a very great regard to, but however I wil venture for once to speak my mind, and to tel you in your ear that it did not give me the pleasure I expected. In my opinion 'tis as much below the Beggar's Opera<sup>1</sup> as the characters in it are above any in the other. Not that there are not many things in it wel enough ; some very good ; but le tout ensemble dos not do. A great many people imagin it wil have a run, long

<sup>1</sup> The famous opera in which Miss Lavinia Fenton, afterwards Duchess of Bolton, made her name as " Polly Peachum."



enough for yr Grace to see it, shd. you even stay away to the last moment you threaten us. I wish it may for the sake of *our house* as well as for his Sisters, but I much doubt it. There are but three acts, as in the other, of which the last is to my thinking much the best. The character of Ajax is a very good one, and Hall plays it to admiration. The rest generally perform but so so, and that is a disadvantage would hurt the very best play. I think I have been long enough upon this subject, and indeed too long, where you are to read my sentiments without being able to give your own. . . . Mic. Broughton who has been much out of order, and confined for a long time, now walks the park again. . . . It gives me inexpressible joy to hear you are on the mending hand at Goodwood. I wish you would alter your resolution, and come immediately to town. London would complete the cure. Hardly any body that I hear of is sick now. For my part I can attribute to nothing so much as the goodness of this air that I have escaped the visitation. Is it to be imagined, since you say the whole family literally has been down, that had I been there I should have made an exception to so general a rule? No my Lord, as sure as fate, I had come within the letter. Mr. Mosely I have not seen, since I dined with him at Huske's, nor is it an easy matter for a man to find him unless he gets up early enough for a stage coach. . . ."

Lord Hervey, writing a few days later, endorses Tom Hill's opinion of poor Gay's posthumous production. He says :

"ST. JAMES'S Feb: 17: 1733.

"I sent your Grace Mr. Pope's new Satire<sup>1</sup> by the last Post, but as I have Pride enough to desire to be minded whenever I write, so I had wit enough to find out, that would not be my fate if I sent my Prose in the same Packet with his Verse, for which Reason I postponed this Letter till to Night.

"I would have done my-self the Honour to epistolize your Grace long ago, but as I had only Leave to trouble you when I had any thing to communicate worth your attention; I should have exceeded my Comission, if You had seen me in Manuscript one Moment before Mr. Pope appear'd in print. Gay's work afforded nothing worth repeating; his Achilles is a Hero as much inferior to Macheath, as to Homer's Achilles; & talks no more in the Spirit of the Begar's Opera than he talks Greek. for my Part, I know not what to make of it, it is not a Tragedy, nor it is not a Comedy; it is not heroic, nor it is not burlesque; but it has all the Phlegm of the first without the Dignity, & all the Ridicule of the Last without the Plaisantry. The only Part that has the Least Pretence to Humour is that of Ajax, & to do the living Mr. Hall, and the defunct Mr. Gay justice one must own that the Entertainment of that Part is more in what he looks, than what he says, & the Effect of his Belly rather than his Lips.

"News I know none, Politicks you hate, & so do I; yet I hear nothing else all Day long, the worst of

<sup>1</sup> He had just translated the First Satire of the Second Book of Horace; it contained a gross insult to Lord Hervey.

Politicks too, which are mercantile Politicks, Excises,<sup>1</sup> Wine and Tobacco are the three Words on which all my male Companions ring the Changes from Morning to Night ; till I am as sick of the two last as if I had been drinking the one and smoking the other with my Bury-Aldermen.

“ Lady Hervey desired I would tell the Dutches of Richmond, that she has obey’d her Commands ; she say’d something good too in answer to your Post-script which I have forgot ; it was . . . God knows what ; I suppose it was selling your Grace a Bargain, & I am sure it was whilst She was buying one for my Lady Dutches ; for Mr. Jennings complain’d her Ladyship was the hardest Customer he ever dealt with. Adieu my dear Lord & believe most faithfully & sincerely

“ Your Grace’s most obedient

“ humble Servant

“ HERVEY.”

So Lord Hervey, for once, was short of news, he says ! And yet, in spite of the indisposition from which the worthy Mr. Broughton had been suffering, according to Tom Hill’s letter of February 13, that gentleman had not been idle in the matter of collecting tittle-tattle for his friend, for on the same date Mick wrote as follows to the Duke :

“ MY LORD,

“ . . . I have not been at Opera, Play, or either House of Parliament, so must be silent on those

<sup>1</sup> Walpole introduced his famous Excise Scheme in 1733.

matters ; on Sunday I was at Court, where I saw the new Gentleman of the Bedchamber, Ld. Hinton ; that Scheme is, for his Lordship to oppose Sir W. Wyndham in Somersetshire. Lord Pembroke look'd well, and pretty cheerful, considering how he is hagg-ridden at this time ; his black coats lined with a shagg'd velvet. Lord Scarborough has taken a House in Grosvenor Square, opposite to Ld. Albemarle's ; three rooms on a floor ; one of the rooms of each floor very large ; the rent £220 per annum. Lord Dysart has taken the very next, four rooms on a floor, none so large, rent £300. I dined that day with Lord Carteret, who is just out of the Discipline for the Epidemical Distemper ; Lady Carteret . . . has not look'd so handsome these ten years. She says her sons face<sup>1</sup> has no sort of likeness of what it was ; he was to have come up to School last week, but was prevented by Dr. Nicholls's illness ; who has now, just a possibility of recovering from a fever, or rather from being dead of a fever, for so it was thought : it was a relapse, by going out too soon, and catching cold after having had the universal contagion.

"The Prince of Frice, Duke of Devonshire, and Earl of Wilmington are declared Knights of the Garter. Lord Harold<sup>2</sup> has been dead some days ; the Mother almost inconsolable. Mr. Conolly, I hear from many and good hands, is fixed for Lady Ann Wentworth ; though 'tis the town talk, if it is not the country talk, yr. Grace will spare his modesty.

"I have heard from Ireland, Sir. Thos. Prendergast,

<sup>1</sup> He had had small-pox, which was raging at this time.

<sup>2</sup> Eldest son of the Duke of Kent.

and Col. Ligonier are coming hither from Dublin, leaving Ned Thompson behind for some months longer; he is very gay, and entertaining there; treating his friends with the cold meat of the last Parliament, for want of ye fresh dishes of this.

"Your Reverend friend of Chichester's name is so highly up from his last Campaign, that he may lye in bed for the rest of his days; there is scarce an Ensign in the Guards, Maid of Honour, Bishops Lady, or Quidnunc in the Mall, but talks of Dr. Sherwin's Pleasantry and Stick.

"Huske still talks of a weeks foxhunting, he may be set out by this time, or probably may let it alone till next season; as I have had the Honour to be One of their Board, I desire your Grace will present my Compliments to the Society.<sup>1</sup>

"Mr. Broughton & his wife are not so proud of anything, as being the Humblest, of the Dutchesse of Richmond's Servants; they are hearty good-wishers to the Health and Prosperity of Lady Caroline, & Lady Emely Lenos.

"I am

"My Dear Lord,

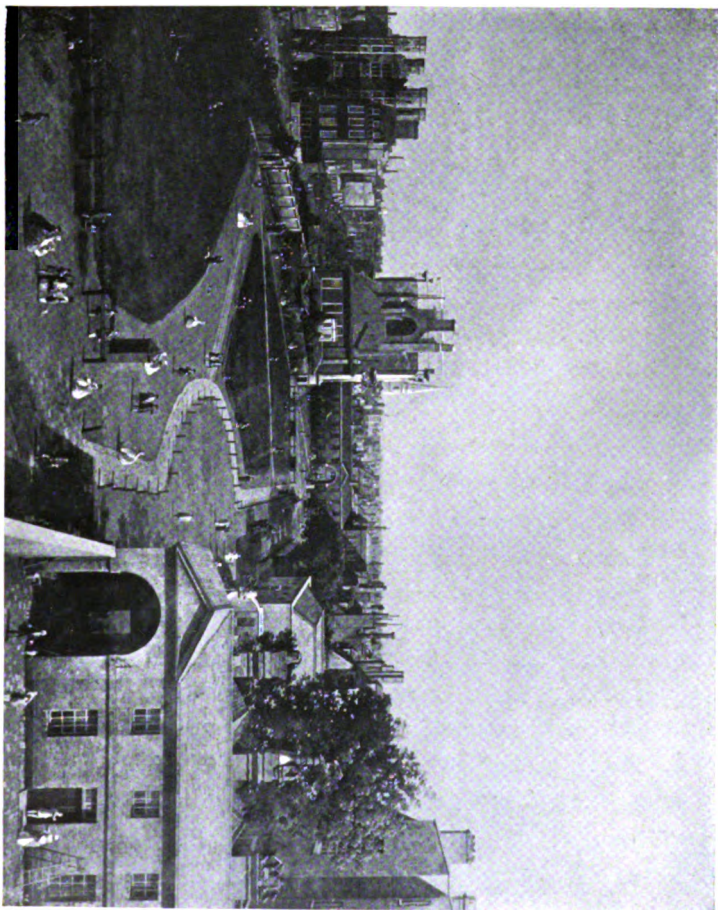
"Your Graces,

"Most faithfull, devoted, and Humble Servant

"M. BROUGHTON."

The Duke was engaged in rebuilding "Richmond House" in Privy Gardens, Whitehall, at this time, and the following letter, from the Earl of Pembroke,

<sup>1</sup> The gentlemen of the Charlton Hunt.



*From a painting by Canaletti.*

VIEW IN LONDON FROM RICHMOND HOUSE,

Including the gardens of Richmond House, Whitehall, and the old Treasury Gate.



is interesting, from the fact that it tells us where our family headquarters were located meanwhile. Lord Pembroke, who had succeeded his father in the previous month, was celebrated as a virtuoso, but applied his taste chiefly to architecture; amongst other notable works he rendered valuable public service in promoting the erection of Westminster Bridge. At this juncture, then, the advice of the "Architect Earl" must have been welcome. He writes:

"PRIVY GARDEN *Feb. ye 13, 1732-3.*

"DEAR DUKE,

"I ask your pardon for not seeing Sr. Something Manchester, who as I was told afterwards came of a Message from you, and that his business was to Enquire about Sr. Willm. Morris's House, and having Hear'd since that you would Hire it Whilst your own is Rebuilding—I wrote to Him to know if He would lett it Ready Furnishd for two or three years—I had his answer last Night that He would; Pictures, 2 large marble Tables, and Batterie de Cuisine Excepted, but all the other fixt things as jack Copper Cistern &c to Remain, For all which He Requires £300 per An. but will not lett it under Two Years, nor under Eleven unfurnished: I assure you it is Impossible for you to find a House so Convenient for You, and in all Respects so well Situated, especially as you are going to build at White Hall, besides you will not have the Expence of moving your things far, or putting up the least Piece of Furniture for there is either Hangings or Wainscott in Every Room, of which there are enough to Lodge yr whole Family. if what I



propose should not or should suit your Convenience  
Pray lett me know by the next Post, because next  
Sunday I go out of Town for Eight or Ten days,  
which Delay, if it should so Happen that you are in  
Hast, would not be very agreable to yr. Graces usual  
impatience.

"My best Respects Pray to the little Dutchess  
who is I suppose as Mischievous and Fruitfull as Ever.

"Yr Comands imediately will Oblige

"Yr. most Obedient

"PEMBROKE.

"P.S. I am Very Sorry for the poor little Horse  
that has had His leg broke, but very glad that the  
Goodwood Partie Hate Doctor Sherwin, For tho I  
never see Him, I can't bare Him."

How delighted he must have been, then, some six  
months later, when the story of poor Sherwin's ad-  
venture reached his ears! It was of so thrilling a  
nature as to merit a chapter to itself—I shall give it  
one.

The Duchess of Richmond was so seriously ill in  
the spring of this year that, for a time, her life was  
despaired of—in fact, her death was actually reported;  
but she had made a complete recovery by the middle  
of June, and the good news was made the subject  
of a letter from Mick Broughton, as follows:

"PETTY FRANCE 14 *June* 1733.

"MY DEAR LORD DUKE,

"You said most religiously true, that you sent  
me good newes, by giving it under your hand (in  
contradiction to reports that her grace was dead) that

the Dutchess of Richmond was out of danger, and recovering. The honour I have had of obeying your grace's commands for some years past, has made me, in no ordinary degree, a judge of what you have suffer'd in this tryal and distresse : tho I cannot but think the losse considerable yet there is great room to congratulate you, that the Issue thereof was not more tragical.

"Yesterday the Parliament was sent into Summer Quarters, & whilst I am writing, I hear the firings of the 3 Regiments of Guards, before his Majesty, who goes from the Field to Richmond.

"I was present at Ld. Henry's Introduction into the House of Lords on Tuesday, between Ld. Delaware and Walpole; an account of the rest of the Rewards and Punishments for their Merits and Demerits in the late Session, I leave to the printed papers, & yr other Correspondents ; when I know anything, which I think they do not, I will not fail to communicate.

"Sr. Robt. will spare none who signed the Protest, call'd by him Libel. if so Ld. Cobham must be cashier'd.

"With their humble Duties to the Ds. of Richmond, please to say Mr. Broughton and his Wife have felt great sorrow for her. I am, My Dear Lord

"Your Graces

"Most affectionate and

"truly Humble Servant

"M. BROUGHTON."

The opposition of a section of the Peers to Walpole's Excise Bill was at this time occasioning many changes

in the Government. Lord Chesterfield, at that time Lord Steward of the Household, was at the head of the dissatisfied ones, and with him there were dismissed from their offices, the Duke of Montrose, the Earls of Marchmont, Stair, and Burlington, Lords Clinton and Cobham, and the Duke of Bolton. The two last named were most unjustly dismissed, not from Government appointments, for they held none, but from the command of their Regiments, the "King's Own" Regiment of Horse, and the "Blues," and this was looked upon as a most unjustifiable stretch of Walpole's prerogative.

Lord Cobham's dismissal in particular caused a great sensation, for he was an old and tried soldier; but, by opposing the Excise Bill (thereby forfeiting the favour of the King), he gained the esteem of the Prince of Wales, and, by attacking the protection of the South Sea Company, he won the sympathy of the British public.

Mick Broughton drops a few hints concerning this affair in his next letter. He writes:

"PETTY FRANCE 28 *June* 1733.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"My last was wrote in such haste, that (upon now reading over yr Letter of the 20th) I recollect a very great omission.

"You were pleased to make yourself Debtor to me in Epistolary Commerce; saying, you must borrow from a friend, to ballance it: I shd be unjust to yr Grace, if I did not declare, that you can scarcely engage in a Correspondence, where you can be charged,

with not giving your full share of the entertainment ; tho it must at the same time be confess'd, the Allie you call'd in, is so singularly powerfull, that he can be thrown into no scale, where he will not give, or greatly encrease the advantage.

“ What I said of Coll. Fane kissing hands on Sunday, was from pretty good authority, Sr. R. Rich's own mouth ; but a Nicety of the Collonel's (that he wd. not be array'd with plumes, which, in the first instance were spoils from his dearest Ld. Cobham) put a stop to the matter for some days ; but, I hear, that Punctilio is overcome, and the matter is, by this time, or will be soon done.

“ The D. of B——n is so infected, that I dare almost take upon me to say, he will soon resign, or be discharged from all his Employmts, and Commissions : so that if *he* is not troubled with Fane's scruple in regard to *his* old Collonel, there will be still something for the *D. of R——d*, if *he* is inclined to be nibbling : the present intention is, for Ld. Hertford to change his Troop for the Blue Regiment. . . .

“ The thunder and smart showers of about an hour yesterday at noon, made last night and this day pleasant, after four days, and nights, almost insupportable for heat : to be sure, there is no sort of pleasure at this time, in an Ice house, and ten sorts of cool liquors to swallow all day, and all night, if an Engine could be contrived to pour down in our sleep : St. John call'd on me on Tuesday morning, whilst Mrs. Br. and I were drinking Tea, and without any ceremony pulling of his Coat, sate in his shirt ; he gave me an account of the Review of the Horse Guards which he saw,

and rehearsed. ‘*I think they make a very good appearance*’ said Howe, but Hollis made his Objections. ‘L Al—e rode like a Page, P—e like a Prizefighter, & Coll. F—e motionless like King Egbert in Stone,’ in short he can be pleased with no bodys figure on horseback, but his friend the D: of Richmd ; but this is *plaguily* under the Rose, and must not be told, even to the Duke himself. . . .

“You will receive besides what encloses this, two other packets by this Post, containing all you wrote for ; you said *the Fable of the Bees*, I know your Figure, you mean, *Not the Fabl of the Bees*, so I have sent you the weekly paper call’d the Bee, No. 16, which I suppose to be that, which has made such a buzze : Having no children to wear it I have spared you ye anodine Necklace. . . .

“Mrs Broughton joins with me in our Duties to the Dutchesse of Richmond ; all her commands are attended with Pleasure, as well as Honour. I have wrote more than can be understood,

“Your Graces

“Most Devoted Servant

“M. BROUGHTON.”

In spite of the tropical weather under which London was sweltering during this summer Tom Hill could not resist retailing an anecdote which he had just had from Lord Feversham (whom, by the way, he wrongly styles “Duke”) as they sat one evening under the welcome shade of the trees in St. James’s Park. Tom seems, however, to have been in considerable doubt as to the veracity of his noble friend ! He writes :

*" LONDON July 7. 1733.*

" MY LORD,

" Last night I had the pleasure of a conversation your Grace would have given a good deal to have been at. Not to keep you too long in suspense I was entertained for near an hour upon a bench in the park by the dear Duke of Feversham. He is certainly, in the Ladys phrase, a most charming creature, Mic made one of us, but did not come til the scene was upon closing. However as he has pick'd up from a brother bencher a handsome collection of Southousiana, you may soon expect the choicest of them from his communicative pen. In the mean time to stay your stomach, I shal send you one story, which I had from his own mouth, my self only and an honest trooper present. He had a little black cur, that was very troublesom as wel as ugly ; but in complaisance to the Master I made much of him. He took it kindly and to return the favour obliged me with this history of his dog Chance. ' I was going ' sais he ' to Bath in my Chariot and six, with my Lord Tankerville. At an In upon the road, this dog, a puppy then, was vastly fond of me, and could not be kept out of the room where I was. This extraordinary fondness gave me a liking to him, and wel for me was it that it did ; for I owe my life to him. I had received that day upon the road 1500 pounds. Two fellows that knew of my having this sum, put on my livery imediately and rode before to Bath to an In I always use, and told the people of the house I was coming and must have the room I always ly in got ready. The people did so, and when

I came at night, there happend to be neer another spare room in the house, so my Lord and I made a shift with the same bed. At night my Lord was undrest first and got to bed, and I was just stepping in, when the Dog fel a barking, and catching hold of the flap of my *cambrick* shirt tore it. Sais I, sure there is a Cat in the room. Says my Lord God forbid, for I can't rest if there be. My man gos to the feet of the bed, pulls up the cloaths and discovers four feet. He tips me the wink, steals softly to a chest of drawers, where there were two pairs of pistols, takes one and I another, when coming to the bed we pulled of al the cloaths, and found my two Liverys. One had a rasor the other a pocket pistol. We siezed 'em, and when they found 'twas in vain to struggle, the only favour they beg'd was that they might kil that dog.' 'Sr.' sais I, 'I have heard abundance of these storys but never til now one I gave much credit to. But when a man of honour affirms such a thing of himself, there is no room for cavil.' 'Sr.' sais he 'my Lord wil give you his oath of it, whenever you please to ask him about it.' This is as much verbatim as I can give it you, without the least exaggeration. What my Lord wil say I know not, but methinks I hear my Lady crying out, 'oh the impudence of the Man!' I am just going up the river; the company waits for me so I must conclude with my compliments to the Ladys. I am

"Yr. Graces

"Most Obedt

"Humble Servt.

"THOS. HILL."

## CHAPTER XIV

Martin folkes goes to Holland—The voice of slander and Mrs. folkes—Worldly wisdom of the Duke—His poor opinion of the Italian ladies—An epidemic of elections, and the Duke's sly hint to Martin folkes—John Wootton, painter and wit.

**D**URING this year 1733 Martin folkes went with his family to Italy, and remained abroad about two years and a half.

Naturally he was warmly greeted by the many friends of the Duke whom he met upon his travels, and, writing from Venice, he makes a point of expressing his thanks for the civilities which the Duke's popularity had secured for him. He says :

“ MY LORD,

“ I take the liberty to trouble your Grace to enquire of your own and noble ffamilys health for which I am in continual concern, as no one has a truer or more gratefull sense of your many favours and ye share of your friendship I have been honourd with. I am afraid I have had ye misfortune to lose some letter Your Grace may have sent me, as also that some I have taken the liberty of troubling you with have not come to Your Graces hands, which I conjecture from a kind enquiry my Brother writes me word you have been so kind to make after me ; I therefore take the liberty of repeating so much as to return my best thanks both to your Grace and Lady



Dutchess, for the infinite favours and civilitys you were pleased to procure me and my family in Holland. I indeed want words to tell our obligations to Lady Margaret Cadogan, who treated us in a manner to which we could have had no claim but as she was pleas'd to honour us with the name of yours and the Dutchesses friends. I have also had great obligations to Mr. Swiny who made it a business to serve and assist us ; I have also here had the greatest civility on your Graces account both from the Resident and Mr. Smith, with whom he being known to you has set me on a very different foot from the generality of travellers that come here, but it is a sensible concern that I have not yet had the happiness of hearing from Your Grace or being honour'd with any of your commands. I have no news or intelligence to send, and for any thing I have observed Your Grace is much better acquainted with all the places I have passed through than my self. I came through Germany, Bavaria and Tirol to Vienna hither, where I am tyed by the leg by the heats, my family not daring to travel till they become somewhat more moderate. I have seen very many things worthy of curiosity but have been my self most taken with the odd prospects of Nature among the Mountains of the Tirol as phenomena entirely new to me, that never before saw any mountains but the Peak of Darby. Another thing very new is the general face of external devotion through all the Popish countrys, and the ignorance that accompanys it is somewhat stupendous ; I was as a stranger accosted by a gentleman very well drest at Munich, who learning what countryman I was,

asked if I was of the religion of that country, upon which he immediately made a prayer for my poor Soul, and the same person afterwards talking of England said he had been here formerly, but he did not like it, '*parcequ'on ny parle que du Parlement et de la Bible, dont je m'en fiche de tout mon coeur.*'<sup>1</sup> But I think Bavaria is the most superstitious of all the places I have seen; there is no where else but I have behavd in the Churches sufficiently well to give no offence; at Munich I could not, No; I have ever kneeld to the best of my knowledg, as making no difficulty to bow my self in the house of Rimmon. Here they are very easie and one converses without danger of offence, tho except with a very few conversation is but indifferent here, and I dayly have reason to regret the Goodwood and Ditton Partys. I think I shall if possible come home with a far greater notion of my own nation, as we are really a people far before any other I have yet seen in the general. Architecture and painting the Nations far exceed us in, but that is all, and even if I may say it the finest Palaces I have yet seen want something of a neatness that we have in very indifferent dwellings in England. I have the honour here to be in your Graces very lodgings, as I am told, near the Rialto Bridge, which is really a very fine thing, but I am confident Mr. Morris was mistaken who as I understood said at Your Graces here is a bigger Arch than that at Verona; I presume he must mean the first Arch of the Bridg of ye old

<sup>1</sup> Because nobody there talks of anything except Parliament and the Bible, which are for *me* subjects of hearty ridicule! "  
(A godless wight!—AUTHOR.)

Castle, but which sure to the eye is very considerably less than that of the Rialto. He said he measured, but I yet think there must be a mistake, and the people of Verona are of the same mind. The Amphitheater here is indeed a vastly fine sight, and best deserves seeing of any piece of art I have yet had in my way. I humbly beg the honour of hearing from your Grace and that you would let me know if I have really lost any letter, not having at all heard from Your Grace since I left England; I much long for the end of my wandering that I may again have the happiness of being near you; I take the liberty of presenting my humblest respects to Lady Dutchess, and with the sincerest wishes of all sorts of health and pleasure to you both, with the accomplishment of all your wishes remain with the greatest Duty and respect My Lord Duke

“Your Graces

“most obligd humble servant

“M. FOLKES.

“I humbly take leave to present my respects to Mr. Hill.”

Martin was evidently thoroughly enjoying himself.

But poor Mrs. folkes was apparently not received with open arms by all and sundry, for one day a friend of Tom Hill's handed him a letter which contained a most uncomplimentary description of that lady; and it would have been contrary to human nature had Tom not seized the first opportunity of passing it on, for the Duke was Martin's greatest friend, and Tom doubtless derived a little malicious pleasure from the fact. So he wrote :

" LONDON *July 20 1733.*

" MY LORD,

" With much ado I obtain'd leave to transcribe the following account relating to Mrs. Folkes out of a letter that came from abroad, having first sworn not to tel the person that sent it.

" ' There is come hither a Lady with her husband, three children, and a monky, who are no more exempt from obedience to her, one than another, and al seemingly fellow-sufferers alike. I happen'd to be at a visit, when she came in. In al my life did I never hear such an insupportable creature, nor so much nonsense in so smal a space of time. You wil be surpris'd when I tel you the husband is reckon'd as clever a man as any in England. His name is Folkes (Martin Folkes as she cals him) who usd to be very much with the Duke of Richmond. The lady he married, is very wel known in England. He designs making the tour of Italy and France, by which time I don't doubt but she wil turn out the most accomplisht of fine Ladys. She did think indeed of bringing a little dog and a cat to keep poor pug company, but that they could not possibly find more room in the coach. Such characters are no where to be met abroad, whatever they may be in England, and even there I never saw one come up to this.'

" This is al that was read to me out of the letter. I could not help saying, what I fancy you'l join with me in, Poor Martin ! In an evil hour didst thou take to thy bosom this Lady Mar-all."

Now I believe that the above rose from mere

jealousy! Mrs. ffolkes had been a distinguished actress, Lucretia Bradshaw by name, and it has been recorded, by a trustworthy dramatic critic of the day, that she was one of the greatest and most promising geniuses of her time, and that Martin took her off the stage for her exemplary and prudent conduct.

She was handsome as well, and this fact, coupled with the cordial reception afforded to the ffolkes family upon their arrival in foreign countries, may have caused a glance from the "green-eyed monster" amongst those less favoured by nature than herself. Martin, we have seen, was nevertheless a little bit worried at having received no letter from Goodwood since his departure, and so, conscience-stricken at not having written to his old friends, the Duke hastened to repair the omission by at once despatching letters, not only to Martin, but to those persons of quality whose friendship he had enjoyed in former years.

To Martin he wrote as follows :

"HAMPTON COURT Aug. 12th 1733.

"DEAR MARTIN,

"Nothing butt your goodness can excuse my laziness, for laziness is the only plea I have, to write to you is very easy and what I should take pleasure in, but the thing that has made me putt it off from day to day for nigh these three months, is that as I promised to send you letters for people in Italy, I never till this day had courage enough to attempt it, for this to *Chanter vos Louanges*,<sup>1</sup> Dear Foulks, is a very easy thing, yett to these damn'd old people one must

<sup>1</sup> Sing your praises.

fill up ones letters with such a number of cursed stupid & insincere compliments to them, that its a most tiresome undertaking. However I have accomplish'd two, and hereafter I'll send you more, Cardinal Albani, is a very odd Curr, Ignorant enough, & proud as Hell, butt has the finest library, one of them, in Europe, & without exception the very best collection of bustos in the world. You must flatter him upon his learning, & *bon gusto*.

"The Princess Pamphili is the ugliest woman in the world. Damn'd proud also, and stark staring mad, butt a Develish deal of Witt some knowledge & altogether *une maîtresse femme sous un brun de religion*, unless very much alter'd. As to her, dear Folkes, (I beg pardon if I am too free) I must tell you one thing tho, which is that I would not advise you to carry Mrs. Folkes to her, for if the first Countess of England was to go and visit her, she would look upon her as a scrub, this I assure you is fact, & not particular in her, for there is not a Princess in Rome, but thinkes herself equal to any Soverain, and return no visits to any woman whatsoever under the Degree of a Dutchess, this is very impertinent in them, butt so it is, *c'est la coutume*. I could send you letters to a thousand scrubs, but they would be of no use to you, & would ask you to lend them money or some such thing. The enclosed are with *cachets volants*, but before you deliver them, seal them.

"Before its long I'll send you some more tho, to people that may be of use to you. The Duke of Montagu and all our friends here are very well. My wife has indeed been dangerously ill, butt is now

perfectly recover'd. I hope Mrs. Folkes and all your little ones are well, I beg my humble compliments to them, & that you would believe me as I really am, with the utmost truth and Friendship, Dear Sir, your most faithfull

" & obedient servant

" RICHMOND.

" If you are still at Venice, pray my service to the Resident and Mr. Smith.

" I received two letters from you from Holland and Venice, for which I thank you, and I beg you would continue writing to me now and then."

Now, was it *quite* fair, your Grace, to write in such uncomplimentary terms of one in whose smiles you had basked in the heyday of your youth? Poor Princess Pamphili! She was no longer in her *première jeunesse*, nor, according to you, can she ever have been very prepossessing; but when I contrast your letter to Martin with the flowery and insincere epistle with which you favoured that haughty dame, I cannot but feel a little sorry that you should have written as you did!

At all events, she read the following in blissful ignorance of the true state of your Grace's opinion concerning herself and her compatriots.

#### TO PRINCESS PAMPHILI AT ROME

" LONDON 13 August 1733.

" MADAM,

" If your Excellency has not entirely forgot one of your old and faithful servants, I take the liberty

of renewing the assurances of respect and devotion which I have, and shall have all my life, for her. As I know, Madam, that you are Protectress of Savants of all countries, and especially of ours, permit me to recommend to you Mr. folkes, who will have the honour of presenting this letter to you; he is one of my most intimate friends. He is a gentleman of very good family, and one of the leading Savants of this Kingdom. Permit him therefore to pay his court to you and I dare swear that your Excellency will find his conversation agreeable, and instructive to others as well as yourself. But your Excellency knows too much already to require instruction from others, for devil take me if the Pope himself in his Consistory knows half as much as you, although he is infallible, we are told! Tell me (if you still will honour me with your Correspondence) if the Cardinals are such 'jolis garçons' as they were in my time, and if Princess Pamphili laughs at them as much as she did! Adieu, amiable Princess! honour me with your commands, and be assured of the zeal, respect, and attachment with which I have the honour to be Your Excellency's

"most humble, devoted, and faithful servant

"the DUKE OF RICHMOND AND LEÑOX."

At all events, you see, the Princess was possessed of a strong sense of humour. She and the Duke must have had some merry moments over the failings and conceits of "les Cardineaux."

When or what the Duke wrote to Cardinal Albani I know not. But Martin revelled in the library and art



collections of that divine, even though he may not have formed a particularly high opinion of his intellectual qualities. Two months later he was introduced to another lady of rank, with whom I trust he may have been able to exchange much learned and scientific conversation ; to her the Duke writes as follows, in October :

*To THE COUNTESS CEELIA BORROMEA*

“MADAME,

“I flatter myself that if your Excellency has not quite forgot English, I am not entirely out of your memory. The last comands you were pleased to lay on me were to write to you in English, & you see I punctually obey them, & I may venture to say Madam, that this letter will be attended with one agreeable circumstance to your Excellency which is that of introducing one of the most learned and at the same time most agreeable men in Europe to you, besides this he is one of the most intimate and dearest friends I have in the world, which I am vain enough to hope will not lessen him in your Excellency's esteem. his name is Mr. Folkes ; he is a member of our Royal Society, & has been a great while our Vice President, he was an intimate acquaintance of the Great Sr. Isaak Newton for whose memory, as every man of learning must, he has the utmost veneration. With all these qualities, I am sure, your Excellency, who is the chief patroness of Learning & polite Sciences, will soon forgive the liberty I have taken, of recommending him to the

honour of your acquaintance. I am Madam, with the utmost truth and respect

"Your Excellency's

"Most devoted obedient humble servant

"RICHMOND AND LENOX.

"LONDON Oct. 22nd 1733."

The Duke's exertions in the Whig cause were not confined entirely to furthering Sir Thomas Prendergast's interests, for at this particular time he was engaged in canvassing for four elections at once. All of the candidates in whom he was interested proved successful except Sir Thomas Prendergast; but of that unlucky gentleman more anon.

The political excitement under which the whole country was labouring is aptly described in the Duke's next letter to Martin folkes.

"HAMPTON COURT, Oct. 11th O.S. 1733.

"DEAR FOLKES,

"You'l say by the date of this letter again from Hampton Court, that I can only write here, and really it is so, for here I am in waiting and have nothing else to do almost; butt when I am not here for this last two months, my whole time has been taken up with four elections that I have at present upon my hands, that is two absolutely upon my hands viz. Chichester, where I sett up my Unkle Brudenell & Shoreham where I sett up S<sup>r</sup> Thomas Prendergast, the first I am sure to succeed in by a natural interest, & an old familly interest, at the latter I beleive we shall also succeed by labour and Sweat of our Brows or

*pockets*, for the County of Sussex I am also very busy, for Pelham and Butler who are vigorously opposed, by Mr. Fuller and S<sup>r</sup> Cecyl Bishop : However wee are pretty confident wee shall also succeed there, then in Westminster tho' I have butt a very little interest there, yett I am doing all I can for S<sup>r</sup> Charles Wager, & Mr. Clayton ; for which Gentlemen, I shall beg the favour of your vote and interest. There is no opposition as yett & I believe there will be none, however for fear of accidents Dear Folkes, I wish you would write to your friends as soon as you can to secure them. if there is any opposition they say it will be My Lord Morpeth, & my freind Jack Spencer ; but I beleive they wont stand. You'll thinke me mad with Elections, & tis true I am so ; butt all England at present is the same ; it is Epe-  
demical, & will last till the Elections are over. tho' the present talke of warr, or more properly & really, the *Warr*<sup>1</sup> has putt a little stop to it. I shall say nothing of it to you, for where you are, you are much more *au fait* than wee. by Spring at least I reccon you will be in the midst of them. however dear Folkes, it is not your business to putt your gutts in the way of a Cannon ball, butt I fear this will stop your return through France, for by the time you intend that, I suppose we shall have got into the scrape, and then all communication will be stopt. so really I thinke the best thing you can do, is to come away as fast as you can, to Turin, & there take my Lord Essex's advice, which way to come home, for seriously you will

<sup>1</sup> The war for the crown of Poland. England took no part in it.

now meet with damn'd difficultys, and expensive ones, such as *escourts*, *saufe gards* &c. my advice may be impertinent, butt if it is, excuse it dear Martin, for it proceeds merely from the real love and value I have for you, & perhaps I may advise you to hurry home a little the sooner, because I should be excessively glad to see you.

"I received your obliging letter from Venice Sept. 11th & thanke you for it; & I promis to be better for the future as to writing. butt indeed you did me injustice if you thought my silence proceeded from anything but lasiness; & these damn'd Elections. for your absence, I do assure you, can never in the least diminish the sincere love and value, I ever had, have, & ever shall have for you."

But happily the Duke's apprehensions for the safety of his friend proved groundless. England was sufficiently embarrassed by the approaching Election, and had no wish to plunge into a foreign war. She held aloof from the struggle in which Austria, France, and Spain were embroiled, and Martin's return some two years later was unimpeded by anything more disagreeable than the ordinary discomforts of eighteenth-century travel.

Here, then, for a while at Rome, let us leave Martin folkes to revel quietly amongst his congenial surroundings of art and literary treasure! But ere we set out for Goodwood, I would have you look in with me, for a few moments, upon John Wootton, one of the most esteemed artists of the period. He was much in request at Goodwood, where specimens of his skill

abound in the shape of portraits of the old-fashioned hunters that the Duke so dearly loved, and he was equally well known at Newmarket, for he painted the portraits of all the favourite race-horses of his time. But on this occasion we find him at his house in Cavendish Square, occupied in more material pleasures than the study of his profession, for he writes :

“ MY LORD DUKE,

“ I hope your Grace has recd the little Picture of Lady Caroline safe and I wish it answers your Grace’s expectation, if any dust should be upon it pray make use of a clean Spunge and water and nothing else and now my Lord give me leave to return your Grace my moste hearty thanks for the noble present of Venison you pleas’d to send me, it came safe and sweet and proved a delightfull repast, I invit’d some friends to partake of your Grace’s bounty and wee did eat and drink your Grace’s good health and each man look’d like a new-varnish’d portrate, I had some artists with me but they were observ’d to draw nothing but Corks, thus my Lord your Grace sees where ye Wines in ye Witt’s out but I know your Grace is so good as not to expose the nakedness of

“ your Graces most oblig’d humble Servt.

“ to Comand

“ J. WOOTTON.

“ I beg my duty to my Lady Dutches and Lady Caroline.

“ P.S. I hope my Lady Dutches recd no great harm from the fright she was put in by the high-



*From a painting by Woolton.*

LADY CAROLINE LENNOX, AFTERWARDS FIRST LADY HOLLAND, AND HER PONY.



wayman that rob'd her Grace and company on Rook's Hill.

"(What a sad Dogg must he be!)"

"CAVENDISH SQUARE Aug. 1733."

A quaint little picture this! And he was a wit as well, it seems.

But what a mysterious postscript! My friend, have you a liking for adventures of a dramatic nature?

If so, let us put the clock back a space and hasten to Goodwood, lest we be too late to participate in the blood-curdling scenes that were enacted there, in this year of grace 1733, for the benefit and discomfiture of poor Doctor Sherwin!



## CHAPTER XV

A highwayman's confession—An affront to the "cloth"—A ducal joke and a bogus villain—Tom Hill smacks his lips over the affair—A felon's appeal for the Duke's intercession.

### KNIGHTS OF THE ROAD

"STAND AND DELIVER!"

*Being part of the Confession of ——— ? ? the  
Highwayman*

"Burr the most noted Robbery I ever committed was about some months since in Sussex, upon three Ladys of great quality (as I have heard since) a Clergyman, and another Gentleman; It was in company with A. B. that was executed last Sessions, C. D. that was transported the same Session, and M. G. not yett taken; wee had been down at Portsmouth to see some friend on board Adml. Stewarts Squadron; wee found no game upon the road in our way down butt one poor man who lay Drunk and asleep upon the road about a mile this side of Petersfield, whose pocket wee pick'd without wakeing him, of three guineas, and three shillings, he had a few half pence and a tobacco stopper which wee left him. Wee got pretty merry on board the Squadron at our friends expence, for they would not let us pay one farthing; when wee returned to Portsmouth, wee spent all our money there, and then sett out again

for London, resolving to do something handsome upon the Road. Wee jog’d on as farr as within two miles of Petersfield in the high road, butt then wee consider’d that it was possible wee might meet the same man there or thereabouts whose pocket wee had picked; for tho he never saw us, as the road was pretty full of people, wee imagined that he might enquire what sort of people had travell’d that road durement the time of his napp, and that wee might have been described to him, so wee thought it best to strike out of the road, which wee did to our right hands, and haveing cross’d some by roads wee at last came to a small village upon the Downs called Compton, where wee breakfasted, for it was early in the morning, and a servant in Livery came into the ale house and said he was to go at ten o’clock with a chaise to fetch his Lady home, at which wee prick’d our ears, I tipt the winke upon Bob—A. B. and he follow’d me into the back yard, ‘wee must file the Lady, Bob,’ say I; ‘ay . . .,’ sayes he, ‘if she has any cole,’ upon that wee enquired a little what road she was to come, then wee all four mounted our prancers, took each a good dram of Diddle, and on wee went. When comeing to a wood on the left hand of a Large warren, wee saunterd there, taking the *Scout* by turns, till wee see the servant go by; then wee follow’d him gently, till wee came to a Village which they call West, or Eastdean, I can’t tell which, where wee saw the chaise waiting, which wee passed without takeing any notice, and so went up a Hill to a Windmill, when presently wee espyed a *Sail* [that is, a Chaise] with people in it, on the

top of an other hill still above us, wee sunke the lower in order to come round upon them on the other side of the hill, when at last wee came to a deep Ditch that look'd as if it was made for our purpose. '——! ——!!' says Ben, 'what a fine shirking place is here; lett us make attack them, by God theres booty!' 'Done,' said wee all, 'butt first letts send a Scout'; upon which Tom went up the Ditch and peep'd, '——! ——!! ——!!!' says he, 'there's rare Booty, and I'l be cuss'd if theres a pop amongst them.' 'What are they?' sayes I. 'Three Doxys, a Rum-Cull and a small Coal man . . . (for wee always call a Parson a Small coal man,) and butt a skip kennell<sup>1</sup> behind the Chaise'; wee then hid a horse<sup>2</sup> who should be Captn., and it fell to my lott, so upon that sayes I, 'I'l file them; Bob shall hold his pop at the Coach man, and Jack at the Postillion, and Will keep Scout at a distance.' Wee then made at them, I came up to the womens side of the Chaise, and then thinking they were sure enough, went round to secure my Cull and the Small coal man. . . . 'Dam you . . . all,' sayes I, 'deliver!' the Cull fell a Chattering, so rapt his knuckles for him which made him pretty obedient . . . 'Dam you,' sayes I, 'do you collect'; which he imediatly did, and gave me the booty in his hatt, that was about ten shiners, a couple of Smelts, a gold tattle, Dust trunke and rolling pin (for so wee so call a Watch, snuff box and tooth pick case); all this while the small coal man satt and did nothing, upon that . . . 'Dam ye, the booty,' says I. Then he lugs out three or four

<sup>1</sup> Footman?<sup>2</sup> Tossed up a coin.

hogs,<sup>1</sup> . . . ‘ Dam ye,’ say I, ‘ your gold and your watch ’; upon which he fell a joaking; *slap* I lett fly my pop, tho not with intention to kill the poor Dog neither, butt the sluggs whistled pretty close by his ears, which putt him in a most confounded fright; ‘ take all,’ says he, upon which I whypt my hand into his pocket, which I could hardly do for his paunch, butt at last I lugg’d out his *nett*, that is his purse, with six shiners and a smelt in it, butt the Dog had no tattle, upon which I cuss’d him as he deserved. Then wee made off, butt took care to leave them strict orders not to budge for half an hour; then away wee went, and kept the most by roads wee could till wee came to a vast wood, where wee lost our way, wandering about in it till it was almost darke, at last wee got out and down a hill to a little village, where wee see nobody, gott neither peck nor swallow, butt napt it most part of the night in an empty barn, however wee had discourse and wee gott away by day break, and in about an hours time came to a town they call Pettworth, where wee and our horses prog’d. Then wee came the direct road to London, where wee went to our old Boosing ken, and there divided our booty. The Cole was divided equally. The gold watch sold to Isaack Vertheimer a Dutch Jew, for 12 pounds 6 shillings, the snuff box and tooth pick case was pawnd at Shocks rumbo ken for 10 guineas.

“ + his marke.”

Shades of Macheath and Dick Turpin! When I

<sup>1</sup> Shillings ?

came across the above extraordinary document, I said to myself that here, indeed, was romance! I seemed in fancy to be shouldering my way into the midst of the gaping throng that was wont to assemble so often around Tyburn Tree, expectantly waiting to see whether some hapless Knight of the Road would show the white feather at the last, or die game. In and out of the surging mass there darted ragged hawkers, huskily proclaiming the "last dying speech and confession" of the poor wretch, under his very nose. Listen to them, crying their wares in much the same fashion as do the grimy vendors of "Official Programmes" amongst the cosmopolitan crowds that throng our flag-decked streets to-day, all agog to catch a passing glimpse of some personage on his way to royal palace or Guildhall! But after a careful study of the manuscript one or two points struck me as being rather suspicious.

First of all, it was undoubtedly in my ancestor's handwriting. Secondly, there was no signature attached, nor could I find anywhere amongst the Duke's correspondence the opening portion of the confession of which this was apparently the continuation. There was no covering letter, nor were there any legal documents bearing on the capture and conviction of the offenders. And this was especially strange, for his Grace scrupulously preserved all official documents that came his way, and notably everything that dealt with Sussex criminals. This one surely would never have been unrecorded!

But, alas for romance! For as I worked my way through my ancestor's letters there came to me,

here and there, a hint in the shape of a few sentences which completely gave the whole affair away, and proved it to have been a huge and highly successful practical joke! The victim, one Doctor William Sherwin, was at this time a Canon of Chichester. For some reason or other he does not appear to have enjoyed much popularity among the Duke's friends; but why or wherefore I cannot tell. Many of my readers have doubtless attended Goodwood Races. And some of those that braved the journey before the era of motor-cars will have good reason to recollect the steep approach to the Course from the Midhurst side, and the final crawl from Singleton up the northern slopes of the Trundle, or St. Roche's Hill, as it is also called. Here it was that one fine day in July this most audacious robbery was carried out!

Picture to yourself then our noble arch-conspirator, with his comrades in crime, thanking their stars for the crape which concealed the working of their countenances as, convulsed with silent laughter, they revelled in the fun! See how ecstatically they contemplate the terror and dismay of the obese divine! For he is paralysed with horror by their lurid threats, mock brutality, and—oh, crowning terror!—the unpleasant proximity of a charge of “sluggs” which have just whistled past his ears on his heroic attempt to pass the matter off as a “joke!” And, how *did* you manage to keep your face, my Lady Duchess? For you were an accessory of the deepest dye. Slyly wrote Lord Albemarle, a few days later:

“I wish you and all ye Ladys privy to ye Robbery

may escape ye Law ; ye Joke I like and wish I had seen Sherwin in his fright."

From Cowdray, over the hill, Lord Montague had something to say about it as well :

"MY LORD,

"I received your Grace's kind summons to Charlton Forrest,<sup>1</sup> and we shall not fail waiting on you on Thursday, if fair weather. I am sorry to hear you were all robbed, t'other day ; I hope good Mr. Sherwyn stay'd at home, or at least had little money in his pocket, if one of y<sup>e</sup> sufferers. I don't doubt but you had y<sup>e</sup> highwaymen pursued, for 'twould be very inconvenient should they get a haunt in these parts."

Evidently Tom Hill relished the joke to the full, for he wrote from London :

"Tom Cope gave me your letter, and with it a description of the robbery, that was very entertaining. I should have been vastly pleased to have seen the Doctor's phyz at the time. 'Os illud,'<sup>2</sup> at all times ridiculous, must have been ten times more so. I have the idea of it before me, but to be sure far inferior to the reality. For me I give you my word it shall be a secret. I shall not mention it to anyone but those you have named, and that, as the Catholics say, 'sub sigillo confessionis !'<sup>3</sup> However I fear a secret tho ever so well lockt up in so many breasts will find a passage through the keyhole of some of them."

<sup>1</sup> For cub-hunting.

<sup>2</sup> "Under the seal of secrecy."

<sup>3</sup> "That face of his."

And Tom was right ! It was too good to last, for a week later he wrote :

"Your robbery is the present talk of the town. One of y<sup>e</sup> daily papers published it in the morning, and the evening post as I am told has it tonight. I have been ask'd tonight in the Park fifty questions about it. I couldnt help observing that some seem'd to sneer, as if in the secret ; particularly Captain Elliott. I kept my countenance, however, and spoke with as much concern for the fright as well as the loss the Ladys had suffer'd, as if both had been real. But I presume yr Grace does not deign to make a mystery of it at Hampton Court. As the King's pardon may be necessary, sure you will think it proper to own the affair to him. If the Doctor should indite you for putting him in fear you can't deny, as the learned Mr. Magnan has it, but that 'tis a true bil. To be serious ; 'tis a secret in too many hands to be long one to anybody, and therefore I think should be treated as a jest, as it cannot pass much longer for a truth."

And so we may guess that it was not long before the joke became public property.

With what object my ancestor wrote the bogus confession I know not ; is it possible that the actual truth never reached the Reverend Doctor's ears after all ? It may be that after the lapse of a few months, his assailants concocted a tale, fictitiously dated from Newgate, whence he might derive a tardy satisfaction from the thought that stern justice had overtaken the miscreants in the end ?

At any rate, his Reverence remained in blissful ignorance for a considerable time, long after the whole



affair had become public property ; one wonders at his astonishing obtuseness ! Convincing proof of this is afforded by the following letter, written by the Duke to his friend Martin folkes, on October 11 following the outrage ; he says :

“ When you came to the article of the Robbery in your letter I own I burst out a-laughing ; and so will you, when you hear the truth of it. the Robbed were the Duchess of Richmond, Lady Tankerville, Lady Hervey, Mr. Fox and Dr. Sherwin ; butt the Robbers were myself and Liegois<sup>1</sup> ; the whole scheme, as you may imagine, for *the Doctor*. The three Ladys and He, Fox, being in the secret, every mortal now in England butt the Doctor know the joke, but the Doctor to this minute knows nothing of it, nor does he smoke the least trick in it, tho his wife and daughters as often as he goes to Chichester (which is as seldom as he can) all have told him that every body in the country say it was butt a jest or trick of myne ; upon which the Doctor *les envoye promener*<sup>2</sup> and then comes to Goodwood saying what a ridiculous lying town Chichester is ; ‘ nay,’ says he, ‘ *they have actually persuaded my wife and daughters that it was your Grace robbed us, and they never consider that tho you might frighten me, you never would frighten the Duchess or the other Ladys.*’ Butt what convinces me that he is in earnest is that he tells the whole story to every different company he meets and never omits any one particular, nay he told it the other day to Mr. Pelham at an election meeting before two hundred people,

<sup>1</sup> A confidential servant.

<sup>2</sup> Sends them to the rightabout.

with his usual exactitude, which surely he would never have done if he had smoked the least trick in it, for every mortal butt himself in the room knew it as well as myself. The good part of his relation I must tell you. *'When wee were upon Rooks Hill,'* says he, *'up rode three the most dreadfull fellowes I ever saw,'* (one of the three by the by was in buckram, for there was only Liegois and I,) *'the first,'* says he, *'presented his pistol to the Postillion,'* (that was Liegois,) *'the second to the Coachman,'* (that was the Buckram man,) *'and the third drew out his pistol and attack'd us. he had a long read beard under his masque,'* (myne is black you know,) *'and mounted upon the vastest Brown bay horse that ever was seen, at least sixteen hands high,'* (which by the way was my own pad that is under fourteen hands, and a light chesnutt!) *'Dam ye your mony,'* swore every other word he spoke, butt I was not a bitt afraid, then he putt up his discharged pistol, and threw open his great coat, and discovered a belt stuck full of pistols, at least three or four pair, butt I was not a bitt afraid, tho he was in mortal terror the whole time, and as for pistols, I had butt two, one in my hand and the other in my pocket, and not one stuck in my belt, not indeed even a belt. I fear I have tired you already with the account, so I'll have done with it, for there is no describing it half so ridiculous as it was. Scarron himself could not do it, and his lyes are beyond Sir John Falstaff's."

"But mark you, my friend, how truly it befalls that comedy and tragedy are often brought into close contact. For between the pages of this lurid tale of violence I found an appeal to the Duke, written

barely three months previously from one William Gordon, then lying under sentence of death in Newgate, for one of the most barefaced robberies that was ever perpetrated upon the King's highway. He wrote as follows :

" May it Please YOUR GRACE,

" The Noble and Generous Character of Goodness and Humanity which so much Distinguishes Your Grace Emboldens the most Unfortunate of Wretches to Prostrate himself at your Graces feet in Hopes that he may be a Partaker of Some Influence of Your Benevolence to Mankind.

" Your Grace no doubt has heard of the Poor Miserable Condemn'd Gordon ; He it is that now Implores your Powerfull Intercession with His Majesty to Spare a life Unworthy of Living, and has only to say for himself that he was never Violent or Unmannerly to any Person in his life time. Having an Abhorrence to abuse, My Crimes I blush at, and therefore have nothing to say for myself ; but your Graces Undertaking My Unhappy Case May Preserve the life of a Man that is ready from Principle to Sacrifice it for King George and His Country, I am though Unfortunate and Miserable an Admiror of Your Graces good Qualities as well as, May it Please Your Grace,

" Your Graces Most Unhappy & Devoted Humble Servant

" WM. GORDON.

" NEWGATE, April 13th, 1733."

Yes, no doubt his Grace *had* heard of " the poor

miserable condemn'd Gordon," for he had enjoyed the reputation of being a highwayman for over twenty years. His final offence was to rob Mr. Peters, Under Treasurer of the Temple, between Knightsbridge and Hyde Park Corner ; emboldened by his coup he adjourned to a public house where he celebrated the occasion by getting drunk, and was arrested in that condition with his plunder still on him. He was a hardened offender. The glib manner in which he appeals to the Duke's benevolence and the excess of contrition with which he cries "Peccavi," tell one as much. Why he should have appealed to the Duke in particular I cannot say ; he does not appear to have had any dealings with him at any other period, but this letter may have been only one of the many which he despatched to members of the nobility, in hopes that the soft-hearted ones amongst them might take his case up. In these days I have no doubt but that he would have found plenty of response amongst those misguided individuals who are ever ready to take up the cudgels on behalf of convicted offenders, in the shape of unreasonable petitions to the Home Secretary !

But his appeal was disregarded, for on April 24 he wrote despairingly :

" ffor his Grace the Duke of Richmond, humbly these :

" May it please YOUR GRACE,

" His Majesty has been pleased to order my Execution for tomorrow morning, which is such a Short and unexpected warning That I am altogether unprepared as to this world or the Next.

"Your poor Supplicant therefore humbly begs your Grace of that Goodness so Natural to you to Intercede with his Majesty to grant me a few days to settle my affairs.

"And as in ye Strictest Duty bound

"Your poor Supplicant Shall always Pray &c

"WM. GORDON.

"April 24th, 1733."

The game was up, and he knew it ! Three days later he was hanged. But I cannot help admiring the gameness of the poor wretch in his determination to leave nothing to chance, for under the very shadow of the gallows he tried to evade the consequences of hanging by having an incision made in his windpipe by a surgeon, and it was so far successful that, when he was cut down, after hanging for three quarters of an hour, there were still signs of life in him, though he was past recovery !

## CHAPTER XVI

Electioneering in 1734—The enlightened but purchaseable men of Shoreham—Old Snooke, of Shoreham, has no price, and lives to see his tempters worsted in the fight—Sir Robert Walpole goes back on his word—A lady wins two smocks—Death of Louise de Kéroualle—Doings at Ditton—The Duke as Master of the Horse—The arrival of an heir—My Lord Essex tenders advice on the training of youth.

AND now—let us turn from this queer jumble of melodrama and real tragedy, to a brief—very brief—consideration of more public matters.

Brought about by a combination of stormy crises, in which the Excise Scheme and the Riot Act were prominent elements, the Elections of 1734 were carried on with great heat, and in no constituency was the contest waged with greater keenness than in New Shoreham.

In spite of his dislike of politics, the Duke exerted himself most strenuously on behalf of Sir Thomas Prendergast, at this time standing in the Government interest for Shoreham, and I would ask you to glance through a few extracts which I have made from his letters to his old friend John Russell ("Bumbo") at Woolwich, soliciting his assistance in the matter, He writes :

"DEAR RUSSELL,

"Enclosed is a list of Shoreham voters that live at Woolwich, Deptford, &c. I beg you would go

to every one of them, from the Duke of Newcastle and me, and beg a promise of their vote, next Shoreham election, for Sir Thomas Prendergast, who I have declared stands at Shoreham; we take it for granted they will give their other vote to Mr. John Gould, who we believe will join with us, but to be sure he won't oppose us.

"Do this cleverly and with expedition and you will extremely oblige, Dear Bumbo, Yours,

"RICHMOND.

"Write an account of your success and send the letter to me."

His next letter is illustrative of their joint efforts :

"REDLYNCH *Sept. 5th* 1733.

"DEAR RUSSELL,

"Your letter of the first of this month quite astonished me when I read in it that these Shoreham Chaps demurr'd about giving their promise for Sir Thomas Prendergast, because they are all of them, as I take it, in Government pay and Sir Thomas stands entirely upon the government interest and supported by your humble servant and the Duke of Newcastle, from whom I have full power to make use of his name to anybody and on any occasion, for Sir Thomas Prendergast's service; so I beg of you to find out to what docks and people they belong and then go to the commissioners or other people that may influence them and present the Duke of Newcastle's service and mine to them and that we beg they would influence them to vote for Sir Thomas.

"As for this Mr. Gascoigne, I fear him not and you

may tell them, that we shall build ships as well as him and shall have it much more in our power to serve the town in general and every private person in particular, much better than this Mr. Gascoigne, or anybody else.

“I believe we shall indeed be obliged to build a ship or two, tho’ we sell them again afterwards and as for these Chaps that are near you, I desire you would order a dinner for them and as much punch as they will drink, which I must beg of you to manage and pay for and I will punctually repay you ; and then you must try to get all their promises and I hope they’ll do it by fair means, else by G— they shall by foul, for we have interest enough surely, to get them turned out of their places ; but that must be hinted but tenderly and to those only that would else be likely to go against us.

“I shall go down to Shoreham about the 22nd of this month and I wish you could go down with me ; for you may be of great service to us in our bargains about this ship building, which we know nothing of and you do.

“I shall be out of London but a week and will bring you back, so pray dear Bumbo consider of this and do it if you can. I shall be at Greenwich on Tuesday the 18th instant, in the evening, so pray meet me there.

“I am, Dear Bumbo most truly . . . Yours

“RICHMOND.”

Treading on rather dangerous ground this, and a questionable plan of campaign, surely !



It was an up-hill task, however, and one of the most obdurate appears to have been "Old Snooke," and his three sons, concerning whom the Duke next writes, in terms perilously approaching intimidation :

"DEAR RUSSELL,

"Altho' old Snooke has received a most pressing letter from my Lord Wilmington<sup>1</sup> in favour of Sir Thomas Prendergast, yet he will not declare and the true reason is that he wants money, which we shall certainly not venture to give ; so I would have you talk to his son and tell him the ill consequence it will be to him and all his family, if they don't vote for Sir Thomas Prendergast ; for they will lose my Lord Wilmington's favour and mine entirely ; whereas if they can persuade the old man and all three vote hearty for us, it will eternally oblige us and we shall always be ready to serve them. Pray do this and you will oblige Dear Russell Yours . . .

"RICHMOND.

"Goodwood Dec. 14th Dear Bumbò must come down to Goodwood at Christmas, in order to go to Shoreham with us. Jemy Brudenell can bring you down ; if not we have a Stage Coach, but come you must. . . . My Wife's and my services pray to Mrs. Russell."

But old Snooke stuck to his guns, and the Duke transferred his efforts to young Snooke, writing a week before the election :

<sup>1</sup> Lord Privy Seal and Lord President of the Council.

"SHOREHAM *April 18.*

"DEAR RUSSELL,

"Old Snooke is quite gone off from us, and swears he'll be single for Philipson, so that his son who is with you must be taken care of, or he'll play us the same trick. I have written to Sir Jacob Ackworth to desire a line from him to young Snooke, so I beg you would carry it as soon as possible and get it, that Snooke may have it before he comes away, for I reckon he'll come away on Monday, for the election will, I believe, be on Wednesday next, the 24th, so you see no time is to be lost. Pray let me see you at Goodwood on Sunday the 21st, or the day after by dinner, but that need not hinder you going as soon as you receive this to Sir Jacob Ackworth and getting his letter to Snooke, but if you can't come sooner than Monday, I would have you come directly hither with Snooke and pay all Snooke's charges to keep him in a good humour, and if you can, bring the others at Deptford and London with you. . . .

"R."

And Sir Thomas added his entreaties two days later, as follows :

"NEW SHOREHAM *Saturday April ye 20th 1734.*

"DEAR RUSSELL,

"Instantly on receipt of this, send down some trusty person (I wish it may be yourself instead of sending) with all the Shoreham voters who will vote for me. The election is to come on on Wednesday

morning early, so that there must be great expedition used in their journey, for one vote may turn the whole election.

"Philipson, notwithstanding his fair promises, has publicly joined with Mr. Frederick at last. I hope Sir Jacob Acworth has the Duke's letter which he enclosed to you and wherein he desired him to speak or write to Thomas Snooke and all the other carpenters and Shoreham voters in any of the King's yards near you, to vote for me, and if to be done, single votes, since Philipson and Frederick have joined. If any are infirm, let them have coach, chaise or anything, so they come. I am, dear Russell, ever yours to command,

"T. PRENDERGAST.

"I cannot tell what the success will be; I think I am pretty well, but How's tricking me out of building a ship has hurt me much."

Alas, all was of no avail! For in due course the names of the unscrupulous Philipson and his colleague Frederick appeared at the head of the Poll, and poor Sir Thomas retired discomfited from the Dock-yards!

In the spring of 1734 the Duke and Duchess paid one of their frequent visits to The Hague, returning to Goodwood in July.

But disquieting reports concerning the old Duchess of Portsmouth soon caused the Duke to hasten back to Aubigny. The real reason for his hurried departure does not appear to have been generally

known, even to his intimates, for we find Sir Thomas Prendergast writing on July 30 to ask :

"Is not this French expedition a sudden thought ? I fancy the News had so often mentioned your going thither to see the Dutchess of Portsmouth that she claims your performance of ye journey."

And again, a few days later, he pays the poor old lady a pretty compliment by confessing—

"I am unfaithfull in my wishes, even to Gort, for I should not think the Enchanter my foe would take me from the verge of my bog and lay me gently down upon the Steeple of Notre Dame ; my humblest respects to the Dutchess of Portsmouth ; if the sage would give me the aforesaid short lift a good Postchaise would transport me the remaining part of the way to pay my Devoirs to her and your Grace at Aubigny !"

The good Sir Thomas evidently soon recovered from the defeat he had sustained at Shoreham, for his letters of this period betray an interest, not only in foreign affairs, but in certain humorous aspects of life as well, which speaks volumes for his cheerful spirit in the face of his own recent disappointments !

Touching lightly on the difficulties by which the great Prince Eugene was faced on the Rhine, where a sanguinary struggle was raging between Austria, France, and Spain, he indulges in a few apposite reflections upon Prince Eugene's plan of campaign. Thus, he asks :

"Has Prince Eugene really 80000 men ? If he has I fear half of them are only militia, for I have

not seen any List of regular Troops amounting to 40000—I rather think that to be the cause of his temporizing, and it puts me in mind of an observation made on the conduct of the first general whom Rodriguez (the last Gothick King) sent against the Moors on their invading Spain ; he had an army chiefly made up of new Troops, & is much blamed for hazarding a battle, whereas, it is said, he ought to have kept his men in motion, near the enemy, to make them alert and to discipline them by frequent changing camps, yet still so to post them as not to be easily attack'd ; this conduct by degrees uses young raw soldiers to handle their arms and creates in them an impatience to come to blows with an enemy, whom their vicinity to has made them look on without fear—whatever is Prince Eugene's motive, I am perswaded it is well groundd, & I hope it will meet with better fortune than the Imperial Troops have in Italy—I want much to see the Vienna account of that matter—I think it may fairly be collected that, however the honour of the thing may stand, neither side have much cause to rejoice, and that such another victory would ruin France. . . . I hope the newspapers are in the right, and that I may congratulate your Grace on your new office . . . . ”<sup>1</sup>

And he continues, in lighter vein, abruptly changing his subject :

“ I have but one thing more to add, which is to tell you a very good Practical bull (or a very bad one to the executor) a man at my town built a very pretty house, but left a very great rock in the middle of his

<sup>1</sup> The coming Mastership of the Horse.

intended parlor, which when the house was roofed, he blew up and the house with it."

And again, a few days later, he writes, rather sarcastically :

"I am much pleased that I went not abroad this summer for though anyone who intends to embrace the profession of a soldier may probably learn a great deal of the art of encamping and decamping, intrenching and retreating, yet when a man intends only one or two campaigns, that is but dull work ; I believe the Prince of Orange thinks it so, if it be true that he is already coming away, unless it is occasioned by some disgust.

"The Duke de la Trimauville's late wound being in his thigh I hope they have hung up his breeches as a trophy of honour, in like manner, as it was said, his hat was hung up, when he had like to have been wounded in the head."

Sir Thomas had for some time been kept on the tiptoe of expectation that he would be given the Postmaster-Generalship of Ireland, having had, some months before this, the solemn pledge of Sir Robert Walpole to that effect ; but that statesman had gone back upon his word in most unkind fashion, and the manner in which he shuffled out of his promise, in the presence of the Duke of Richmond and Sir Thomas sheds a discreditable light upon the value of ministerial assurances !

However, the gallant Baronet "came up smiling," if I may use such a term, and entered the lists once more in September, with another appeal for his cousin's interest.

"MY DEAR LORD,

" . . . . I am ever troubling you with requests, & no apologies for making them. And behold I am about to add to yr score—the Lord St. George, who is what we here call Governor, and what in England is termed Lord Lieutenant, of this County of Galway, is extremely ill and is 84 years of age—now I think I have the best right of any one in it to succeed him as Governor, for I am the only privy councillor in it ; I have the best Estate in it (except one man who I flatter myself will not be looked on as a proper competitor with me) there is indeed one Lord Athenry) but he is a convert from Popery in appearance, and I doubt (with all the Irish world) that he is still a good Catholick in his heart, in short he is so obnoxious to ye Government that I fear not him. . . ."

It is melancholy to have to state that Sir Thomas had again to acknowledge defeat ; and it was not until many years later that he eventually received the reward of perseverance in the shape of the Postmaster-Generalship of Ireland.

Tom Hill, as usual, kept his Grace well up in the Society gossip of the day. A much-discussed topic appears to have been "Who will be Master of the Horse ?" We find Tom writing as follows, early in August (and incidentally delivering himself of a somewhat indifferent joke) :

"MY LORD,

" . . . The news-writers have hitherto only given you the mastership of the horse. Now they have

pitch'd upon a commission which you are to execute in your return thro' Flanders, which seems naturally enough to belong to your place. You have orders sent you they say to purchase two fine sets of horses for the King's use. If this is not a proof of your having the place, what is ? I hope you are not very solicitous about what is saying or what is doing at court, I am sorry that I have it not in my power to inform you. Since I dined there with your Grace I have not once been within a mile of the place. . . . Swiny with whom I dine this day at Governor Morris's, sets out next Saturday for Paris. He pleases himself with the thought of meeting your Grace there. But if he makes his journey from Calais, as I think he proposes, *en Diligence*, as much a paradox as it may seem, or which is pretty near the same thing, a bul, he is not likely to make great hast. This, I own, is a most miserable conundrum, and but for dawbing the rest of my letter, I would infallibly scratch out it. Husk is at present confined to the tower, tho' not yet as a state prisoner, whatever he may come to be. Some day next week we are to have a snug party there. . . ."

The snug party duly took place, but Tom would seem to have been in imminent danger of witnessing a battle *à l'outrance*, between two most faithful and trusty friends of the Duke, arising, as is not unusual, out of a petty misunderstanding. He says :

" . . . I dined the other day with Husk at the tower ; but as he intends writing to your Grace himself, I shal not forestal the account he designs you of the remarkables there. Our company was Lord



Weymouth, Mr. Villars and Mic Broughton. Among a number of glasses two were particularly dedicated to yr Graces, and in the Doctor's style, which by the by in this instance I think very proper, the fair Duches's health. Shal I finish here, or shal I tel you first, that Bumbo is highly enrag'd at Mr. Sedgwick<sup>1</sup> about a letter he received from him, in which he sais he has treated him as if he was a fool and a blockhead. He did not shew it me, but told me he kept it by him for you to see. The story is too long to tel you, neither am I quite a master of it ; but in short it relates to some directions Bumbo had given your Steward about getting your china out of the custom house, which he neither follow'd nor seem'd to approve of. While Bumbo was telling me the story up comes Mr. Sedgwick into my room by chance, and I once begun to think there would have been more than words between them. But Mr. Sedgwick shewed at least his prudence in retiring. As I have not seen this fatal letter I cannot take upon me to determin, but as I have a good opinion of yr Steward's understanding, I am apt to believe the other takes the matter too warmly. However *non nostrum inter eos tantas componere lites.*<sup>2</sup> To their master let them stand or fal. Make acceptable to her Grace, Lady Cadogan, and Lady Margaret, and why not to little Emily, my sincere respects ; and believe me now as ever

" Yr. Grace's

" Most Obedt.

" Humble Servt.

" THOS. HILL."

<sup>1</sup> The Duke's Steward.

<sup>2</sup> " It's no business of ours to settle their squabbles for them ! "

Fortunately the duel was averted, and Tom's next letter is a potpourri of convivial news, mingled with gossip and complaints respecting the dilatoriness of the British workman.

Lord Weymouth seems to have shared the Duke of Richmond's zoological tastes, but he wearied of his pets sooner than his *confrère*.

"MY LORD,

" . . . Yesterday I had the honour of a letter from the Governor of New York. Among other things of mere compliment, he mentions one that is substantial, and may prove of service to your table. He calls it a curiosity that he is sure will be acceptable to you. Acceptable I make no doubt but it will be. But the curiosity I question much. Not to keep you longer in suspense. 'Tis a West Indian sheep; but whether male or female as he is silent upon that head, so must I be too. . . . I don't know whether Husk has informed you that Lord Weymouth is returned to his Gothicism, and given up all pretensions to that virtue he once bid fair to make a figure in. His Eagles and Vultures he has disposed of among their relations in the tower<sup>1</sup>; and for his bear he has devoted him to the Genius of his table. The hams and paws are for himself and company. The rest whether for his servants or his dogs I can't say. 'Tis not very material to yr Grace how I spend my time; however for want of something better, I will give you an account not of what I have don, but

<sup>1</sup> There was a small "Zoo" at the Tower of London at this period.

what I am to do. I dine with Husk at the tower, from thence we adjourn to a punch house in St. Katherines, that stands upon the river; where the mistres told Husk the Dutches and several Ladys of quality come frequently to take a sneaker. The evening we conclude with the diversions of Smithfield. If any thing remarkable happens, I will reserve it for a P.S. You wil be surprised very likely when I tel you that your foundations are not as yet half dug. Where the fault lies I know not, and so won't lay it any where. But sure by this time the building might have been half up. My best wishes attend the Ladys from the grandmother down to the granddaughter. . . ."

He was a great diner-out, was Tom ! And we can well imagine the delight with which he wrote down the "Tale of a Shirt," wherein John Russell's fair relative had swept all before her ! He says :

"MY LORD,

"I . . . dined this day at Lord Dysert's, with my Lord Carteret and his whole family, relations as well as dependants. . . . Yr Grace's and Lady Dutches's health was drunk by the whole table, and a Lord March was talk'd of pretty strongly ; why not prophetically ? Mic gave me an account of a lady that has won two Smocks within this twelvemonth at two races, one in Pelmel, the other in the Mal ; she is now so known, that she is expected in the next Smock race by name, as it happens frequently at your horse matches. But who do you think this Atalanta is ? In your ear I whisper it as a great secret.

Bumbina's Sister; servant to a Butcher's wife in Hungerford market, who had the cruelty to make her sel the prize smock to buy two of a coarse thread, fit for the use she was to put them to . . . have been doubting whether I should at last finish my letter on a subject that I am sure must give you pain. But the news wil inform you if I don't that Colonel Montague died suddenly last night at the bagnio in St. James Street. He came up with Lord Carteret<sup>1</sup> and Mr. Jackson from Mr. Spencer's about busines as he pretended. Indeed he has don it effectually, his own busines I mean, with a pocket pistol to the great surprise and grief of his friends. I shal say no more on so melancholy a subject, nor can I now on any other. I am with great truth of heart

"Yr Grace's

"Most Faithfull

"Humble Servant,

"THOS. HILL."

And now there was sorrow at Goodwood and Aubigny, for on November 14, 1734, Louise de Kéroualle breathed her last, at the advanced age of eighty-nine. For some time her health had been failing, and the end came in Paris, whither she had journeyed to consult her physicians.

Voltaire had written of her, fifteen years before, "Never did woman preserve her charms so late in life. At the age of seventy she was still lovely, her figure stately, her face unfaded."

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards First Earl Granville, and Secretary of State in 1742.

One is glad to think that her last years were not wasted, for she founded a Convent on her property, the nuns of which had under their care the instruction of the young and the training of the sick. And so, a week after her death, there came to her grandson the following letter from the Lady Superior of the institution she had endowed :

[*Translated from the French.*]

" AUBIGNY Nov. 20th 1734.

" MY LORD,

"The Sisters of our town of Aubigny take the liberty of expressing to your Grace the deep sorrow with which they received the news which announced the death of the Duchess of Portsmouth ; she was the founder of their Order. In this capacity she had for all, by her continual protection, the feelings of the most tender mother. The memory of her kindness cannot but render us inconsolable in our distress, we feel, my Lord, how afflicted your Grace will be, since we know that you looked upon her as a dear and devoted mother, one of those amongst whom it is rare to find a love equal to that which she had for you. But we pray to the Saviour to preserve you and give you the consolation which you need. At the same time we implore you of your goodness to continue your protection and to believe my Lord, etc., etc.,

" MARIE BLONDEAU,

" *Mother Superior.*"

She lived to a ripe old age, and the loneliness

of her declining years had been in great measure relieved by the strength of the mutual affection that existed between herself and her grandchildren—affection that looks out at us from every line of her frequent letters to them. And we may be sure that the news of her death, though not unexpected, gave rise to feelings of very sincere sorrow in the loving hearts of those young people at Goodwood, to whom the ill-spelt little notes would never come again.

By the death of the *suo jure* Duchess, Richmond now became Duc d'Aubigny, and at the same time acquired the Seignory of that place. Later, in 1766, the peerage was registered in the Parlement de Paris, while on March 18, 1818, it was confirmed to the fourth Duke of Richmond by Louis XVIII.

But we will not bring the year to a close in such gloomy fashion! Instead, let us visit his Grace of Montagu, that volatile nobleman, at Ditton, for there we shall find many of our friends assembled to celebrate the festive season, in good old-fashioned style.

'Tis true, the floods are out on Father Thames, as is often his wont at this time of the year, but we will not be dismayed, for have we not the valiant Hollis to pilot us across the submerged meadows?

And, if that should fail, well—there are here other cheery souls, despite the absence of his Grace the Duke of Richmond, and, 'tis their firm resolve to dispel all thoughts save those of a seasonable, and therefore convivial, nature!

Hear what old Mick Broughton says :

"DITTON 27 Dec. 1734.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"It was a surprise to me, when young, to meet people who could not enjoy life. That now, ceases to be a Wonder, and I am satisfied, they had their pleasures ; else, how can a gentleman frequent Charlton, who cannot Ride ; and Ditton, who cannot Row ; the joy is in the smack of the Whip. Bro. Webber, & Juli attended the D. of Mon hither in his new chaise ; at the same time, Lord Pembroke brought St. John and C. Stanhope in his coach : yesterday about 12, the great Bell notified the arrival of Mr. Russell upon the outside of a horse ; and at 2 Lord Albemarle made his Entry, with Capt. Bodens. When Ld Cardigan comes, we have our compliment Lamenting the absence of our 3 usual Companions, D. of R. Squire Tom, & The Captain !

Your Grace is well acquainted with the Businesse and amusements of this place ; We are no Changelings. Navigation, and the Feast hold their own : the Peers are the most alert ; Charles Stanhope and Mic have a Partie at Backgammon, and stir not abroad in the afternoon ; Hollis, by being unluckily bred to the Sea, is piqued in Honour to make two trips a day ; yet with a most melancholly face ; turns out as soon as he has dined, leaving Wine for Water. By the help of the late floods, on Wednesday, they row'd through the Meadows into the River Thames ; to have made the North East passage could not have been a matter of more consequence. We had immoderate laughing last night ; Bodens was low-spirited ; his striving against the stream set their

hands in ; Charles Stan. could not forbear tickling him ; Hollis, tho well pleas'd, is not friendly enough with him to abuse him. I know not how long this campaign will last ; I having no equipage must keep the field till the General decamps ; about which time, I presume, will be an Union of the Fox and Anti-Fox-Hunters. Some great Mason is wanting to initiate Bob Webber. Ditton salutes Charlton. Be pleas'd to make my particular compliments to the Companions of the Mahogany Tables.

“ Your Graces

“ Most Obedient and Humble Servant

“ M. BROUGHTON.”

And yet, perhaps it were prudent to forgo the visit to His Grace of Montagu ; for had we once entered his hospitable doors, the attractions of “ sport without and within ” might have tempted us to prolong our stay into the New Year, in company with worthy Mick, for thus he writes, on New Year's Day :

“ DITTON *New Year's Day* 1734-5.

“ MY DEAR LORD,

“ . . . I am sorry the weather has not been kinder for your Sport ; bad as it is, it has not hindered ours, without doors or within : Rowing every day to old Windsor or Dachett ; and within, Hollis and Desaguliers<sup>1</sup> (who came hither on his Crutches on Saturday, and able to go without them in 24 hours) have been super-excellent in their different ways,

<sup>1</sup> A celebrated philosopher and lecturer of the day. He was also a prominent Freemason.



and often at one anothers. We have been entertained sometimes with scenes out of Don Sebastian, Tamerlane, Love for Love &c. ; the Chief Actors Desaguliers, St. John, Bodens and Webber. Mick, having a bad memory, excus'd himself from Acting, and Seated, Solus, upon a large Sopha, Represented

A Full Audience.

To give Caesar his Due, this Jest was *Spoken* by the Master of the House. On Sunday night at a Lodge in the Library, St. John, Albemarle, and Russell made chapters ; and Bob Admitted Apprentice ; the Dr. being very hardly perswaded to the Latter, by reason of Bob's tender years and want of Aprons. My being out of this Farce likewise, excludes me the Honour of styling myself Brother, must therefore be contented to subscribe myself My Dear Lord Duke your Graces

" Most Devoted, and Humble Servant

" M. BROUGHTON.

" P.S. Russell left us on Monday ; Ld. Albemarle yesterday ; and this day Ld. Pem., Hollis, Stanhope, and the Dr, in the Earl's Coach ; and Bodens in the Windsor Stage ; five women with him within, and five men, besides the Coachman, on the outsides, besides numberless cloakbags, baskets, and parcels ; considering the roads, it was doubted if they must not lye on the Road.

" All here salute their friends at Charlton. We are reduced, besides His Grace, to Ld. Cardigan, Ned Montagu, Webber and

" M. B."

Truly a vivid picture of the delights of travelling in the days of our forefathers.

Who, think you, was most to be envied : the cramped inside passenger, "alone, yet not alone," with his female companions and their impedimenta ; —or the gentlemen outside exposed to the inclemency of the weather ? It is a question that gallantry must decide.

Early in January 1735 the Duke was appointed Master of the Horse, for which he duly received many congratulations ; but I have confined myself to merely quoting two of the letters concerning his new appointment, for the simple reason that the writers have laid stress on the fact that they were looking forward to a more domestic event that was then imminent.

Thus wrote the aged Duke of Somerset from Petworth :

"MY LORD,

"As I have noe other way at this distance to make my complements to your Grace now, upon His Majesty's apoynting you to bee His Master of the Horse, &c. I doe therefore desire your Grace to accept off my congratulations in this letter ; they are from a very true and constant ffriend to the Duke of Richmond, whoe takes and receives the greatest pleasure in all things that are most agreeable to you, but to perfect the conclusion of all, and of all that will bee still most Desirable, your Grace hasse my most hearty wishes that my Lady Dutchesse may soon have the Happy oportunity and satisfaction to deliver into your

armes an Earl of Marche. I am with the greatest Respect and Truth

“ Your Grace’s

“ Most obedient and most humble servant

“ SOMERSET.

“ My wife desires her compliments and best wishes to my Lady Dutchesse and to your Grace, I doe alsoe desire mine to her Grace.”

And from Cowdray Lord Montagu writes in the same strain, with a few preliminary remarks upon the shortcomings of his keeper :

“ MY LORD,

“ I have received ye honour of yr Graces letter and am much obliged to you, for ye account you are pleased to send me, of my Gamekeeper ; but am sorry to find, he has not executed my directions, which was to preserve ye Game, knowing yr Grace took pleasure therein. I shall write next post to my Steward, about him, & in case he ever fails again to discharge him.

“ give me leave to congratulate yr Grace, on yr being Master of ye horse to his Majesty, & I hope, I shall soon have occasion of wishing you joy of a Son, which to all yr friends will be a real pleasure, but to none more than

“ Your Graces

“ Most Obligated Obedient

“ humble Servant

“ MONTAGUE.

"My wife and I joyne in our respects to Lady Dutchesse, and she desires you'l accept of hers. . . .

*"February ye 5th O.S. 1735."*

A few days later the longed-for heir made his appearance, and the event must have been hailed with especial delight, for two sons had died in early infancy. From all directions congratulatory letters poured in upon the parents; but, as they read the many expressions of good-will, their happiness was tinged with melancholy, I know, for there was one message that they missed most of all. It was the quaintly spelt little note that would come no more from Aubigny. And do not you think it a little pathetic that, after all, the poor old lady was debarred, by the narrow margin of three months, from the supreme delight which the sight of her great-grandson would have afforded her—"le petit fils" whom she had so earnestly hoped to greet before the close of her long life?

The birth of the son and heir<sup>1</sup> naturally produced some queer bits of advice amongst the congratulations. Will you glance at the hasty note scribbled by my Lord Essex?<sup>2</sup> I have selected it owing to the timely note of warning which he sounds against spoiling the young hopeful. He says:

<sup>1</sup> Charles Lennox, Earl of March, third but eldest surviving son, succeeded his father as third Duke of the new creation in 1750, and was famous for his Reforming Resolutions during the early nineties, and the extreme Toryism into which he subsided ten years later.

<sup>2</sup> William Capel, third Earl of Essex.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"I am this Moment agoing out of Town or the first place I went to, should be Your Graces, to congratulate you upon the News I heard last Night after the Opera att my Sisters, of my Lady Dutchess's safe delivery of a Son.

"I assure Your Grace no man could feel a greater joy than I did, as I know itt will make you both thoroughly happy ; give me leave to give you one piece of advise and that's not to be over carefull of him, and Kill him with kindness.

"I beg my Respects to her Grace, and may you both have whatever you desire is the Sincere Wishess of him who is with the Greatest Sincerity and Respect my Dear Lord

"Your Graces

"Most Humble and

"Most Obedient Servant

"ESSEX.

"*Sunday Morning.*"

Mr. Benjamin Keene made haste to write from Madrid, and the warm-hearted diplomat expressed himself in terms which denote plainly the regard which he entertained for the Duke and Duchess ; thus :

"MY LORD,

"If Your Grace's Post gave me Pleasure, I had still a much greater pleasure when I heard that my Lady Dutchess had recompensed you with an Earl of March, May he live and be like his Father, and that

is the best wish I can make for you, and all your Servants and Acquaintance, and since I am wishing, May I be tired with congratulating you upon such subjects as these are, but I am sure before that Time comes, the King will have nothing to give you, the Dutchess of Richmond will have no Reason to complain, and you will be in no fear about successors to your Titles. . . .”

Of course, the Duke's affection for Martin ffolkes impelled him to lose no time in writing to his old friend, for he knew full well that he would hail the news with delight. Martin was still on his travels; you may recollect that we left him, some two years ago, in Italy, armed with letters of introduction to people of note, and chuckling inwardly, no doubt, over the Duke's private opinion of the *élite* of Rome!

The letter to Martin tells us, as well, that in those stay-at-home days the Duke was very frequently away from England; the death of Louise de Kéroualle, and his consequent succession to the Aubigny estate, entailed several visits to France, and he was one of the favoured individuals for whom the Cross Channel Passage had no terrors!

Besides this, by virtue of his Official position as Master of the Horse, he was constantly in attendance during the King's frequent visits to Hanover. And it was well for him that he was a good sailor, for His Majesty was utterly regardless of the dangers to which he was more than once exposed during the crossing; in fact, as you shall see, in the following year his recklessness very nearly proved disastrous.

But I am anticipating, and poor Martin is anxiously waiting for the long-deferred news, so let us have compassion on him. The Duke writes :

" LONDON, *Feb. 25th*, O.S. 1734-5.

" DEAR FOLKES,

" Do you forgive my twelvemonth's silence, I own my negligence has been intollerable, I am sorry for it & I beg pardon. what can I do more ? butt behave better for the future. I wont pretend to make any excuses, butt I must say one thing which is that about four months ago when I was last in Holland (for I have cros'd the sea six times, that is been three times out of England this last summer) I had actually pen in hand to write to you, when my Lord Harcourt, who was then at the Hague, assured me that you were infallibly at that time sett out from Rome, and that as you was very likely at that time at sea, my letter would never meet you, nor am I at all clear that this will ever come to your hands. however I venture it. Dear Martin, when will you come home ! I assure you it is most ardently wished for by all your friends—Particularly by the Duke of Montagu and me, butt if anything should delay it, which I should be sorry for, lett me beg of you, if you come by the way of France and the Lyons Roade, that when you come to a place called Cosne, you would send a man over to Aubigny to see if I am there, for if the King goes to Hanover I shall pass most of my summer there, it is but eight or ten Leagues at farthest from Cosne and if I should be there I must see you if you come that Roade, butt I should be much more glad to see

you now soon in Old England again. I have two pieces of news to tell you that I flatter myself will give you pleasure, the first is that about a month ago the King did me the Honour to declare me Master of the Horse and Cabinet Counsellor. The next which I am sure will please you still more, is that last week the Dutchess of Richmond was brought to bed of a boy, he is a fine child and likely to live, and she is also extreamly well. After this, I have no better news to tell you, but I must tell you what I hope is no news to you, that I am, with the utmost truth, value and love, my dear Martin

“ Your most sincere

“ & faithfull humble servant

“ RICHMOND, LENOX & AUBIGNY.”



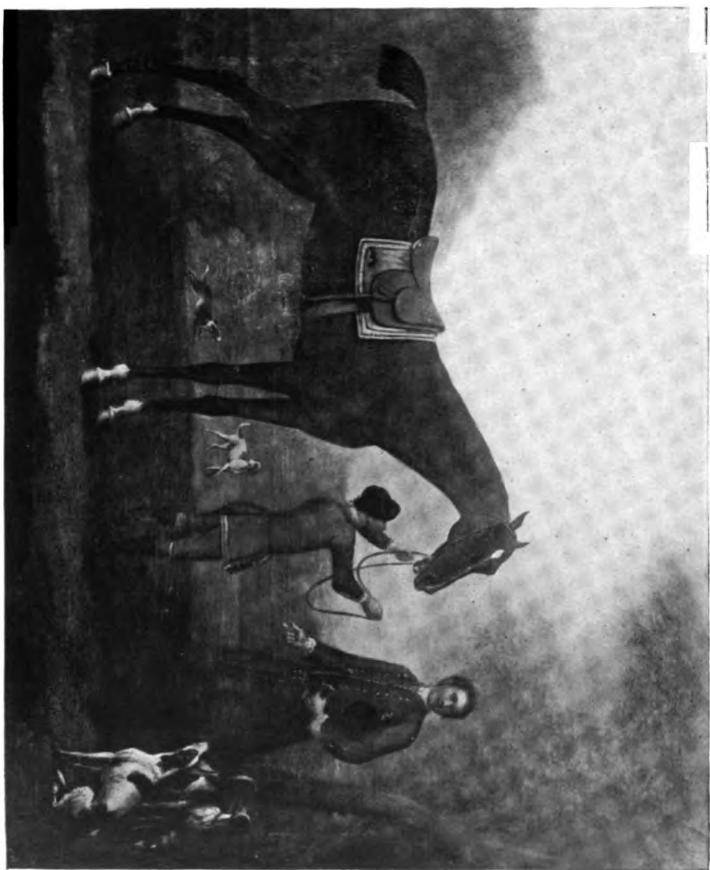
## CHAPTER XVII

A sumptuous repast—The Duke of Bolton on horse and hound—Sir T. Prendergast and Irish landscapes—Lord Berkeley, sportsman and gardener—The Duke and Duchess at "The Wells"—Surprise of Lord Harcourt—and his parental pride—Colonel Pelham—A ridiculous rumour—The King's danger on the high seas—His recklessness—Loyal message from the "Proud Duke"—A right royal row!

THE Duke of Richmond's new appointment as Master of the Horse entailed a great deal of entertaining.

"I dined yesterday at the Duke of Richmond's," wrote John Collis, Mayor of Hastings, to another Sussex worthy. "There were 27 Sussex Gents among the rest; the Duke of Newcastle, Earl of Wilmington, Lord Abergavenny, Lord Ossulston who is the Earl of Tankerville's son. The Entertainment vastly splendid and served all in plate, Dishes & all, and a fine desert; there were 24 footmen waiting at Table, & as he is Master of the Horse to the King 16 of them in the King's livery & the rest in his own, which is very handsome. In short, the Dinner Side-board, Desert, and grandeur surpassed everything I ever saw, & the house vastly fresh finished. We tarried till 12 o' the clock, dining at half an hour after 4."

Seven and a half hours of it! There were valiant trencher-men in those days!



*From a painting by Woodhouse.*

CHARLES, SECOND DUKE OF RICHMOND, K.G.



Martin ffolkes returned to England in the following September, and I feel sure that his reception at Goodwood fully compensated him for any regret that he may have experienced in tearing himself away from the Art Galleries and Museums of Italy. There is a sporting ring about the next two letters in my collection. Some eight years previous to this date the Duke of Bolton had resigned his Mastership of the Charlton Hunt in favour of a joint agreement between Lord Tankerville and the Duke of Richmond. Keen sportsman though he was, he found the charms of Miss Lavinia Fenton,<sup>1</sup> a theatrical star of *Beggar's Opera* fame, too potent to withstand, and so he felt constrained, regretfully no doubt, to bid adieu to the "Gentlemen of Charlton," and that quiet little hamlet knew him no more.

But he did not abandon the chase altogether, for we find him writing to my ancestor thus, on January 22, 1736 :

"MY LORD,

"I did myself the honour to Call att your Grace's house on Thursday last butt I had not the good fortune to find you att home, you were soe kind to say that you would help me to some of my old kind of hounds that I may keep up the Breed, if you can Spaire me any of the underwritten dog hounds I shall be oblig'd to your Grace ; if you are soe kind pray Lett the Bearer have an order and then I can send to Godliman<sup>2</sup> before your Hounds return into

<sup>1</sup> She afterwards became his Duchess.

<sup>2</sup> Godalming.

Sussex.<sup>1</sup> I am with the greatest Esteem and Respect  
My Lord

“Your Graces most

“faithfull Humble Servant

“BOLTON.

“Joeser, Trounser,

“Ranter, Royall.

“If you can spare me one Running Tarrier I shall  
be quite sett up.”

His next letter recalls memories of an old friend. Do you remember the Duke of Richmond's concern, some eight years ago, for the welfare of his favourite hunter, Bay Bolton, and the correspondence which passed between him and the faithful secretary, Labbé (since, alas, gathered to his fathers) when that celebrated animal was amiss ?

NEWMARKET *April 1st 1736*

“MY LORD,” he writes,

“I had the honour of your Grace's letter last night and as I hope to have the pleasure of waiting on you next week, soe I hope that will be time enough to send for Brown George, I don't remember I told you that his Wind is Broke. I have another son of Bay Bolton att Hackwood, thorow breed, that will make a fine Stalion, he is now seven year's old fiveteen hand's high very sound and a very fine horse, he may come up att the same time.

“I am my Dear Lord

“Your Grace's Most faithfull Humble Servant,

“BOLTON.”

<sup>1</sup> From the New Forest.

In spite of the ill luck which attended poor Sir Thomas Prendergast's political aspirations, and the rebuffs which he received in the course of his endeavours to secure lucrative Government appointments, he found time occasionally to drop the subject of his grievances and to write in lighter vein. He says (after one of his long dissertations on the injustice he had received at the hands of Government Officials) :

“ . . . I shall ship off in two or three days the view of the Waterfall (perpendicular height is 300 feet) & Park of Mr. Wingfield at Portscote (it is thus pronounced) near Dublin—it is a most exact representation of it and also a view of the Salmon leap at Leislip, which belongs to Mr. Connolly and is a present from him to your Grace—the first of these is a noble picturesque Landscape—I cannot say quite so much for Mr. Connolly's, ye chief fault of which I think is that the painter has filled it too full of buildings and those too near—the Lontano of it is pretty and the whole an exact copy of the real prospect—I will try if Mr. Connolly will consent to some alterations, which may tend to embellishing the piece without any (unallowable) variation from the resemblance—the pictures are really not ill done (particularly Portscote) for the small sum they cost—we have a Lake in this Kingdom in which are 300 or 400 Islands (some of them two miles round) covered with wood, the various positions of which in the Lake form many of the most beautifull assemblages of wood and water that can be conceived—if I can prevail on the painter who executed these to go thither this summer, I may perhaps

send you something worth a place in your new house, which I hope is finished to your satisfaction—how is the Bed-chamber? do not the Pillars spoil its beauty? the light of ye staircase and smallness of ye dining room were (I think) the only things besides to which any exception could be taken, and it is very probable that the finishing them may have answered the objectors. I am so pleased with looking on the picture of one of your family which I have already (which has given a general admiration both of ye subject and execution) that I must trespass once more on your goodness for your picture to be done by Vanderbank (I think there is no other in London who comes *so near* deserving the name of a painter). . . .

“T. PRENDERGAST.”

I am afraid that the Irish painter proved obdurate; at any rate, amongst the Goodwood pictures there is no representation of Killarney or the Irish lakes; if the promised pictures of Powerscourt and Leixlip ever reached my ancestor, they have long since disappeared.

The Duke's brother-in-law, James, third Earl of Berkeley,<sup>1</sup> took up his abode at Aubigny for a short time in the summer of 1736. As Lord Dursley he had a brilliant career in the Navy, but at this time his health was indifferent, and he had been compelled to retire from the profession in which, as a young man, he had so distinguished himself. He seems to have found

<sup>1</sup> His wife, Lady Louise Lenox, had died in 1716 at the early age of twenty-three.

the gardens of Aubigny in a somewhat neglected state—but what a curious time of year to be hunting late in the evening! Think of it, cub-hunters of to-day! He says :

“AUBIGNI *July 15 1736.*

“MY DEAR LORD,

“I have received your Graces last from Goodwood, and am very glad to hear your all so well, and Ld March grown so noisy. I have so many things to thank you for, that I dont know which to begin with, so that I think my best way will be to lump it, and do it altogether, wich I do with the greatest gratitude, the hounds are very good, but indeed my dear Lord, you hinder me from ever giving you a commission to do any thing for me, if you must not only be att the trouble, but the charge too, I have been a hunting every day since the corn was cut, but have not done much mischief, for we have not once killed, they are so much more plenty, than when your Grace was here, that we change so often, that tis almost impossible, and then I go out pretty late, in the afternoon, that its sometimes the night hinders us, so much for sports. . . . I must owne your gardeners here are none of the best, but their is no such thing as a good one to be had in this country, they leave every thing to nature, but I design if I can get him to come over, to send for mine for two or three months, when he has least to do at Cranford, to show them a little, and they promise me they will do their best to learn, so that I’m in hopes your Grace may have things pretty good, and early next year, if you think of coming here, but



if your Graces designs to be much here, I would humbly advice to get a good english gardener, and then you'l have fruit, and every thing in perfection here, for tis the best ground that can be, but they dont so much as know how to prune a tree, or think their is any occasion for it, I beg my best respects to my Lady Dutchess, and I believe you may by this time be pretty much Tyred with the length of my letter, so that I shal only add, that I hope your Grace will believe me, always most intierly yours

“BERKELEY.”

Poor Lord Berkeley did not live to see the results of his advice concerning the gardens, for his death occurred very shortly afterwards. The Duke and Duchess were now drinking the waters at Tunbridge Wells, and here one day he received the following humorous epistle from Simon, Lord Harcourt; it bears testimony to the convivial tastes which my ancestor shared with most of the nobility of the period. The writer appears, as well, to have been looking forward, with the eagerness of the newly wed, to the arrival of the first-born, for he says :

“COCKTHORP *July the 18, 1736.*

“MY LORD,

“If I had the least relye'd upon the credit of the news papers I should have addressed this letter to Your Grace's Château D'Aubigné Instead of sending it to your Palace at Whitehall, where I imagine this letter will have the advantage of being received at your return from Tunbridge, where if I am not mistaken I heard you was gone to pass some

time. Had I not been acquainted with your Grace's Itinerary disposition, I should have been very apprehensive of your Grace's frequenting a place that hath nothing but water to recommend it. As I have the happiness of being obliged to go town about the latter end of next Month pour *les couches de Madame*, I do not altogether despair of meeting Your Grace there, or of paying my respects to you in Sussex some time in September, I am My Lord

"your Grace's

"Most Sincere humble Servant

"HARCOURT.

"My compliments attend My Lady Dutchess. If you should ramble westward of London I am sure you would not scruple to ride three or four miles to give so much pleasure as your company always does to your humble Servant."

How delightful, then, to know that his fondest hopes were realised by the appearance of a son and heir! In common, also, with the newly wed, there would seem to have been a slight miscalculation of dates, which rendered the visit to Town unnecessary. However, all ended happily at Cockthorp, for his Lordship writes gleefully :

"COCKTHORP August the 2nd. 1736.

"MY LORD,

"I was allways apprehensive of the Effects of excessive joy when it comes unexpected, for among other ill consequences it too frequently makes people impertinent even to their best friends, which your

Grace will soon be convinced of, for I am going to ask the favour of you to stand Godfather to a son of your very humble servants, which came into the World yesterday Morning the first of August for which reason I think I may with better pretention claim the same honour from his Majesty, which I ask as a favour from your Grace; Mais *le moyen d'y parvenir*, here my Lord I own my self *tout a fait desorienté*, How to proceed I know not, of the person I ought to apply to still more ignorant, and whether even it is possible to be effected in his Majesty's absence is still more doubtfull to me, and whether it would not be proper for me to come to Town and personally apply to her Majesty to procure me that honour, I must therefore beg your Grace's advice, which I allways shall be proud of following. I the less expected this agreeable surprise at present, because My Lady imagined that by going to town the latter end of this Month, she should have sufficient time to make the Necessary preparations. Now my Lord I think I have tired out your Patience, yet I am not uneasy upon that score because I know your Grace will make some allowance for one who hath not been *en menage* more than nine months and a half, and who is the happiest Man in Chrisendom. I wont endeavour to wind this up with a formal period therefore conclude with

“Subscribing myself my Lord

“Your Grace's

“Most Humble & obliged Servant,

“HARCOURT.

“My compliments to Lady Dutchess.”

The Duke had been elected Mayor of Chichester in 1735, and in that capacity he entertained Admiral Perez, the Morocco Ambassador, and his suite, at Goodwood in the following September. A large party was invited to meet him, and we find Colonel Pelham, of Crowhurst, the Member for Hastings, writing to express his willingness to join them. He says :

" CHARLES STREET, 14<sup>th</sup> Sept. 1736.

" MY LORD,

" I have the Honour of your Grace's Commands, and will be ready to attend you to Goodwood next Tuesday. . . . 'Tis a great affront to suppose the Eastern Nobles and their retinue wanted to be put in mind of paying Duty to the Mayor of Chichester the 27<sup>th</sup> of September instant. Pray order all the Bears and Tygers to be Muzl'd, and invite the Rabit Woman to sup with us at Godalmin. I am

" With the Greatest Respect,

" Your Grace's Slave,

" J. PELHAM.

" P.S.—I beg my compliments to the Dutchess of Richmond."

His mock dismay at the prospect of encountering his Grace's menagerie at Goodwood requires no comment ; he liked his little joke ! But his request at the end of the letter needs some explanation. "The Rabit Woman" is an allusion to an absurd rumour that was then in circulation. Hoaxes of the grossest kind were rife, in those days, and this was one of the most astonishing instances of the credulity

of the lower classes, for it was reported that at Guildford a poor woman had given birth to a family of rabbits—and many believed it!!

In the summer of this year the Parliamentary Session was closed, and the King proceeded upon another of his frequent visits to his German dominions, having appointed the Queen Regent in his absence. But his journey thither, in late autumn, was nearly attended with tragic consequences, for he reached Helvoetsluys with the greatest difficulty, owing to a terrific storm, of which a most graphic description is given us by a Mr. Clayton.

He writes :

“ MY LORD,

“ I should have dispatched a Messenger to your Grace a Sunday morning to have informed you of the King’s being safe att Helvertsluice, had not the Master of the Packett assur’d me one had been disptchd many hours before I was acquainted with it, to the Queen ; on this I Judg’d it unnecessary to send one to your Grace, perhaps the following recital may not be unacceptable to your Grace, as I think We may depend upon it as Authentick, some part being told me by A Captain of one of the Guard Ships, the rest by the Master of the Packett who brought the news of the King’s safe arrival.

“ Your Grace knows that they sett sail a Monday Morning, about five in the Evening the Wind blowing fresh, a Gun was fired as a signal that evry Ship should make the best shift for themselves, on Tuesday between eight and nine in the Morning the whole

fleet was separated from the King except a small vessel of ten Guns Commanded by Capt. Dumerick, about noon it was concluded on to run in for Shoal Water, there anchor and Cutt their masts ; steering in, Dumerick, being ahead, spyd land and gave warning of it, and was answered to sail for it ; accordingly att four in the Evning they arrived att Helvert the King went in great haste on shore, went into the first house they came too, Sir Charles Wager was in so feeble a condition he could not stand, the William and Mary on which Sir Charles was, had six feet water in her Hold and Shipd two Seas that made Her stand stock still, had another followed She must have sunk. The Caroline had thirty two Inches Water, there was not one Man of Warr went in with the King, Nor the Charlotte Yacht not heard of ; the two Men of War I wrote to your Grace of in my last were obligd to come in a Saturday here the Wind blowing hard att South ; The Lime, Captain Fanshaw, saild yesterday evening for Helvert but the Terrible is not in a condition to go to sea, having sprung her bow-sprit Main Mast and broke Her Main Topmast yard, the Packett saw Lord Augustus Fitzroy<sup>1</sup> a Thursday steering Westward, His Masts all down, sailing with a Jury mast but as the wind blew hard some time after and at South West he takes it for granted He was obligd to steer away for Holland. We have not as yett heard of the Charlotte or the other three Men of War but it is thought they are gott in somewhere to the Norwards. We expect a Packett this tide, if it comes before the

<sup>1</sup> He died at Port Royal, of fever, in 1741.

Post goes, and brings anything worth your Grace's notice shall be sure to send it you, excuse this freedom in my Lords

“ Your Graces

“ Most obedt. humble Servant,

“ C. CLAYTON.

“ HARWICH Dec. 28th. 1736.”

Here indeed was a tale of dire disaster. And how my ancestor must have thanked his stars that he was safe at Charlton !

Nor were the elements any kinder to King George II. on the return journey ; so indisposed was His Majesty in consequence of a very tempestuous voyage *from* Holland, that he was totally unable to open Parliament on January 21, and it was necessary to postpone that ceremony until February 1.

Admiral Sir Charles Wager had frequently no little trouble with his impatient Majesty on these expeditions. “ We must instantly set sail for Holland,” was the King's order on one occasion, during a tremendous storm (probably the one in question). “ Sir, it is at the peril of your life,” replied Sir Charles. “ Did you ever hear of a king being drowned ? ” demanded George. To which the Admiral, with his usual gravity, replied, “ Yes, your Majesty : Pharaoh, king of Egypt.”

His Majesty's safe arrival was a matter for congratulation to his faithful subjects, and more than one letter on the subject found its way to the Duke of Richmond. In his dual capacities of Lord of the Bedchamber and Master of the Horse he was, of

course, constantly at Court, and I feel sure that he took the earliest opportunity of placing before his royal master the loyal and affectionate sentiments of the old Duke of Somerset, then in his seventy-fifth year. He wrote from Petworth on January 20 :

" I doe desire you to accept of my compliments for the good and happy newes in your letter of his Majestys safe arrivall at St. Jameses. The great anxiety wee were all in until His Majesty's arrivall ! It is now most joyfull to us that Hee is arrived. When Your Grace hath an oportunity I shall desire the ffavour from your Grace to assure His Majesty that with profoundest Respect and Duty I doe with a very sincere Heart congratulatte His Majesty's saffe arrivall into His Englishe Dominions and that His Liffe may bee long very very long to Reign over us with perfect Health, Peace, and Hapyness to the true comfort and joye of all His ffaithfull Subjects ; as my unlucky Deffness continues it dothe Disable mee from paying my Duty to His Majesty, therefore I depend on your goodness in doing it for mee and that you will alsoe pardon mee for it becaus I am with the utmost Respect & sincerity

" Your Graces most ffaithfull obedient humble servant

" SOMERSET."

Good old man ! He was of a reserved nature and a lover of old fashioned dignity, no doubt, for he was known as the " Proud " Duke ; but the King had nowhere in his Dominions a more loyal subject than the owner of " Pettworth."



Here is another extract from the old Duke's letter, written in response to an invitation to Goodwood? It is utterly unimportant, dealing as it does with family ailments! But I so delight in his quaint phraseology that I cannot resist giving it to you; writing in March, he says:

"All my ffamily from ffather, Mother, Daughters etc., have had our severall shaires of colds and othere illnesses, the Dsse of Somerset hathe layn under a most severe & continued cold in Her Head more thann ffour weekes, but God Almighty bee praysed shee hathe begun to mend, but not soe perfectly Restored to good Healthe as to venture to Goodwood this moon, but wee doe flatter our Selves the next moon to bee able to have the Honour, pleasure, and Satysfaction to wayt on the Duke and Dsse of Richmond there, in mean tyme wee desire both your Graces to accept of our most Hearty good wishes that Lord March may soon bee Restored to perfect Good Health; I am with the utmost respect etc. etc."

I do not know what was the matter with Lord March, but a few months later the Duke of Richmond had, in virtue of his office, to undertake a less pleasant task than that imposed upon him by the old Duke of Somerset. For some time past, strained relations had existed between the King and the Prince of Wales, and an open rupture took place in August 1737, arising from the undutiful behaviour of the Prince in neglecting officially to inform his parents of the approaching accouchement of the Princess. The King's anger was intensified by the extraordinary action of the Prince in *twice* conveying the Princess

from Hampton Court to St. James's, when the event was imminent, a journey which must have seriously endangered her life; and His Majesty's displeasure was conveyed to the Prince by Lord Essex, immediately after the birth of the Princess, in the following terms :

**THE KING'S MESSAGE TO THE PRINCE BY MY LORD  
ESSEX, AUGUST 3, 1737**

“The King has commanded me to acquaint your Royal Highness That His Majesty most heartily rejoices at the safe delivery of the Princess, butt that your carrying away her Royal Highness from Hampton Court the then Residence of the King and Queen & the Royal family, . . . . to the imminent danger & hazard of both the Princess and her child, & after sufficient warning for a week before to have made the necessary preparations for that event without acquainting his Majesty or the Queen with the circumstances the Princess was in, or giving them the least notice of your departure, & the occasion of it, is look'd upon by the King to be such a deliberate Indignity offer'd to himself, & the Queen, that he has commanded me to acquaint your Royal Highness that he resents it in the Highest degree.”

The Prince deprecated his father's anger in several submissive letters, and the Princess added her entreaties to those of his Royal Highness, but the King remained implacable, and a month later despatched the Dukes of Richmond and Grafton and Lord Pembroke, to the Prince with a message which suggests that at the back of this particular offence there were

other substantial reasons for his resentment towards his son :

“GEORGE R.

“His Majesty is pleased to order and direct the Duke of Grafton Lord Chamberlain of his Majestys Household, the Duke of Richmond Master of the Horse to his Majesty and the Earl of Pembroke Groom of the Stole to his Majesty to carry to the Prince of Wales the Message signed by his Majesty and herewith delivered to them ; and to read the Same to the Prince of Wales, and to leave it with Him, which message is in the following Words.

“GEORGE R.

“The Professions you have lately made in your Letters of your particular Regard to me, are so contradictory to all your Actions, that I can not suffer myself to be imposed upon by them.

“You know very well, you did not give the least Intimation to me or to the Queen that the Princess was with Child . . . untill within less than a month of the Birth of the young Princess : you removed the Princess twice in the Week immediately preceding the Day of her Delivery from the Place of my Residence, in expectation as you have voluntarily declared of her confinement, and both times, upon your Return you industriously conceald from the knowledge of me and the Queen every Circumstance relating to this important affair ; and you at last without giving any notice to me or to the Queen precipitately hurried the Princess from Hampton Court in a Condition not

to be named, after having thus in Execution of your own determined measures exposed both the Princess and her child to the greatest Perils, you now plead surprize and your Tenderness for the Princess as the only motives that occasiond these repeated Indignitys offerd to me and to the Queen, your mother.

“This extravagant and undutifull Behaviour in so Essential a Point as the birth of an Heir to my Crown, is such an Evidence of your premeditated Defiance of me and such a Contempt of my Authority and of the Natural Right belonging to your Parents, as can not be excused by the pretended Innocence of your Intentions, nor palliated or disguised by Specious Words only.

“But the whole Tenour of your Conduct for a Considerable time has been so intirely void of all reall Duty to me, that I have long had reason to be highly offended with you.

“And untill you withdraw your regard and Confidence from those, by whose Instigation and advice you are directed and encouraged in your unwarrantable Behaviour to me and to the Queen; and untill you return to your Duty, you shall not reside in my Palace, which I will not suffer to be made the Resort of them, who under the appearance of an Attachment to you foment the Division, which you have made in my Family, & thereby weaken the Common Interest of the Whole.

“In this Situation I will receive no Reply; But when your Actions manifest a just Sense of your Duty and Submission that may induce me to pardon what at present I most justly resent.

“In the meantime it is my Pleasure that you leave St. James’s with your whole Family, when it can be done without any Prejudice or Inconvenience to the Princesses.

“I shall for the present leave to the Princess the care of my Grand Daughter, untill a proper time calls upon me to Consider of her Education.

“G. R.”

In obedience to the King’s order, the Prince retired to Kew, and made other efforts to regain his Father’s favour, but without success.

His punishment was indeed rigorous, for he was not even admitted into the presence of the Queen, to express his duty to her in her last moments, to implore her forgiveness, and to receive her blessing ; she died in the following November. Surely this was unnecessarily severe ?

## CHAPTER XVIII

Sir T. Prendergast *v.* Sir R. Walpole—The Duke supports his cousin, but to no purpose—Sir Thomas is grateful—His biting criticism of statesmen, and a dig at the Duke—His spirits rise again.

I DO not find very much that is worthy of record amongst the Duke's letters and papers of 1738, save, to be sure, the evergreen topic of Sir Thomas Prendergast's grievances and Sir Robert Walpole's obduracy!

A meeting took place between the two, in June, which had a stormy termination owing to the forcible remarks of which the impulsive Irishman delivered himself, remarks which must have extinguished his last chances with Sir Robert.

But poor Sir Thomas really *does* appear to have been very hardly treated. And my ancestor thought so too, for he made a final and eloquent appeal to Walpole on his behalf, writing from Goodwood in July, thus :

“ SIR,

“ It is very long since I have troubled you upon an affair which tho it may have slip'd your memory, lyes heavy at my heart. I am sure you can not be at a loss to guess the person it concerns, I mean Sir Thomas Prendergast, tho I declare I shall always thinke it more properly my concern than

his, it was so from the beginning, butt several incidents have contributed to make it more so. It would be too tedious and very disagreeable to recapitulate what is past (I am sure I remember it, and I believe you don't forget it) I mean all that pass'd before that ungarded, & what I have always thought, very wrong expression of his to you at Kensington. butt then pray sir be so good as to recolect what has also pass'd since. He has condemn'd his own behaviour on that occasion, in a manner with which you were pleased to declare yourself entirely satisfy'd, and that matters should stand upon the same footing between you and me, as if the thing had never happen'd, this I understood to be the sense of your declaration. If I am wrong pray sett me right, for if that was not your meaning I am determin'd never to give you any farther trouble about it. Butt if that was your meaning (as I really apprehend it to have been) then I may say I have the strongest demand upon you, since at your request, and upon your sollemn promis to me that he should have the post office of Ireland, he withdrew his petition for Shoreham, in which you had also previously promis'd to serve him. That his behaviour to you upon that single occasion, should have retarded the execution of that promise, is what I never wonder'd at, butt then (after your declaration that things should be upon the same footing as if that had never happened) I cant butt thinke it very reasonable, and high time to remind you of that declaration, and of your previous promise. I am convinced it is your inclination to keep your word with everybody, and if you will butt

seriously and calmly reflect upon all that is past I am very sure you must thinke I have a just demand upon you. Not butt that (tho I thinke it a demand) I shall ever esteem myself most infinitely obliged to you, if you grant it as my request. There are two or three very easy ways of doing the thing, the one by still letting him have that employment which was promis'd him, the post office of Ireland, by putting Sir Marmaduke Wyvil, on the first vacancy into the comission of Excise or Customs, either of which My Lord Lovel tells me he would be very glad of, and that he should then extreemly approve of Sir Thomas haveing the post office, an other is commissioner of the revenue, there is also what he would prefer to anything, Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland; the name of the employment, I own, sounds very great, butt then I believe you know that it is worth very little more than that of Postmaster; none of these are now vacant, butt a promis of any of them would make him very easy, and me happy beyond expression. If you thinke it then worth while to oblige me, that have ever been desirous of your friendship, always setting the utmost value upon it, you may easily do it . . . in this point so essential to me since I thinke my honor engaged in it. I have too much gratitude ever to forget the obligations I owe you, butt I wish you would now make them compleat by granting this which would ever oblige him that always has been, & is extreemly desirous ever to continue Sir,

"Your very sincere and faithfull humble servant,  
"RICHMOND,"



Unfortunately, though not unexpectedly, Walpole's reply was most unfavourable! I have found a copy of a letter, from the Duke to Sir Thomas, and dated three months after this, in which he deplores the collapse of their hopes, and gives vent in no measured terms to his own disappointment.

Thus he writes :

" GOODWOOD, *Fryday Oct. 13th, 1738.*

" I am obliged to you, Dear Sir Thomas, for your letter, butt I have no spirits to answer any part of it. Yet I should have a spirit to resent, if gratitude (which is a principal part of comon honesty) would permit me ; that's the dilemma makes me so unhappy. In short, I have at last received a final answer from Sir Robert Walpole, and I have sent it you. To tell you the truth, I received it the night before you went away. I ought not in honor and conscience to hide it from you, butt I could not bring myself to acquaint you with it sooner. I beg pardon for it ; I have no excuse to make, butt that really I have done all I can to avoid thinking of it, for whenever I do, it makes me almost distracted. You know my case, and that my only bonds are former obligations. However your case is different ; you are obliged to nobody, no (to *my great concern*) not even to me, for I have been, through too much credulity, the innocent cause of your disappointment. I have formerly beg'd you to be patient, butt now there is nothing to hope ; I have done asking it any longer, & sincerely beg your pardon for haveing ask'd it so long. I must tell you one thing tho, that I am

very sure of the Duke of Newcastles sincerity in haveing done all that was in his power to bring about what I wanted in this affair, tho without success ; I have had so many proofs of his friendship to me. in particular, and of his sincerity to all mankind, that I am sure of the truth of what I say of him, so he is *no ways* to blame. I hope I am not neither ; for upon my honor I never had a thing half so much at heart as this, I did all I could, and all that I thought an honest man *could* do, to bring it about, and am vex'd to the heart and soul that it was to no purpose, however what I am going to say is butt poor comfort for you ; yett give me leave to assure you, that the ill success of this secures my friendship to you if possible *more than ever*, for I now thinke it an indispensable obligation upon me to shew it you at all times and upon all occasions being more than ever, dear etc. etc."

This letter was warmly appreciated by the luckless one. But I am convinced that Sir Thomas had long since abandoned all hopes of success, in fact he says as much in his reply—which, by the way, contains one or two pungent criticisms upon the crooked ways of statesmen ! He says :

" WHITEHALL, Oct. 14th 1738.

" MY DEAR LORD,

" The manner in which Sir Robert Walpole's letter affects your Grace gives me infinitely more concern than the contents of it, for those are what I have always expected, whenever he found himself pushed beyond his ministerial subterfuges—I never

had the smallest doubt of your goodness & most real friendship to me, but the obliging and most affecting expressions which you make use of in your letter, are so strong proofs of the esteem with which your Grace honours me, that I were inexcusable, if I suffered either my words or actions (in relation to this affair) to be influenced by any other considerations, than such as may most contribute to your satisfaction and lay you under as little difficulty as possible. In order to which, I shall take that, which I really think the most prudent part—say little of what has past, nor even that little but to such who may have a claim of friendship to entitle them to a communication of it—this conduct will be no sort of constraint upon me, for as I have always expected this Issue of the business, it creates no warmth in me, and I do besides most sincerely despise the author, who, *however great* he may be, has shown so little regard to *common honesty* in his whole proceeding.

“I will not imagine that his Grace of Newcastle had any bad intention in what he reported to you, from time to time, but I cannot help thinking that he must either have misunderstood Sir Robert, or that he was unwilling you should find out a truth, which he was persuaded would give you pain—it is *hard* for those who are versed in State matters to deal in *naked undisguised truth*.

“Will your Grace do me the justice to give me credit, when I solemnly protest that the assurances you are so good as to give me of your friendship, are of more real satisfaction to me, *without any em-*

*ployment*, than the best in England would have afforded me, if I were to have paid for it with the loss of that—I will not say more, least it might look like what I abhor—*flattery*—less I could not, in gratitude or consistent with the temper of mind, into which the pleasure of such a letter from your Grace has put me. My compliments to the Dutchess and all at Goodwood.

“I am, My dear Lord, with the utmost sincerity,

“Your most obliged and most humble Servant

“T. PRENDERGAST.”

The reader, however, may well be tired of the woes of the ill-starred politician. I am equally certain my ancestor must have found it wearisome work to maintain an interest in the obviously uphill contest. So let us draw down the curtain over the poor man, with just one glimpse at a reproachful dig which he could not resist administering to the Duke, long after all was lost. Writing a year later he says:

“MY DEAR LORD,

“... Notwithstanding the behaviour of Sir Robert Walpole towards you, by persuading you to engage to me the most precious of all pledges (your honour) for the performance of his promise towards me (not to me) & his laying hold on a most absurd pretence to shift off the performance of that for which you did and do still stand so solemnly bound, you did not think fit to show any resentment against him. . . . I could have wished that you had owned to all your friends some resentment for such

usage, and am very sorry to hear that instead of that your Grace has never showed more attachment to him than of late, and that all the marks of private personal friendship, such as partys, dinners, etc., never were so frequent between you—It may be very impertinent in me to say that I cannot help taking this ill, yet I beg you will believe me when I assure you that if I thought such conduct would bring credit or *real* advantage to you, I would willingly sacrifice my private interest in the matter. . . .”

But what I like most about his long-winded epistles (and I am sure you will agree with me) are the little bits of fun with which, here and there, he interlards his tale of woe! For the ink of that reproachful note was scarcely dry before the light-hearted Irishman added a request that the Duke would permit his *chef de cuisine* at Goodwood to impart a little of the “polite art of cookery” to an aspiring novice in my Lady Prendergast’s kitchen! He says:

“MY DEAR LORD,

“ . . . . Lady Prendergast, though vastly incensed at the disrespectfull manner in which you mention the most ancient British cookery has yet desired me to ask your Grace whether Monsr. Jaquemar would condescend to let a young potatoe-roaster see him *chaw his meat* and *fricasee his frogs* for a year or too; in plain English, whether it would be inconvenient to have a tolerably clean boy serve in your Grace’s kitchen as scullion, etc., untill he might pick up a little knowledge—this your Grace has drawn upon yourself by your national reflections. . . .”

## CHAPTER XIX

Declaration of war with Spain—Sir Robert Walpole's sage remark—Admiral Vernon sails for Portobello—The Duke of Somerset on "foxes"—The Duke watches, from Goodwood, the futile attempts of war-vessels to put out to sea—Captain Norden and a "trip to Egypt."

THE friction which prevailed between England and Spain, consequent upon the commercial war in which the two countries had been engaged for many years past, found a temporary lull in the negotiations which took place in 1738. After much haggling and balancing of mutual demands for damages sustained in commerce, it was finally agreed that Spain should pay the sum of £95,000.

The stipulated time-limit of four months elapsed, but the money was not forthcoming, and after ten days' grace England decided to take action. Upon June 4, 1739, my ancestor was present at the Cabinet Council which resulted in the Declaration of War with Spain, the first of the four great Continental wars which were to cover the greater part of the eighteenth century. He kept a copy of the proceedings, in his own handwriting.

It is quaintly worded, and, by the way, you will observe that the actual date of the Convention had slipped the Duke's memory, as he leaves a blank which

I can fill by telling you that the Treaty had been signed on January 14.

“CABINET COUNCIL. *Cockpitt June 4, 1739.*—  
“*Present:* Arch-Bishop of Canterbury, Lord Chancellor. Lord President, Lord Privy Seal, Lord Steward, Lord Chamberlayn, Duke of Richmond, Duke of Devonshire, Duke of Argile, Duke of Newcastle, Earl of Pembroke, Earl of Flay, Lord Harrington, Sir Robt. Walpole, Sir Chas. Wager.

“The Duke of Newcastle proposed that (as the Convention dated . . . was broke by the King of Spain not paying the £5,000 upon the 24 May last, as was stipulated by the said convention) the King should be advised first to augment his sea and land forces, then to send orders to Admiral Haddock who has ten ships of the line, one of forty, and six of twenty guns, now at Gibraltar, to go with the utmost expedition and lye before Cadiz, in order to seize upon the Flotta when she comes out, & also to take, sinke, burn, or destroy, any Spanish Ship whatever that he or any of his squadron should meet with ; butt first to detatch two, three, or more of his squadron, as shall judge proper, to Minorca to protect the garrison from any invasion from the Islands of Majorca, Yviza or Barcelona or other places of the Spanish continent. Then to send orders to Comodore Brown, now in the West Indies, with three ships of the line, and three forty gun ships, to take the Galleons in their way home & to comit all manner of hostillitys upon the Spaniards in that part of the world. To all which the Lords agreed unanimously. they were also of opinion that five ships of the line were to be sent to joyn

Brown's squadron, which with the six ships he has there, one at Barbados, one at the Leeward Islands, and one at Virginia of 40 guns each, would make up in all a fleet of fourteen sail of men of war ; and consequently that an Admiral should be sent to comand them. The Lords were also of opinion that proper letters of Mart should be imediately granted for the making reprisals in those seas, & that proper instructions should be sent to all the governors in America, at Gibraltar, & Portmahoon, to putt them selves in the best posture of defence that they can."

I will not enter upon a lengthy, and probably inaccurate, narrative of the course of events which had led up to this campaign ! Vernon sailed against Porto Bello at the end of July 1739, War was declared on October 19, and public enthusiasm knew no bounds ; Londoners completely lost their heads ; they indulged once again in the golden dreams of the South Sea Company and grasped, in anticipation, the treasures of the Spanish Colonies. Stocks rose, bells pealed from every steeple, and the Prince of Wales headed a procession into the City to acclaim the heralds of the Declaration.

But there was one that took no part in the rejoicings. No man had a clearer view of the mischief and misery that would follow in the train of the Spanish War than the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Walpole.— "They may ring their bells now," he muttered, on the day of the Declaration, "before long they will be wringing their hands !" And his remark was fully justified by subsequent events. He hated the war, and would not throw himself into it ; he grudged



spending money, and refused to undertake any serious operations. True, he sent a few expeditions to Spanish America, the first of which, as we shall see, under Admiral Vernon, took Porto Bello, one of the harbours of the Spanish Main. But the second venture of that Admiral had a disastrous termination, for partly owing to mismanagement, and partly to the ravages of fever, the Cartagena expedition in 1741 completely failed. Walpole was bitterly attacked in Parliament by all the Whigs whom he had been excluding from office during the last twenty years, and early in 1742 he was forced to resign. He was succeeded by a Whig Coalition, of which the nominal head was Lord Wilmington, but the real chiefs of the new Ministry were Lord Carteret, and the two Pelhams, Thomas, Duke of Newcastle, and Henry, his younger brother.

And this brings me back to my old letters ! For in 1739 there commenced a correspondence between my ancestor and the two last-named Statesmen, of so voluminous a character, that I cannot attempt to give it in complete form. It lasted for years, and embraced lengthy dissertations upon the state of affairs abroad, as well as the conduct of Elections at home. I shall merely try to select from the budget a few of the more salient passages ; but the path is beset with many obstacles, foremost amongst which is the Duke of Newcastle's handwriting—for it is almost illegible !

The impending war with Spain decided the British Government to strike at the South American colonies as soon as war should be declared ; for it was thought

that their weak defences would present an easy conquest, and one that would be quickly rewarded with rich booty.

Accordingly two squadrons were equipped; the one under Commodore Anson, to sail round Cape Horn and make raids on Peru, the other under Admiral Vernon, to make for Porto Bello and the Eastern coasts. Let us leave Anson for the present [he did not leave Spithead until September 18, 1740], and follow the fortunes (a misnomer, alas!) of the other expedition.

In July 1739 Admiral Vernon sailed from England for Porto Bello, and he achieved the capture of the town and castle on November 21, a month after war was declared, with a loss in killed of merely seven men. It was a comparatively unimportant success, the treasure seized amounting only to 10,000 dollars, but it had been gained by an enemy of Walpole, and that was quite sufficient to render it the occasion of extravagant public rejoicings. The despatches announcing the exploit did not arrive until the following March, when Mr. Henry Pelham (whose handwriting, by the way, bears a marked similarity to that of his brother Newcastle) writes as follows :

“ MY DEAR LORD,

“ . . . My Brother tells me he sent your Grace a full account of Admiral Vernon's dispatches, it has put us all in great spirits, so much so, that Lord Carteret mov'd in the house of Lords this day an address of congratulation to the King, which the H. of L. were desired to concurr in, and was agreed

to accordingly. As these Gentlemen cannot do a right thing without some alloy, they worded their address so as to carry with it as much reflection upon particular Persons, as it did justice to our great and successfull Commander, but all that was left out in the Committee, and every thing ended well. Your good friend and my good Brother behav'd manfully and well upon the occasion, and to his no small satisfaction met with the applause even of the author of the Address, whose performance was sufficiently mangled. forgive my Dear Lord the trouble of this long letter, I have not many oppertunitys, in my way of life, of assuring you of my sincere regard, which makes me more eagerly lay hold of this to testifie to you, how truly and I may say affectionately

"I am your Graces

"Most obedient and faithfull

"humble servant,

"H. PELHAM."

From Petworth, also, the old Duke of Somerset sent his congratulations, concluding his letter with a few quaint remarks upon "ffoxes." He says :

"MY LORD,

"Your Grace must give mee leave to congratulate you upon the good newes you have been pleased this morning to confirm, the taking and destroying Portobello with the great number of Brass and Iron Cannon and other good things done by our True Bold Brittons there, for the Publick Service as well as for themselves, which they doe

very worthily deserve the Benefitt and advantage thereof. I doe not doubt butt that wee shall have a Succession of more such like good newes from Admiral Vernon from other parts thereabout, for hee promises not to bee content with this conquest only, but hee will still continue to Establishe his brave conquering dispositions throughout those parts.

"I am very glad, that my Hounds have behaved themselves soe well to your Grace's satisfaction, therefore pray try them again that they may bee, as their Landlord, entirely at Your commands, to have the pleasure to become more and more usefull to your Sports & Satisfaction next year, and to know that these seven young Hounds are at the Head of your old Pack in all your ffoxchases; as ye weather has beene of latte very favourable for hunting I doe not doubt but Your Grace have had ye satisfaction to enjoy many good and long chases to ye death of many ffoxes."

Jubilant over the Porto Bello success, the Ministers determined to send Vernon a large reinforcement both of ships and soldiers. But things assumed a dispiriting aspect. In July Sir John Norris made three attempts to get out of the Channel with his fleet, under orders to cruise on the Spanish Coast, but he was each time forced back by adverse winds, and the expedition was abandoned.

Thus wrote the Duke of Newcastle on July 10 :

"Sir John Norris is joined by Ogle's squadron in Nine large Ships. He has a Noble Fleet, and I hope will soon be under sail with it. Lord Cathcart

takes his leave of the Regency this day, and goes to the Isle of Wight next Tuesday, and I hope will sail forthwith. We have ordered two 50-gun ships to be added to Cathcart's Squadron, and Balchen will certainly join Norris with four large ships, and 2 more great ones will go from hence, so Vernon will have a most Noble Fleet also, amounting to 12 Large Ships of the Line, with Bomb Vessels, Fire-ships, and other small craft. So that I begin to be very easy upon these Heads ! ”

He concludes his letter with an allusion to the interest which my ancestor was taking in the West Sussex elections (and incidentally it may be mentioned that Uncle Jemmy Brudenell was the successful candidate at Chichester), adding :

“ your Grace, like Vernon, commands with success in the West, whilst your faithful servant, like Norris, does his best more Northward.

“ My duty to My Queen, etc., etc.”

His Grace of Newcastle was over-sanguine, though ! As we know, Sir John Norris's expedition never started at all, and the Duke of Richmond wrote in August as follows, in despair at the constant delay :

“ GOODWOOD, *Aug. 31st, 1740.*

“ MY DEAR LORD,

“ I cannot express my vexation at Sir John Norris's return to Torbay ; surely all the cursed ill luck in the world attends us. If you should hear for certain that the Ferrol Squadron is gone to the West Indies, would you not thinke it most absolutely

necessary to send still six more of Norris's squadron to strengthen Cathcart, and Norris then will be stronger than the Brest squadron, which in that case would be the only thing to apprehend, butt God knows that I expect no more from Norris this season than I do from the Victory that is lay'd up."

The Duchess of Richmond was ably assisting her husband to secure the return of Uncle Jemmy Brudenell at the head of the Poll. The zeal with which she entered into the contest is illustrated by the following paragraph,—for as a consolation to the above gloomy letter, the Duke writes :

"Your Queen, as you are pleas'd to call her, is much your humble servant ; she is to go to Hampnet Church to hear a sermon of two hours, and to comend it mightly, in order to gett the Parson over to us, his name is Lewis, he is a mad Welch enthusiast, a sort of a Whitfield and a violent Church man, he is a very noisy fellow and vastly follow'd by the people here, so tho he is a sad dog, it would be right to have him, for he may be very serviceable."

It was not until the end of October that the expedition finally set out from Spithead, the land forces under Lord Cathcart, and the fleet commanded by Sir Chaloner Ogle, to join Vernon in the West Indies.

And we may well conceive the impatience and vexation with which my ancestor witnessed, time after time, the postponement of their departure, which was caused to some extent by contrary winds, but largely, also, by the mismanagement and friction which prevailed in Ministerial quarters.

On a clear day one may obtain from the Goodwood downs an excellent view of the Isle of Wight and the Channel shipping, so that it was easy enough for the Duke to be an eye-witness of Ogle's repeated disappointments, and we find him writing, from

"GOODWOOD, *Tuesday noon, Sept. 2nd, 1740.*

"MY DEAR LORD,

"The whole fleet is once more under sail, the wind North East, I hope in God it may continue, tho I can see they have butt very little of it . . ."

And again next day :

"MY DEAR LORD,

"I am very sorry to tell you that Ld. Cathcart and all the ships are again putt back to St. Helens, these disappointments are shocking . . ."

Another start was made a day later, but he seems to have had faint hopes of their getting very far, for he writes :

"GOODWOOD, *Fryday, Sept. 5th, 1740.*

"MY DEAR LORD,

"The fleet were again under sail yesterday with a fair wind at East, butt now it is again Westerly, and I fear much they will be obliged to putt back. I am quite tired with seeing them go out and come back again ; however it is some comfort to see that they do their best. I thanke your Grace for your most obliging letter. It is very true you have been in the right all along about the ferrol Squadron, butt you are in the wrong to say you *was almost single in*

*wishing Sir Challenor Ogle had gone to the West Indies,* for I declared myself of your graces opinion ; there is one thought occurs to me that I thinke of consequence, Anson's expedition, altho' it ought to be a secret, you know is none ; they are certainly aprised of it there at Madrid ; what if upon that they should have sent part of their Squadron to the South Seas ? this is only a surmise of myne, I wish it may be without foundation ; butt if other people should be of my opinion, would it not be worth while to strengthen Anson with two or three ships more ? ”

An extremely interesting letter reached the Duke, at this juncture, from his friend Lord Hervey, written, by the way, in a style which shows that he could, when occasion demanded, relinquish the satirical vein for a more serious one. His remarks anent Monsieur Bussie certainly recall some of his earlier comments upon his fellow men, but he waxes solemn enough when he goes on to describe the state of affairs in the Camps which had been recently formed on Hounslow Heath and other places, for the training of reinforcements for our army in the West Indies. He writes :

“ GROSVENOR STREET, Sept. 16, 1740.

“ My dear Lord, not knowing whether you would have any account of our Proceedings from any other Hand, I do my self the Honor, concluding you would be glad of some account, to let you know there came a Messenger from Hanover on Saturday, and that in consequence of those Dispatches, the Yatchts are order'd forthwith to Holland and will very soon



set sail. the King has at last taken the Bark, which he ought to have done at first, and is now as much recover'd by missing his Ague Fit, as he might have been a fortnight ago.

“ Monsr. Bussie <sup>1</sup> has yet made no Declaration, nor the least Notification of any kind, in Form, at this Court, of the Step his own has taken, in ordering the Brest and Toulon Squadrons to sail; but the airs ‘ ce petit Gradin de Bureau, petitmaîtrisé à la Cour, & travesti en ministre ’ gives him-self in Company since this Event, are so notorious, that his Voice is three times louder than it was wont to be loud; he is three times perter than he was wont to be pert; and by stretching his neck (and I believe ordering the Heels of his Shoes to be heighten’d) looks three Inches taller than any other Dwarf I know, or than he ever did till within these ten days.

“ I have one Piece of excellent News to send you, which perhaps you know already, but we knew it not till this morning, and that is, that the East-India Fleet of 12 Ships with imense wealth is safely arrived.

“ We have heard a great deal to day about the Camps, but have done nothing, farther than ordering Wills and Honeywood to attend on thursday; I am not very skillfull, as you know, in the Detail of Military Affairs, but in general I am sure, as the Complaints in all the Camps are so loud, with regard to the Hardships to which the Soldiers are exposed from the unseasonable Rigor of the Wether, the Camps either ought to be broke up, or made less destructive to ye Soldiers that remain there, & less tempting

<sup>1</sup> The French Ambassador.

to Desertion. I know not how soon this Country may want the Service of these troops & should be very sorry any Methods were neglected, that can be pursued, to prevent our losing any men by Desertion or Sickness whom we can preserve ; or that any Steps should be taken that may introduce or encrease in the Troops that general Discontent and Disaffection which spreads so prevalently and dangerously over the rest of the Kingdom ; and as the Impatience under the present Encampments from the Hardships the Soldiers suffer there is very great and universal, and that a Notion is got among them that they are continued for no Reason but that the King may see them, it does not make them talk very respectfully of his absence, and will not I fear contribute to make them act (in case they are wanted) very zealously for his Service. Adieu my dear Lord & believe me ever with the greatest Esteem and Truth

“ Your Grace’s

“ most faithfull humble Servant

“ HERVEY.

“ Pray make my compliments to ye Dutchess of Richmond. You remember you are to dine with me on Wednesday Sevensnight.”

A fortnight later a piece of news reached the Duke of Richmond which impelled him to write post-haste to the Duke of Newcastle. Gibraltar was in danger ! And so, in the belief that the Expedition really was to get under way at last, he urged the necessity of a digression from the route, in order to relieve the garrison of the “ Rock.” He says :

"GOODWOOD, *Srpt.* 19, 1740.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"Wee have heard a great piece of news here, if it is true, which is that an express is arrived from Haddock, with an account of the two French Squadrons being join'd with the whole Spanish fleet, and gon into Malaga, and are there imbarquing troops, if so I have not the least doubt butt that their design is to attack Gibraltar which, if they do, I conclude they will take it, for by Sea it is certainly very pregnable, espetially by such a great force ; surely then it would be right for our whole force to take Gibraltar in their way, and if they are there, or still at Malaga, to try either to fight them or block them up ; butt still I mean that they should be victual'd for the West Indies to follow directly if they find they are gon. The Wind is now easterly, and I hope Anson is gon. I wish the whole Fleet was so to. Surely if this newes is true (?) wee have strength enough with Haddock to beat them and perhaps destroy them in the Mediterranean, which (if it could be effected) would be of more advantage than anything wee could do in the West Indies, and at the same time would facillitate our expeditions. The arrival of our East India ships is a fine article. I have some gentlemen here that are come from Portsmouth, and *entre nous* they tell me that business seems to slacken there. I dont like that, I hope in God this easterly wind wont be lost. . . ."

But he was misinformed about Gibraltar. The Duke of Newcastle hastened to reassure him, laying emphasis on the necessity of England asserting herself as soon as possible in the West Indies, thus :



*From a painting by George Romney.*

**ADMIRAL LORD ANSON.**



" WHITEHALL, *Sept. 23rd, 1740.*

" MY DEAR LORD,

" . . . . There is no foundation for the supposed account from Haddock about Gibraltar, for Godsake don't lett us be diverted from our most necessary resolution of sending our Ships to the West Indies, we are no Nation if we cannot be superiour to ye French in ye W. Indies, and therefore, I am unwilling to attend to anything that may delay or hinder that. Every thing is going on, or is swore is going on with the utmost expedition, and by what we are told, I really should hope Ogle will be ready with the whole Fleet, to sail for ye W. Indies in a week or ten days. Dunkirk<sup>1</sup> is repairing, or att least, preparing to be repaired in all haste, & France is arming all their ports, bringing down their troops to the Coast, and repairing their fortifications. . . ."

Alas for his Grace's hopes! The expedition did not finally get clear of these shores until October 26. And, despite of the contrary winds that had so many times driven the old three-deckers and their charges back to port, there were evidently other adverse agencies at work; as early as June 3, Pulteney had written to Swift, "I have not the least notion that our expedition under Lord Cathcart is intended to be sent anywhere," and Smollett tells us that, "The

<sup>1</sup> The Works of Dunkirk had been eventually demolished in conformity with the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713. The subject was one of chronic irritation between France and England. Although Gibraltar was not in immediate danger, its recovery was a main object of the Secret Second Family Compact between France and Spain, which was betrayed to Carteret by the Abbé de Bussy in the summer of 1740.'

Ministry had detained Sir Chalenor Ogle at Spithead without any visible cause, until the season for action was almost exhausted."

And so we may well picture my ancestor gazing across to the Isle of Wight from the Goodwood Downs, whence he might easily descry the outgoing and incoming sails of the old-fashioned vessels. And as the unwelcome sight of the returning fleet met his eyes, time after time, it is not hard to realise that spirit of resentment against the delay which induced him to pen the following letter to Newcastle :

"GOODWOOD, Oct. 19<sup>th</sup>, Sund. 1740.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"I had the vexation and mortification to see the fleet still at Spithead on Fryday evening, however at ten o'clock yesterday morning they were under sail, butt they had not gott clear of St. Helens by four, & today it is so haisy that wee cant see them, however I hope they have gott out tho' there is butt little wind butt what there is is South by East, which is very good, butt it is very warm and I am sadly afraid of a Westerly wind. This thing I own gives me the utmost concern, the answer is allways what can wee do ? I own I am for punishing those that wont obey orders, and if Sir Challenor Ogle will not thinke fitt to obey the King's orders, he ought to be stop't, try'd by a Court Martial, and some other good officer made a Flag and sent in his room. I do declare one thing which is that if the house of Lords or Commons, nay the enemys in either, should thinke fitt to call either Sir Challenor or whosoever may be in fault in this

cruel national disappointment to account, and that it should come to my vote, I shall give it for the enquiry. I would never be for distressing the innocent, butt can never be for screening the guilty. I beg pardon for troubling you with so much stuff, butt nonsensical as it is perhaps yett it is the sincere opinions of

“ My dear Lord

“ Your Grace’s ever faithfull & obliged  
humble Servant

“ RICHMOND &c.

“ You bid me tell you when anything vex’d me, this is therefore in consequence of your orders. If you have any comands for me pray direct them to Whitehall, butt I expect no answer to this.”

But one has reason to wonder whether it would not have been better had the expedition never left the friendly shelter of St. Helens after all! Lord Cathcart died from the effects of the climate at Dominica, and the command of the Troops devolved on General Wentworth, whilst Vernon assumed supreme command of the fleet.

The armament arrived before Cartagena on March 4, and the overwhelming confidence of Vernon in his approaching victory, coupled with the animosity that prevailed between himself and the General, resulted in a disastrous blow to British prestige.

Let us leave them, in the midst of their dissensions, and turn for awhile to the lighter side of things! For in spite of his anxiety regarding the national disappointment that was the outcome of the inaction of the Fleet, the Duke of Richmond found time



to entertain his friends, especially those that were in any way connected with his early travels on the Continent. And so we find his old friend, Lord Tyrawley, the light-hearted Ambassador to Portugal, writing to him in July, to introduce a Monsieur Grenier, in the following terms :

" LISBON the 9th of July, 1740.

" MY LORD,

" The bearer Monsr. Grenier a Very particular friend of Mine, Negociant François a Lisbonne, and who had the honour to be known to your Grace when you was here, is going to London, *S'acheminant pour Paris* ; He desires to have the honour to make you his *Salemalek en passant*, and he is in the right of it ; pray be gracious to him for my sake, and for his Own, for he is un *bon bon Garçon que j'aime beaucoup*. He has with him for his Sins, [and for Your's,] A Senhor Dom Bartolomeo de Souza Mexica, a Lad that is going to la Guerrieres Accademy, the Father of this Cubb is a particular friend of Mine, and I should be much obliged to you, if you give them One dinner, and take Some little Notice of the Lad. If the Duke of Montagu, and others of my Friends, that can Suffer Outlandish Men, Will doe the Same, I will dance at their Weddings. I beg your Grace to put me at the Feet of the Dutchess of Richmond, and to allow me a place at your Own as being

" Your Graces

" Most obedient, and Most

" humble Servant,

" TYRAWLEY."

In September the Duke entertained at Goodwood one Captain Norden, a young Dane, whose explorations in Egypt had gained for him considerable celebrity. He had volunteered to serve under Sir John Norris, but when that Commander's expedition failed to come off, he sailed in October with Sir Chalenor Ogle, and was present at the siege of Cartagena in the following year. He died in 1742, of consumption, at the early age of 34.

Thus wrote the Duke to Martin folkes, who had welcomed Norden on his arrival in England :—

“ GOODWOOD, Sept. 19, 1740.

“ DEAR FOLKES,

“ Capt. Norden has been here these two days, and wee are all Egiptian mad. I beg therefore you would gett me *Graves* or *Grabes* account of the Piramids, and send it before next Wednesday to Will Manning. I hope you and your family are well, and am Dear Folkes, most sincerely and for ever Yours

“ RICHMOND &c.”

I have but recently come across the above letter. Tom Hill makes humorous allusion to the enthralling nature of Norden's Egyptian stories in his next letter. It may amuse you to know that for a long time I searched again and again amongst my ancestor's correspondence for anything that might throw a light upon “his trip to Egypt!” Fruitlessly, of course; yet how was I to know that the journey existed only in the fertile imagination of Tom Hill, or that he intended to suggest that Norden's hearers had been transported

to the Land of Pharaoh merely in fancy, as they sat around him, all agape at his traveller's tales!

" WHITEHALL, Sept. 27, 1740.

" MY LORD,

" By this time I suppose you are return'd home. Had I writ before I should have been puzzled how to direct my letter. I should have been very glad, had fortune so pleased to have taken this one trip more with your Grace, and to have seen the outside of a Pyramid at least, if I had gone no farther. The ruins of Thebes would have given me a great deal of pleasure, but what would have afforded me the greatest delight is the Cataracts of Nile, as it would have pleas'd two senses at once, the sight and the hearing. I own I should have had some apprehensions from the *jaws of a Crocodile*, but good company would in some measure have lessen'd my fear, and I hope I should have behaved as well as the Ladys, at least. To be serious, tho; when I left Goodwood I blessed my stars for having spent a month so much to my satisfaction, and thought it was impossible to have had any addition to it. I cannot help wishing I had been so happy as to partake of the pleasure you must certainly have had from your *travels through Egypt*. Some little share however I hope to have, tho it be but from a relation at Second-hand, whenever yr Grace has a spare hour to throw away upon an impertinent inquisitive person. Til then I must content myself with the reflexion that you have been happy, which is one degree of felicity to me. The same reason that I have given for not writing to yr.

Grace sooner, (tho' I fear you will lay the blame upon my laziness, and perhaps not be so much in the wrong neither,) must excuse me to my Lady Duchess for not informing her sooner that I have not executed her comission to her mad correspondent on t'other side the water. Lord Delawar was embarked with his back gammon tables two days before I came to town. The songs are safe in my custody and she has but to comand me in what manner to dispose of them. My best wishes wait upon You and yours, from the Princess of your bosom to the little one that very likely is at this very time nuzzling in her Nurse's. I am with the greatest esteem and sense of your goodnesses to me

“Yrs. and her Grace's

“Most faithful Obedt.

“Humble Servant

“THOS. HILL.”

There is no clue to the identity of “Her Grace's mad correspondent.” Nor indeed can I tell you whither Lord Delawarr was bound with his back-gammon board! But Tom's letters are so full of flowery and far-fetched obscurities that it is extremely likely that nobleman was merely on his way to his home at Bolderwood.

December found the Duke at Charlton, and in expectation of a visit from Lord Harcourt. The Duke's hounds were kept fully employed during the hunting season, for he was wont to kennel them, not only at Charlton, but at Bolderwood, in the New Forest, and at Findon; and, at the latter place

the arrangements for the Sportsmen's comfort may have been somewhat primitive, so much so as to discourage the more luxurious amongst them!

Thus runs Lord Harcourt's letter :

" HENRIETTA STREET, *Dec. the 25, 1740.*

" MY LORD,

" The Duke of St. Albans having laid aside all thoughts of going to Findon, has been so kind as to offer me the use of his house and stable that was taken for him. I wrote by last post to my friend, Green, desiring him to procure me a Stable at Findon, but since the Duke has been so obliging as to Let me have that which was designed for him, I must entreat your Grace to let Mr. Green know it, that he may give himself no farther trouble upon my account. I should not trouble your Grace upon this Occasion, But that I think you are likely to see him, before he can probably receive a letter from me. Pauncefort will scarce come down this time, for he only talks of a possibility of coming down on Wednesday next ; Hawley has quite given up the Findon Expedition, and I dont yet hear whether Mr. Fauquier is determin'd to go, However I have sent to offer him a conveyance to Guildford on Sunday next, which for my own sake I hope he will accept of. Were these Gentlemen extravagantly fond of Sport, I dont believe they would be to terrified with the apprehensions of a tedious and dangerous march to Findon, or with the inconveniencys that are to be encounter'd in that place. I have no news or even Lye's to trouble your Grace with, But if we are not much out

in our politicks, I think I shall be able to bring your Grace a Budget full of Good or Bad news by next Sunday Evening, if I have the pleasure of seeing you then at Charlton, for the Regiments are to be disposed of on Saturday next. Your Grace has heard without doubt that the Duke of Ath——ll has asked the King for the fourth troop, his pretentions I hear are well groundd and that he is likely to make them out as clearly as the King of Prussia has done, in his claim to the Dutchy of Silesia, tho' with less likelihood of success, for I believe his Graces Reg——t, and that which the publick has so generously conferr'd upon your humble Servant, will never fall out about the Pas.

“ I am

“ My Lord,

“ Your Grace's

“ most obliged

“ humble Servant,

“ HARCOURT.

“ My Compliments to the Dutchess.”

PRINTED BY  
HAZELL, WATSON AND VINEY, LD.,  
LONDON AND AYLESBURY.





RETURN TO the circulation desk of any  
University of California Library  
or to the

NORTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY  
Bldg. 400, Richmond Field Station  
University of California  
Richmond, CA 94804-4698

---

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS

- 2-month loans may be renewed by calling (510) 642-6753
- 1-year loans may be recharged by bringing books to NRLF
- Renewals and recharges may be made 4 days prior to due date.

---

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

---

SENT ON ILL

---

APR 11 2000

---

U. C. BERKELEY

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

12.000 (11/95)

62127

YC 28506



SEP. 1944

10 APR 1942

